

FEBRUARY 1952

Nation's BUSINESS

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN



MUNICIPAL UTILITIES

RAILROADS

PETROLEUM

POWER GENERATION

WATER
TRANSPORTATION

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
fits your picture, too!

METAL
WORKING

IRRIGATION

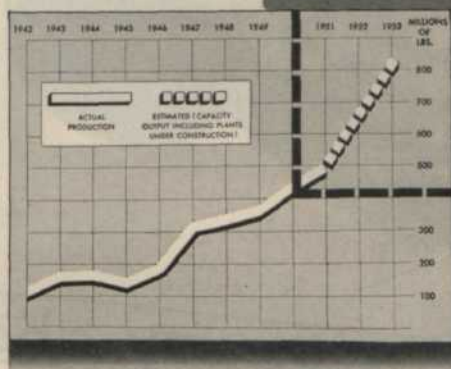


FAIRBANKS-MORSE,

a name worth remembering

for: DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINES • ELECTRICAL MACHINERY • PUMPS • SCALES
HOME WATER SERVICE EQUIPMENT • RAIL CARS • FARM MACHINERY • MAGNETOS

Years of Historic Progress in Aluminum



Above: Reynolds immediate goal of increased aluminum production. At left: a decade of expanding primary aluminum production—a historic chapter in the company's 33 years of continuing growth.

1951 saw the U.S. aluminum industry rise boldly to meet the urgent need for more aluminum . . . saw Reynolds capacity expand to make 1952 an even greater year, 1953 greater still! Bauxite shipments from Reynolds holdings in Jamaica, site of the largest known deposits, begin in 1952. This resource, together with Reynolds domestic and Haitian ores, will provide the company with bauxite for many generations.

Reynolds is a leading advocate of *more aluminum* . . . more U.S. aluminum, made in the U.S. by U.S. labor, to strengthen this nation's defense and its civilian economy. For Reynolds firmly believes that the Age of

Aluminum, though opening wide and bright in so many fields, is only just dawning . . . in the building industry, transportation, the electrical industry, in the manufacture of all durables, and in aluminum foil packaging.

Faith in the future of aluminum is evidenced by private financing of Reynolds current production expansion. Investment in aluminum is backed by an irresistible trend toward the metal that performs better, lasts longer, and saves labor . . . the only basic material that costs less today than before World War II.

Reynolds Metals Company, General Sales Office, Louisville 1, Ky. Executive Office: Richmond 19, Va.



Reynolds new San Patricio reduction plant, near Corpus Christi, Texas—yearly capacity 150,000,000 lbs.—is nearing completion. A new alumina plant, 1,000 tons per day, is proposed nearby—integrated operation from ore to metal.



Reynolds loading dock at Ocho Rios, Jamaica. Rich bauxite from Reynolds Jamaican mines will reach this dock by overhead conveyors, for transportation in special self-unloading ships over the short ocean haul to Corpus Christi.



Reduction plant at Jones Mills, Ark. Another Arkansas plant is proposed for 1953 operation—120,000,000 lbs. This would bring Reynolds yearly output to 829,000,000 lbs.—two-and-a-half times the U.S. total before World War II.

Pioneers of
Progress
Through
Aluminum

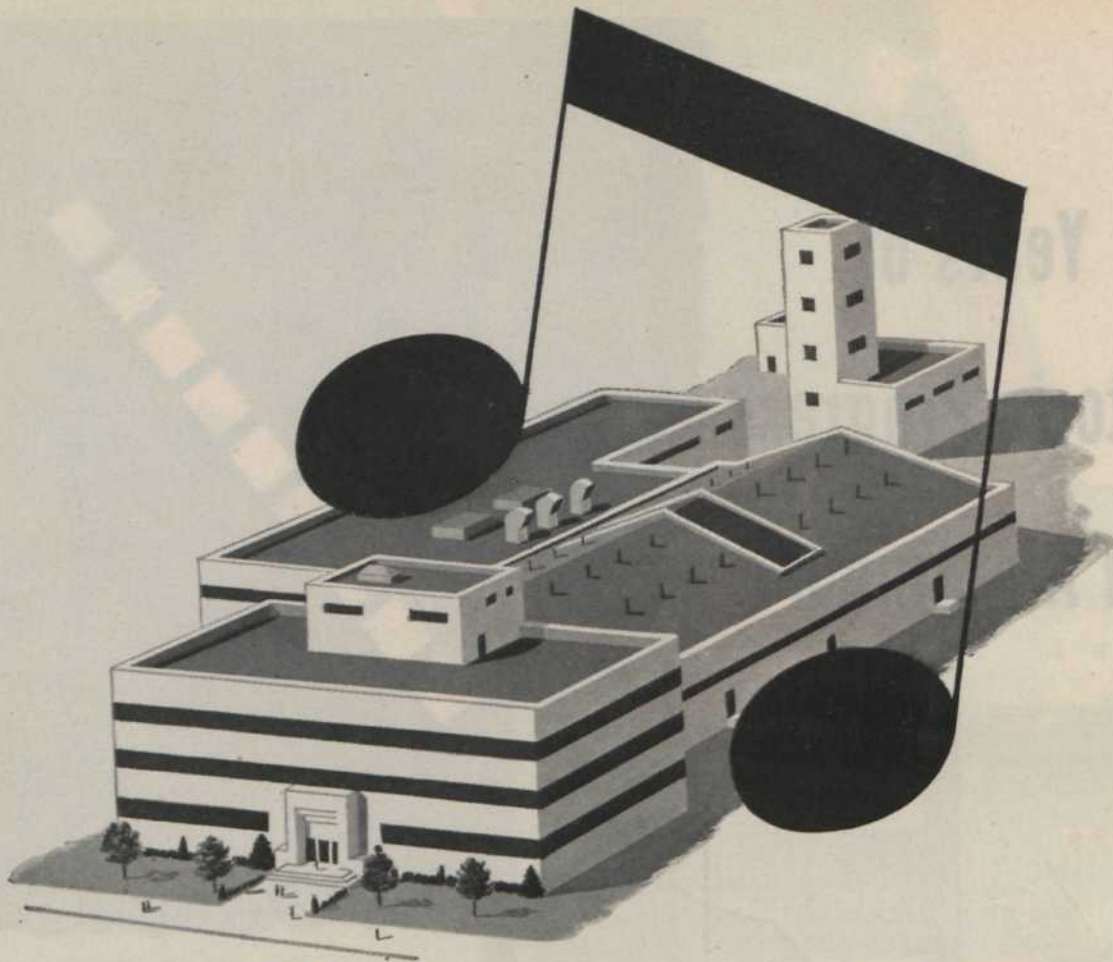


REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

"The Kate Smith Evening Hour" on Television, Wednesdays—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Big Show" on Radio, Sundays—NBC NETWORKS

NATION'S BUSINESS for February, 1952

Nation's Business is published monthly at 1615 H St. N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Subscription price \$18 for three years. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1920, at the post office at Washington, D. C.



Yes!...it is true what they say about Dixie!

THEY'RE not "tall tales" — the amazing things you hear about the Southland these days. Big things *are* happening down Dixie way.

Southern industry *is* on the march. Industrial development in the South *is* at an all-time peak.

Today the "song of the South" is the enthusiastic chatter of riveting guns as new factories go up. It's the steady hum of countless machines turning out manufactured products of all kinds.

This is the music of modern Dixie. Come down and listen to it. Come down and see!

"Look Ahead — Look South!"

Harry A. DeBolt
President



SOUTHERN
RAILWAY SYSTEM
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Southern Serves the South



Money from *The Travelers*— weekly, when it's needed most

MORE AND MORE companies are adding Hospitalization, Sickness, Accident, Surgical and Medical Expense benefits to their Group Insurance Plans these days.

If your company is planning to take this step, here are two facts you ought to know:

1. You can expect that one out of every five of your people will be disabled during the year.
2. The average period of disability will be four weeks.

So if you and your employees are to get the most out of your Group plan, it should be set up by an insurance company that has the facilities to handle a lot of claims, to evaluate and pay them promptly and regularly, when the money is needed most.

The Travelers pays claims weekly by drafts drawn on local banks—and not in a lump sum after the employee is back at work.

That means money on the dot—to keep a man's family going when he is laid up. This results in greater employee

appreciation of your company plan and the way it takes care of them.

The Travelers can provide this kind of Claim service because we have 203 Claim service offices, conveniently located across the continent—far more than any other company writing Group Insurance. Through these offices, claims under your Group Insurance Plan can be *processed efficiently* and *paid promptly*—even though your employees may become ill or suffer an accident far from home.

Ask your Travelers agent or broker to tell you more about Travelers nationwide Claim service and how it can make your Group Insurance Plan pay off in greater employee satisfaction.

ON ALL FORMS OF EMPLOYEE INSURANCE YOU WILL

BE WELL SERVED BY *The Travelers*

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

TIME PROVES *that*

GEORGE S. MAY SERVICE

pays FOR ITSELF

HOME OFFICE
TELL CITY, INDIANA
620 SEVENTH ST.
PHONE 300

LOUISVILLE, KY.
1524 PORTLAND AVE.
PHONE WABASH 7075

OWENSBORO, KY.
1511 E. 15TH ST.
PHONE 3-8424

PADUCAH, KY.
321 NORTH TENTH STREET
PHONE 5261

CINCINNATI, OHIO
4235 CRAWFORD AVE.
MULBERRY 6606

A. & H. Truck Line, Inc.

GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICE
EVANSVILLE, IND.
1700 BARTLETT AVE.
5-2421

MEMPHIS, TENN.
1354 N. 2ND ST.
PHONE 36-2529

1700 Bartlett Ave.
Evansville, Indiana

PLEASE ADDRESS REPLY TO

December 15, 1951

Geo. S. May Company
Engineering Building
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Almost three years have elapsed since we have been operating under the plan of management, operational controls, standardized routines and key men incentives installed by your company. We feel that you may find the results attained to date very interesting, and as we have found, substantially gratifying.

In these last three years our volume of business and profits continue along a steady upward trend and we have every reason to believe that this trend will continue. Our volume has increased from \$932,000 in 1948 to almost \$2,000,000 this year, and our organization continues aggressive development under the techniques and controls established by your engineers.

We feel that we are very conservative in stating that your services have contributed a minimum of \$125,000 in additional profits to our company. We express our sincere appreciation of a service well rendered and will continue our relations on a consulting basis as we have during these last three years.

Yours very truly,

A & H TRUCK LINE, INC.

Donald Anderson
President

"You've Got to Spend Money to Make Money"
WRITE TO THE

GEORGE S. MAY COMPANY

Business Engineering

ENGINEERING BUILDING • CHICAGO 6

122 E. 42nd St.
NEW YORK 17

660 St. Catherine Street, West
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA

291 Geary Street
SAN FRANCISCO 2

Nation's Business



PUBLISHED BY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. 40

FEBRUARY, 1952

No. 2

Management's Washington Letter	9
By My Way	R. L. Duffus 12
TRENDS OF NATION'S BUSINESS	19
The State of the Nation	Felix Morley
Washington Scenes	Edward T. Folliard
I'll Take the Machine Age	Gwilym A. Price 27
It brought better morals as well as better health	
Rescues Are Their Hobby	Dale Kramer 30
Anything and everything to save a life	
War and the Fog of Costs	Junius B. Wood 33
What price a strong defense	
The Story of a Country Mile	Booton Herndon 36
What's under the road you ride on	
The Farmer Reaps Dividends	Henry F. Pringle 39
Stocks become a year 'round crop	
Bigamy Jones	Frank X. Tolbert 42
The "Beautiful Bait" set one trap too many	
Back to School to Retire	Edith M. Stern 45
Life begins at quitting time	
Emcee to the Dog Stars	Jack O'Brien 47
The man who built a better dog show	
Fishermen Are Born That Way	Robert Pinkerton 50
It's always open season for talk	
Where Plungers Fear to Tread	Richard B. Gehman 54
Industry's \$10,000,000,000 research gamble	
Nadler the Needler	John Kord Lagemann 61
He helps bankers remember what they know	
That Business of the Sign	Jack B. Kemmerer 66
The Artist Behind the Soda Bar	William A. Ulman 74
The cantaloupes that launched a bonanza	
NB Notebook	87
A Million Miles a Minute	90

MORE THAN 750,000 SUBSCRIBERS

LAWRENCE F. HURLEY—Editor

PAUL MCCREA—Executive Editor ALDEN H. SYPPER—Managing Editor

Assistant Editors—W. LEE HAMMER, TOM W. DAVIS, W. W. OWENS

LESTER DOUGLAS—Director of Art and Printing

CHARLES DUNN—Staff Artist RALPH PATTERSON—Assistant to Director of Art

GENERAL OFFICE—U. S. Chamber Building, Washington 6, D. C. BRANCH OFFICES—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit.

As the official magazine of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States this publication carries notices and articles in regard to the Chamber's activities; in all other respects the Chamber cannot be responsible for the contents thereof or for the opinions of writers. Nation's Business is published monthly at 1615 H St. N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Subscription price \$18 for three years. Printed in U. S. A.

Nation's Business is copyright, 1952, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States



Give this book
the "pink slip"

Nobody will be sorry to see it go—and your bookkeeping department will be downright *happy*. No more needless historical bookkeeping for them—no useless, time-consuming ledger postings.

What's to take its place? Todd Blue Streak Voucher checks. With Todd Blue Streak Vouchers there's no need to write separate check stubs, check registers or receipts. No need to address envelopes, either. Cash book and purchase journal postings can be reduced to one a day, even if you write hundreds of checks daily. And you still have positive control. You also have maximum protection because Blue Streak Voucher checks are printed on Protod-Greenbac paper that defies alteration and counterfeiting. Insurance guarantees this protection!

Get all the facts about Blue Streak Vouchers and what they can do for your business. Mail the coupon below for details.

Todd
COMPANY, INC.

Todd

ROCHESTER SALES OFFICES IN NEW YORK PRINCIPAL CITIES

DISTRIBUTORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THE TODD COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. NB, Rochester 3, N. Y.

Please give me full information about Todd Blue Streak Vouchers. No obligation on my part.

Firm _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NB-2-52

It's **YOUR** **MONEY**

that goes down
every time a floor
is installed



that's why good management
insists on getting the right floor

You realize why management takes such a big interest in floors when you see how modern floors can cut production costs ... add to workers' efficiency ... *increase company profits.*

And you quickly realize the many advantages of dealing with a Kentile Flooring Contractor. He can offer the specialized experience which results in time and money saved on all kinds of commercial and industrial installations.

This Kentile service is available on remodeling jobs or new construction. You, or your architect or builder, will find a Kentile Flooring Contractor listed under FLOORS in the classified phone directory.

MEMO to management

Your company's profits depend on getting the right answer to questions like these:

How can you save on large-area installations?

How does the right flooring increase production?

How can the right floor reduce accidents in factory areas?

What are the big differences between the various types of resilient floors?

Which floors will resist grease most effectively?

KENTILE • SPECIAL KENTILE • KENTILE RUBBER TILE • KENCORK



KENTILE INC.
BROOKLYN 15 NEW YORK

Resilient Flooring Specialists for Over 50 Years



SOME people charge that industrialization of this country has caused our spiritual values to sink to a new low. Others claim that the machine has demoralized and degraded mankind, robbed the working American of his dignity and saddled him with new frustrations.

We couldn't buy this bill of goods and neither could **GWILYM A. PRICE**, president of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, who gladly agreed to answer these charges. As Price reviews what has happened to the average American over the past 50 years, you can see why he is convinced that machines make us better off, spiritually as well as materially.

MOST people start out in the newspaper business well down the ladder—as a cub or copy boy. But not **DALE KRAMER**. Along with his brother, he began as a publisher in Dallas City, Ill.

After that, however, he worked for other papers. He first appeared in a national magazine about ten years ago, with a pair of articles on American Communists and Fascists.

Since then he has contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest* and many other publications.

During the war Kramer was a staff correspondent for *Yank*, the Army weekly, in the Far East. His story of the Japanese surrender aboard the battleship *Missouri* was reprinted in "A Treasury of Great Reporting." And it was he who turned the so-called Tokyo Rose over to the Counter-Intelligence Corps.

His article on the Bethesda Rescue Squad touches, in a way, on his recently published book, "Ross and the New Yorker." One of the victims in the big plane crash, dealt with at some length in the piece, was Helen E. Hokinson, the cartoonist, who figures prominently in the book.

While researching the story, Kramer made a run with the

Squad. "Really quite an outfit," he reports.

"WHEN I started out as a fire-eating cub on the New Orleans *Item* 15 years ago," **BOOTON HERNDON** says, "I seemed to draw every high-flying assignment there was. One day they sent me out to interview a flagpole painter—on the job. The job was on the flagpole atop the tallest building in the city.



"Another time, apparently feeling that I had fewer dependents than anybody else on the staff, I was sent out to do a story on the Air Force. I took a ride in an A-18 attack plane (the general who signed permission for me to go said he wouldn't be caught dead in one of those things) and the pilot told me to be sure to let him know if the right engine caught fire. He said he'd watch the left.

"Another time I was given the wonderful opportunity of previewing the opening of a new amusement park, and got to ride—for free—on the highest, fastest and most careening roller coaster of its day."

All this is possibly why Herndon, now a free-lancer, welcomed the opportunity to write such a down-to-earth article as "The Story of a Country Mile."

ALTHOUGH his photograph seems to deny it, **JACK O'BRIEN** is the father of seven—six boys, two of them currently in the United States Marine Corps—and he has spent more than 25 years in the news business.



Right now O'Brien is, and has been for five years, sports editor of *Newsweek*. But strangely enough, O'Brien "got interested in the big increase in this country's dog owners because it seemed to be one more manifestation of people's need for friendly, stable, and trustful relationships in a generally confused and insecure time," and not because these friendly canines often wind up in stories on the sports pages.

O'Brien likes mutts, even the ones that follow his kids home almost any time they have important company.

Show dogs he despised until re-



breaking bottlenecks

Bottlenecks in figure work can seriously cripple the planning and producing that are the mighty sinews of our defense efforts.

You can break this figure work bottleneck quickly and easily with the all-purpose figuring tool—the Remington Rand *Printing Calculator*. It offers a combination of features—in one machine—that assures maximum per-operator-hour production of figure work. Return the coupon below—let us show you how the *Printing Calculator* can increase figuring efficiency in every department—and save you time and money.



THE REMINGTON RAND PRINTING CALCULATOR

- Short-cut Multiplication • Automatic Division
- Rapid Addition and Subtraction
- Simplified 10-key Keyboard • Plus Printed Proof of Accuracy • ALL IN ONE MACHINE

Remington Rand
INC.

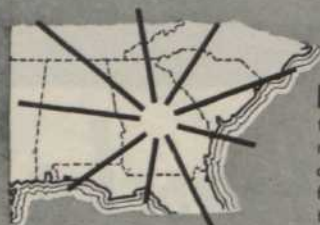
Room 2437, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send complete information on the *Printing Calculator* showing how it can "break the bottleneck" in figure production.

Name _____ Title _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Industrial Advantages In GEORGIA

LOCATION ✓
CLIMATE ✓
LABOR ✓
POWER & WATER ✓
TRANSPORTATION ✓
NATURAL RESOURCES ✓
THE EMPIRE State
Of The SOUTH



LOCATION Georgia is located in the center of the thriving Southeast and is the logical distributing point to cover this rich, progressive area. You are just an overnight ride from the principal markets in these seven great states that are showing the fastest growth in the nation—You will be located in the heart of this booming area, if you are located in Georgia.

CLIMATE Georgia's year 'round climate affords you the ultimate efficiency in working conditions. Here the average temperature ranges from sixty-three degrees in middle Georgia to sixty-seven degrees in South Georgia. You eliminate time losses due to weather if you are located in Georgia.



LABOR Georgia is blessed with an adequate supply of skilled and unskilled labor. No state enjoys better labor-management relations than does Georgia. The cooperative attitude of the laboring man has contributed greatly to Georgia's phenomenal industrial growth.

WATER & POWER Georgia's numerous rivers and lakes and her many dams impounding this source of supply, assure industry of an unlimited quantity of soft water the year 'round. Here too, is found an ample and dependable supply of electric power at rates that permit efficient and economical operation.



TRANSPORTATION The life line of the Southeast radiates from Georgia. Thirty-one railway trunk lines, over 1000 motor truck carriers, four major air lines and ten steamship lines calling regularly at Georgia's seaports make Georgia truly the hub of transportation for the Southeast.



NATURAL RESOURCES Georgia leads the South in lumber and pulp wood production with delivery on year 'round basis. 72% of the nation's supply of gum naval stores comes from Georgia. Also, Georgia is among the leading producers of textiles, ceramics, granite and paper products. Such raw products as lime, coal, limestone, kaolin, sand, gravel and various clays are available to industry located in Georgia.



These are some of the basic advantages that industry enjoys in Georgia. — For more specific information, write:

CLARK GAINES, SECRETARY

GEORGIA DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
100 STATE CAPITOL • ATLANTA, GEORGIA

cently when he realized that he was blaming them for the things that people do to them.

AFTER he had turned in his drawings for Jack O'Brien's "Emcee to the Dog Stars," **EARL OLIVER**

HURST confessed that he didn't draw animals — "at least, that is what I've always said." However, he then added, "after getting into the assignment and tracking down the much needed in-



formation about dog shows, I finally emerged fortified with the results of personal interviews, plus reams of photographic material. In this confession I might say that there has always been some doubt about my animals. In the past the line of demarcation between a horse and a rabbit was in size only. A dog I discovered after painful embarrassment does not have a knee as a horse has. You get the idea, I'm sure, so you can understand how happy I was when my agent not only recognized the animals as dogs, but claimed he could even tell their exact breed. Never was I more proud."

During the summer the Hursts (wife and daughter included) make their headquarters on an island off the Maine coast. The rest of the time they live on another island—Long Island.

ALSO in this issue you'll find such veteran contributors as **JUNIUS B. WOOD** whose first NB article appeared in 1944; **RICHARD B. GEMMAN**, one of the country's top young magazine writers; **JOHN KORD LAGEMANN**, who was born during the last visit of Halley's comet; **HENRY F. PRINGLE**, winner of a Pulitzer Prize for his biography of Theodore Roosevelt.

THE jet trainer on this month's cover was painted by **JAMES BINGHAM**, a newcomer to NATION'S BUSINESS. However, he is no stranger when it comes to planes, especially military aircraft. He has painted scores of them and even helped on animated films of them for the Air Force.



Bingham, who decided on his career at the age of three and stuck by his choice, works out of his New York studio.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ IT'S THE YEAR of the big pinch—on prices, profits.

And of big markets—if you can find price point that turns savers into customers.

✓ MARKETING SYSTEM in this country was built on twin keystones: Quality, price.

But in recent years fear has become the principal lure for customers.

Now fear appears to have run out.

✓ HOW IMPORTANT is an attitude?

One—shared by many persons—brought record high addition to personal savings last year—\$18,500,000,000.

It came along with constantly rising personal income—a rise that more than covered increased taxes, a rise that was expected to boost sales.

Attitude that puts money in the bank is based on the belief that it is better to have the cash than it is to have the goods that are offered at existing price levels.

✓ THERE'S STILL MUCH deferred demand in U. S. economy.

A look at pent-up demand pattern will give you indication of where volume is likely to rise—it may be linked to your own line.

Certainly there's no deferred demand for men's, women's clothing, textiles, shoes, automobiles, appliances.

But there is definite, growing demand for new highways, schools, churches, bridges, state and local public buildings.

And there's almost never-filled demand for housing, governed only by price.

Note: Price obstacle can be pushed aside by extremely lenient financing—something that the Government can set up quickly.

✓ YOU'LL HEAR lots of talk in coming months about U. S. foreign policy—and much of it won't make sense.

That's because "policy" is simple: To contain Communism. But the attempt to do that takes many forms.

It involves people and their businesses—import prices and materials allocations among friendly nations,

military aid and World Bank loans, Point Four and pamphlets, hard war and soft talk.

Foreign policy is like a big bag of groceries.

Every package differs from the others, but it's all food.

U. S. foreign program is big, but not rigid.

If materials pinch hurts here, shipments abroad will be shaved. If Congress gets tough about economy, foreign aid will be cut.

And these things will happen without too much resistance from the Administration, the framers of the program.

For this is administration thinking: Better to give a little on this issue or that, than to jeopardize the entire program.

In other words: roll with the punches, don't take a chance on letting a swing in public sentiment knock out the whole works.

✓ CHANGES IN WORLD tensions are reflected quickly in U. S. defense activity—therefore in general business levels.

What happens today in Paris, Moscow, Peiping, London, other capitals, probably will affect your business volume tomorrow.

Defense program rises with tensions—and also levels off when tensions do.

At least that's the record. Let's look at it—

U. S. expenditures for armed services, atomic energy, foreign aid, totaled less than \$1,500,000,000 in August, 1950, shortly after outbreak of war in Korea.

Same expenditures rose steadily—more than doubling by June '51, when they reached \$3,200,000,000.

Then came peace negotiations. Instead of continuing their established rate of rise, security expenditures leveled off somewhat.

They remained almost steady with monthly expenditures between \$3,250,000,000 and \$3,540,000,000 for last half of '51.

Charted, security expenditures rise with war, flatten out during entire span of peace negotiations.

Will military spending rate go up this year? It is scheduled to go up. But it

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

also was scheduled to go up during last half of '51.

✓ **DOUBLE DAM** holding back multibillion dollar television business will crack soon.

There's good possibility Federal Communications Commission ban on new TV stations will be lifted in second quarter.

And some chance that second dam—against color TV—will be broken too.

End of new station ban will mean sales of millions of TV receivers in areas not now reached by broadcasters.

End of color ban will make new markets among owners of nearly 16,000,000 receivers now in use.

U. S. now has 108 operating TV broadcasting stations—and applications for 463 more on file.

Lifting the ban would mean booming retail TV business late in '52. Would take that long to get new broadcasting stations into operation.

Industry statisticians estimate TV now reaches 60,000,000 viewers—with many of these in fringe areas, and many using obsolete sets.

If that's accurate estimate, industry so far has reached less than 40 per cent of its market.

Note: TV expansion ban was not caused by defense program. It was laid down in 1948, pending settlement of technical problems.

✓ **WHAT'S HAPPENED** to civilian goods shortages predicted a year ago—and repeated regularly?

The predictors overestimated civilian demand. When it failed to expand, shortages failed to materialize. Will that happen again this year? It could.

Let's look at the automobile situation—auto makers are the biggest users of materials in relatively short supply.

First production cutback came last May—not on orders from Government, but because of parts shortage, and also a shortage of customers.

By June production of cars and trucks was 25 per cent under the previous June, when Korean war broke out.

It was October before Controlled Materials Plan allotments officially bit into auto makers' materials.

And in October many of the nation's auto dealers—if not most of them—began losing money.

They had enough cars—but not enough customers to avoid price-cutting, profit-chopping competition.

In current quarter car manufacturers are cut back to about 60 per cent of the year-ago period. And it is well advertised that another cut is coming.

But instead of finding anxious customers on their showroom floors, dealers find cars that aren't selling—and still more coming out of factories.

Is that the "normal" pattern—stocks of cars building up in winter months against spring's heavier demand?

It may be. But you have to go back to the '30's to find such a pattern.

✓ **SHAPE OF THINGS** to come note:

Squeeze in foundation garment materials is forecast by top man of Corset and Brassiere Association.

No tightening in rubber, but there's doubt there will be enough metals for closures and strengthening girders.

So it appears that women will show expansion this year—bulge compared with '51. You may expect softening in some spots, use of substitutes in basic situations.

✓ **THERE'S FAMILIAR RING** to government officials' current lament concerning disclosures of corruption in official ranks—

"It's unfair to pick out a few examples of venality and make so much fuss over them—it makes it appear that we're all suspect."

That's exactly what businessmen were saying in 1933—when New Dealers were driving the money changers from the temple.

And there's no doubt businessmen today are as sorry for innocent government officials as these officials were sorry for innocent businessmen in 1933.

✓ **YOU CAN'T SAY** American people are overvaluing U. S. industry—at least on the stock market.

In 1929 there were 1,280 issues on the New York Stock Exchange. Total market value was \$89,668,000,000.

Last year (Nov. 30) issues were 1,490 with market value of \$106,000,000,000.

✓ **DOES GOVERNMENT WANT** business to make profit? No doubt it does. Government has a big stake in profits these days.

Back in lush '29 (when the economy was less than one third its present size)

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

manufacturing companies made profits totaling \$9,800,000,000. Their income bill was \$1,400,000,000.

In 1932 manufacturers lost \$3,000,000,000. Government's tax take was chopped to \$400,000,000—collected from the comparatively few that made profits.

By last year the profit figure had climbed to \$45,000,000,000. Taxes on that were (estimated) \$26,600,000,000—considerably more than half the profits.

Now we have carryover and carryback. Which means that if corporations—on balance—turn up losses instead of profits, Governments would, in effect, be writing checks instead of getting them.

✓ **AMERICANS DO BUSINESS** on the other fellow's money.

Bank loan peak shows more of it being done that way than ever before.

Building up the peak are charge and instalment accounts—discounted to banks, new construction loans, loans against big inventories.

Businessmen operating on borrowed money have little trouble when prices, volume are rising. But the burden increases as markets soften. And that's when the creditor wants his money.

✓ **HIGHER INTEREST RATES** slow business expansion.

You don't hear of it—companies don't announce their withdrawn plans—but here's what's happening:

Businessmen accustomed to recent years' low interest find long-term financing at four per cent (or more) necessary to build new plant. That's a 25 per cent rise in money cost during the past year.

So some expansion plans are put aside to await more favorable financing terms.

✓ **PUBLIC OPINION SURVEY** conducted for National Automobile Dealers Association brought some less than pleasant conclusions to dealers about their popularity.

It also brought home a point that you may apply in your business, dealer or other line.

Survey shows opinion of dealers was highest in South, Midwest, West—in smaller communities.

Why? Because in these areas the head of the firm had more personal contact with his customers, with the public.

How do you think you stand with your customers?

✓ **THIRTY-SEVEN** corporations are doing half the defense production job. That's what happened in '51, according

to Munitions Board analysis of military prime contracts.

Emphasis on air power is illustrated by fact that seven of top ten military contractors are plane makers. Also in this group are two tank builders, an electronics producer.

When U. S. has big orders it goes to big companies. Munitions Board says that's because it takes big companies to turn out large, complex kinds of military equipment—companies that have plant, organization, engineering and research talent, production equipment.

These contractors in turn call on smaller companies for help. General Motors, at the top of the list with 112 plants, eight per cent of the total defense production job, subcontracts with 12,000 smaller firms for parts, materials, supplies, services.

Others in top ten, in order of their volume, are United Aircraft, Douglas, Grumman, General Electric, Republic Aviation, American Locomotive, Lockheed, North American and Boeing Aircraft.

This list last year accounted for 19.2 per cent of military contract volume.

✓ **BRIEFS:** What became of the theory that Government could pour a few billions into the U. S. economy, create prosperity? It's pouring in tens of billions now without increasing retail sales. . . . Of the 49 members of the International Monetary Fund, 43 have exchange controls—most of which are far more restrictive than tariff or customs duties. . . . Great Britain's farmers have more than five times as many tractors as they had prewar. . . . National Industrial Conference Board finds five out of six U. S. dwellings have running water piped inside, but one fourth have no inside bathing facilities. Percentage that have radio: 94.2. . . . Farm values have risen 20 per cent above pre-Korean war level. . . . Ohio's Bureau of Unemployment Compensation finds claimants up 10,000 in past six months—and it forecasts a further rise. . . . Navy launched study to find ways to conserve critically short materials in ship-building program, announces successful conclusion: It will use fewer copper fasteners between planking of wooden ships—by using longer planks.



Need something in a hurry—materials—parts—equipment? Reach all possible sources quickly, economically, with Telegrams.

For any business purpose
**A TELEGRAM
DOES THE JOB
BETTER**



ACCEPTING OFFERS

PLEASE SHIP FASTEST WAY THIRTY CABINETS DESCRIBED YOUR TELEGRAM JANUARY THIRD. TELEGRAPH US DATE YOU CAN PROMISE DELIVERY CHICAGO.



CONFIRMATIONS

ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR NIGHT LETTER OF YESTERDAY ORDERING ONE MODEL TEN SIXTY THREE X-RAY INSTALLATION. YOUR VALUED ORDER ACCEPTED FOR SHIPMENT TO YOU BY FEBRUARY SIXTH.

**Bigger
Value!**

in Telegrams now—Through liberal new word allowances and 40% slash in Excise Tax. More Words for Less Money!



By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



The cost of Feb. 29

ANOTHER aspect of Leap Year is that countless millions of us whose birthdays come after Feb. 29 will have to wait another day before reaching a new calendar age. If it were not for Leap Year my birthday would have fallen on Wednesday. As it is I will have to wait until Thursday. If something happens to me on Wednesday (by which I mean something lethal, and I do hope it won't) I will be cheated out of one celebration I might otherwise have had, and out of the toys, candy, good wishes and congratulations that might have gone with it. Moreover, some thousands of young people who might have come of age in time to vote in the national elections this year won't do so, all on account of that extra day in February. Christmas will be postponed a day, as will also New Year's Day, 1953. I don't want anyone to get me wrong. I am a good American and not opposed to Leap Year as such. I am just pointing out the law of compensation (see Emerson's essay on that subject if you wish something profound): you can't get something for nothing. In this case we have an extra day, to do with as we like (or as circumstances permit), but we have to pay for it.

That "average man"

ALL of us refer now and then to "the average man." The Census Bureau described him a while back as about 30, with an average income of \$3,000 a year, etc., etc., etc. Of course there isn't any average man. If he were wanted for a crime the police wouldn't be able to find him. He is just a sort of compromise between extremes. For instance, the average weight if there were only two men in the country, one tipping the scales at 250, one at 150, would be 200 pounds. This would also be the case if one man weighed 300 pounds and the other couldn't get above 100 pounds. I am glad there is no average man, for the words imply a lot

of people all alike. In this country we are not all alike, and I trust we never shall be.

Are vests obsolete?

I AM not an old dodo, and I can prove it if given a chance. There are lots of persons older than I am—some of them quite spry for their years. Beautiful girls do not arise in crowded public conveyances and offer me their seats; indeed, when I travel in the New York subway I have to push them ruthlessly to one side to get a seat, and even then they don't seem pleased. But I worry. I like to wear a vest when the weather permits; a vest has four pockets and I can think of something to put in each one. I carry a pocket watch and have no desire for a wrist watch. Am I like one of those old gentlemen of the early days of the Republic who insisted on wearing knee breeches and hair in a powdered queue long after everybody else had gone into pants and cropped scalps? Should I drop my vests quietly into the ash can? Should I take a hammer to my really handsome open-faced pocket timepiece? I want to do what is right—and I worry.

"On H. B. M.'s Service"

A LETTER from England, the envelope inscribed with the word "Private" and the phrase "On His Britannic Majesty's Service," put me in a twitter. Perhaps this was an invitation to be presented at Court. What should I wear? More important, what should my wife (for I assumed this would be a family affair) wear? For myself I decided against knee breeches—after all, what did we fight the Revolutionary War for? A morning coat, perhaps. But just what is a morning coat? However, I need not have bothered. The letter had to do with royalties of a different sort—some small sums due on books published in Britain, which might be subject to taxation under certain circumstances. I think we will make a dicker and that the

United States Collector of Internal Revenue will as usual get most of my income this year. But it was nice of His Britannic Majesty's Service to take an interest in my inconspicuous affairs. I hope the Service makes out without my help.

The bow tie returns

"THE Farmers Almanac," bless its venerable heart, judged it helpful in its current issue to publish a diagram showing how to tie a bow tie. In my generation we knew how to tie bow ties before we learned what we regarded as the flossier four-in-hand. My two sons-in-law, on the other hand, emerged respectively from the Air Force and the Navy with no knowledge at all of how to put a bow tie together. In their respective services such knowledge would have been dangerous, anyhow, for the armed forces do not encourage individualism in dress. I suppose this very fact stimulates individualism among veterans; and the young man who has had enough of tucking a brown or black tie between the second and third buttons of his shirt (or is it the third and fourth?) now goes gaily around with a red bow tie (no politics, just color) flecked with white dots.



Treasure for the finder

WHY work for a living? Somewhere in Peru is the buried treasure of the last native ruler, Atahualpa—Pizarro and his men didn't get all of it. In a Guatemalan jungle is the untold wealth of Montezuma—at least, nobody has proved it isn't there. Old Panama, a mere five miles from today's Panama, may contain a fortune hidden in ancient tunnels. Jean Lafitte is said to have buried gold ingots worth \$30,000,000 on Cape Delaware, in case anybody wants some. Somewhere west of Alice Springs, Australia, is a gold reef where the nuggets lie "thick as plums in the finest duff you ever saw." Finders may help themselves. A ship went down in the Strait of Magellan long ago with \$10,000,000 of treasure aboard—no doubt it is still there. Another \$10,000,000 lies buried, so they say, on one of the

... typed?

... with lettering?

... with line drawing added?

... with shading too?

... with color added?

... in printer's type faces?

How do you like your copies?

On many different kinds of paper and card stocks? In a variety of sizes ranging from 3" x 5" to 9" x 16"? Duplicated on both sides of the paper? In rich black or even several colors duplicated at one time?

Do you like your copies duplicated at speeds up to 180 a minute, with new ease of operation, and low over-all cost?

If you do, you'll want to know about MODERN mimeographing, the process that gives you "Balanced Duplicating." Send the coupon below for a free portfolio of samples. A. B. Dick mimeograph products are for use with all makes of suitable stencil duplicating products.

A · B · DICK

THE FIRST NAME IN DUPLICATING

A. B. DICK COMPANY, Dept. NB-252-M
5700 W. Touhy Avenue, Chicago 31, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me free portfolio of MODERN mimeographing samples.

NAME _____ POSITION _____

ORGANIZATION _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Here are only 4 of many reasons

why addressing machine users are switching to Elliott non-metallic Address Cards and silent Elliott Addressing Machines.

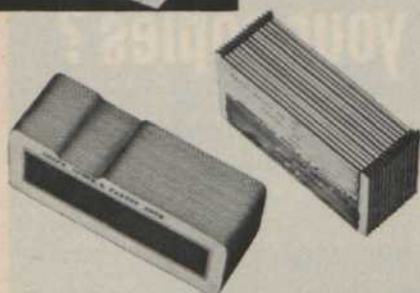
1 Elliott's soft Rubber Printing Roll makes all Elliott Addressing Machines silent,



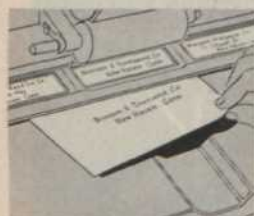
and **2**, enables them to print addresses on variable thicknesses.



3 Because Elliott Address Cards file tight together, they are dust proof as well as twice as compact.



4 Elliott Addressing Machines deliver addressed forms face up.



Metal Address Plates deliver addressed forms face down.



**May we tell you
all about it?**

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

155-A Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Salvage Islands, 150 miles south of Madeira. At the bottom of Vigo Bay, Spain, lie the wrecks of 17 treasure ships, sunk by the Dutch and English in 1702, with maybe \$150,000,000 aboard. I get these details from Gordon Cooper's "Treasure-Trove, Pirates' Gold" (New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc., 1951). As I say, why work when you can go and dig or dredge those millions up? And if you don't find them you will at least have had some healthy exercise.

The fate of Lambie

THIS is a hard, cruel world. Yet it is not so hard and so cruel—at least in these parts—that the fate of a pet deer named Lambie, injured by a fool hunter late last fall, wasn't news for several weeks thereafter. The last I heard, Lambie was getting well, and though this didn't offset the cold war and other calamities it was pleasant to read about.

More about the "jumper"

IN THIS or a similar space some years ago I discussed the old-fashioned Vermont "jumper"—a contrivance consisting of a barrel stave, an upright and a seat, on which Vermont boys (and sometimes girls, too) used to slide downhill before the ski reached this side of the Atlantic. It seems the jumper is not quite obsolete, for Don O'Brien presents it, in text and pictures, in a winter issue of "Vermont Life." (It has also been called, O'Brien says, a "jack-jump," "scooter" or "schooner.") The interesting thing about a jumper was, as O'Brien points out, that it "had a yen for picking its own route and destination, at least until the rider was able to prove himself the boss." Personally, I never knew what was going to happen when I started down a crusty hill on a jumper. In a way I didn't want to know. It was the uncertainty that I liked. The good skier can't have that uncertainty—the better he is the more certain he is to arrive right side up and with no broken bones. O'Brien thinks a "jumper derby" would be fun. I think so, too.

Dressing the part

THINKING about this month's two eminent birthdays I got to wondering what Washington would have looked like if he had worn a plug hat, a full beard and a long, black frock coat. And what Lincoln would have looked like in a

white wig, a plum-colored suit, knee breeches and buckled shoes. And, for that matter, how either or both would look in modern street or sports attire. We'll never know. The famous dead must dress the part through all eternity as they did in life.



The snow roller

OUR town plows itself out quite efficiently after a heavy snow-storm. All I have to do, as a male householder, is to clear my private drive to the road and remove the small range of snow mountains which the passing plow has thrown up just west of my mailbox. But for a spectacle give me the old-fashioned snow roller, which was a big cylinder drawn by four or more big horses. The roller didn't remove the snow. Nobody wanted it removed. The roller merely leveled and compressed it, so that a horse attached to a sleigh could get through. A well rolled Vermont road a week after a heavy fall of snow, with maybe a thaw or two and re-freezing in between, was one of the slickest objects in nature. A boy could slide downhill on such a road with the certainty that he wouldn't be hit by an automobile—though, of course, he could hit a tree, fence or rock and get banged up and be a hero. But those snow-rollers! I can shut my eyes and hear the crunch of them even now. And if you saw an imaginary boy pass on an imaginary sled down an imaginary road deep in well packed snow, that was I.

An old friend goes wrong

ANOTHER old friend, Phineas Tarbuckle of Cedar Hill, Vt., writes me of a minor tragedy in his neck of the woods. He says young Alfred Snodgrass, who has been quite a hand with the girls, is laid up with a broken ankle. Phineas is a man of lofty character, and I would go to him without hesitation if I were in real trouble and wished to borrow some money. He is a church member and votes regularly and, as I see it, votes right on most issues. No scandal has ever even faintly clouded his reputation. But Phineas has never learned that a pun is the lowest form of humor. If he had learned this he would not

have told me in his letter, as he did, that young Alfred Snodgrass tried to make up rather unceremoniously with the new girl from Montpelier and broke his ankle by slipping on an icy stare.

February and all

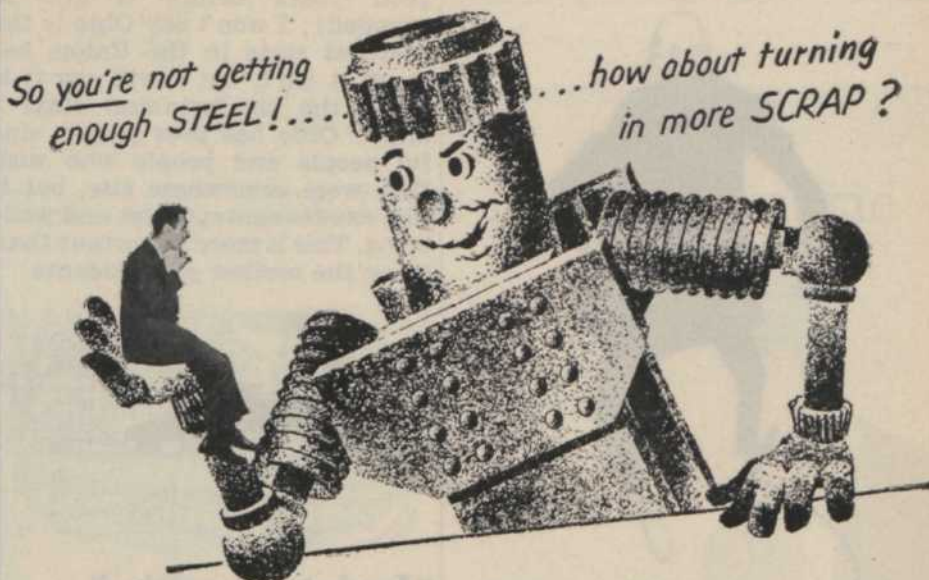
PEOPLE talk about February (and of other months, too, because a month can't talk back) as though it were something solid and unchangeable, like a cord of wood. Of course it isn't. February where I was reared is when you are tired of winter and still see no hope of spring. February in Miami is different; it is when the field hands can be heard singing in the evening after a long day of harvesting the tourist's dollars. February in Buenos Aires or Auckland, New Zealand, is when the hot spell will soon be over, but the swimming is delightful. February, even for people living in the same approximate spot, is different. It is a cold in the head, an exhilarating dash down a snowy precipice on skis (and, my land, what fun some folks think that is!), a long evening around the fireside wondering if the road will be cleared in time to get to the station for the 8:14 in the morning, a nuisance, a challenge, a joke. There are as many Februarys as there are people and places. I am glad this is so. It makes for variety.

You can have 31 Cygni

I FELT as though the home team had lost a game when I read that astronomers had located a star named 31 Cygni which is 150 times as large as the earth's sun. This object is 650 light-years away, which means that the image of it we now see packed up and left for the United States right after breakfast on Feb. 19, 1302. I suppose that if there are any inhabitants on any planets that revolve around 31 Cygni (and what a silly name *that* is!) they are supercilious about us and our tiny sun. But I don't care. I think quality counts for something. Whatever else you can say about our solar system it's cozy—and that's more than can be said for some other systems.

Tribute to Ohio

WE TOOK an overnight train ride into Ohio, and back again two days later. I don't want to hurt the feelings of other states (particularly of Vermont, my native soil, or of California, where I spent some



There's only one quick way to get more steel!

...get more SCRAP to the mills, at once

LET'S be realistic about the scrap shortage. The need for scrap is desperate. It threatens to hamper our whole National Defense effort—and it vitally concerns *you* because it boils down to this:

Unless 100,000 tons of industrial scrap roll into the steel mills every day, steel production will drop, and there'll be *less* steel for everyone—you included.

On the other hand, if more scrap is turned in, more steel will be turned out—and the more steel that's made the more steel *you'll* get.

So—if you want more steel—do your full share in getting your scrap back to the mills. Comb through your plant, again and again. Tap every source of dormant scrap. Dig out every retired machine that you can possibly spare and rush it to your scrap dealer. Rip out any old rails and switches that are rusting away on unused sidings—and scrap them. Scrap your antiquated dies, jigs and fixtures, your worn-out tanks and boilers that are gathering rust in some forgotten corner. Make sure that not a single pound of scrap is by-passed. Sell it—ship it. It means good money for you, more scrap for the Nation's scrap pile, and more steel for *everyone*.

Remember—the Nation's productive effort depends primarily on steel—and steel depends on SCRAP . . . *your* scrap. Turn it in—NOW.



You'll find your local scrap dealers listed
in the yellow pages of the phone directory.

UNITED STATES STEEL



why **WALK?**
just push a button... and
TALK!

Countless dollars are wasted every day when employees leave their work to reach people in other departments! Executone Intercom gives everyone instant contact with everyone else.

Helps Step Up Production—With Executone, everyone is *always* within talking distance—*without taking a single step!* With the speed of sound, questions are answered, information exchanged, material ordered and personnel located. With people on the job, you get *more work done faster!*

Cuts Operating Costs—Executone relieves the switchboard of all "inside" calls, frees phones for receiving important customer calls. Executone quickly pays for itself with increased production and efficiency.

get
the
facts



Executone
intercom systems

EXECUTONE, INC., Dept. 8-2
415 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Without obligation, please let me have:

- ☐ The name of your local Distributor.
☐ Free descriptive literature.

NAME _____ TITLE _____

FIRM _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

In Canada—331 Bartlett Ave., Toronto.

good years before it got so crowded); I won't say Ohio is the prettiest state in the Union, because it isn't, but I will say it is about the comfortablest state I know. Ohio has poor people, sinful people and people who wish they were somewhere else, but it just exudes contentment and well-being. This is more important than being the mother of Presidents.



"Tank-town rattler"

THE Wall Street Journal reports the gradual disappearance of "the tank-town rattler"—the branch-line train. It quotes one all-too-true remark of an old-time railroader: "Most everyone loved the tank-town locals. Trouble is, hardly anyone rode them or put goods on them." Economy, convenience and sentiment usually figure in everyday life in about that order. My plan for saving the rattlers is one I may have mentioned before—a reservation where the old branch lines and steam locomotives, the old winding dirt roads, maybe even a horse and buggy or two would be preserved forever. Why not? They won't be preserved anywhere else.

Pullmans, old and new

SOMETHING was lost when the old-fashioned Pullman car began to give way to the newer type in which each passenger rides in his own box or shell, like a clam or a snail. When I travel at night by rail, as I have just been doing, I am glad enough not to have to listen to a stranger's snores, and I rejoice that no one passing down the aisle can be pitched by some sudden curve into my diaphragm (which I value and wish to keep intact as long as I can), but sometimes, folded neatly into my roomette, watching the rain beat against the window, I think of days gone by. The foot from the upper berth waving wildly in the air. The porter with the ladder. The dear old gents washroom at the end of the car, with seven gents trying to get a chance to shave themselves at three basins, and four other gents discussing business, politics and life.

What I really want, I guess, is a

private car. I would like to be a vice president of a railroad, condemned to earn my bread by riding the line and making sure the scenery and roadbed were being kept up. I'd live in my private car; I'd have a piano and a wood-burning fireplace; I'd have a library and a cat; in fine weather I'd sit out back and take my shoes off and put my feet up on the railing, and if anybody offered me a job being King of England at \$10,000,000 a year I'd say no.

Does any railroad need a vice president of that kind?

Squirrel in the house

A SQUIRREL got into our house, lugged in a pile of acorns and set up housekeeping. A lot of people, including, no doubt, a lot of squirrels, thought this was cute. But nobody would think I was cute if I set up housekeeping in a squirrel hole. What I say is that if I stay out of squirrel holes squirrels should stay out of my upstairs guest room.

On saying a few words

SOMETIMES I get lured into making speeches. Ordinarily this happens when the date of the speech is put so far ahead that I am sure it will never arrive. As I grow older I find that my attitude toward these catastrophes has changed. Formerly I used to suffer before making a speech (or, in boyhood days, "speaking a piece"). Now I suffer afterwards—partly for the things I shouldn't have said but did, partly for the funny story or the witty remark I should have put in, and meant to put in, but didn't. I wonder how common my experience is. I wonder why people keep on making speeches. I wonder why lecture bureaus flourish. I wonder why political campaigns continue. For myself, I am convinced that it is no great hardship to go to a banquet, eat green peas, fried chicken, mashed potato, hot or lukewarm rolls and mince pie and listen to somebody else make a speech. I am willing to applaud even the dullest martyr when he rises at the chairman's final word. But I no longer wish to be that martyr. Let him—not me—wake up tomorrow full of vain regrets.

Not spring but Florida

WHEN I see advertisements of bathing suits, usually for the female, I ask myself, can spring be far behind? But the right answer, it appears, is not spring but Florida.

National

"...amazing how this NEW automatic
tax-computer
cuts costs!"



"Yes, this NEW National instantly computes payroll tax deductions!"



This **NEW** National Payroll-Accounting Machine cuts costs to a **NEW** low with **NEW** time-and-money-saving features.

NEW! Automatic Multiple-Tax Computer . . . instantly computes variable tax deductions, eliminating this costly pre-payroll work.

NEW! Automatic control of Federal Insurance Contribution deduction limit.

NEW! 4 to-date-balances of Earnings and Deductions . . . with total hours-to-date available.

NEW! 15 classification totals for Earnings and Deductions.

NEW! 50 Totals . . . forty-six available for direct Analysis and Distribution.

PLUS many other National features that slash accounting costs . . . eliminate overtime . . . simplify payroll work.

There are National Machines suited to every type of business . . . large or small. National Machines soon pay for themselves out of the money they save (often the first year) then continue these savings as handsome profit every year.

Let the local National representative . . . a trained systems analyst . . . show you how much you can save with the National Accounting Machine, Cash Register or Adding Machine suited to your needs. Or write the Company at Dayton 9, Ohio.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

National

ACCOUNTING MACHINES
CASH REGISTERS • ADDING MACHINES



Your trucking job different? (Of course it is!)



Take your loads and roads, for instance. Naturally they're different. Your loads may be big or little, heavy or light, bulky or compact. Your roads may be paved or rough, level or hilly. So your truck must fit your particular trucking job. And there's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck that does just that!



No matter what loads you haul, you'll carry them surely and safely in a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck. Its load-carrying units (frame, axles and springs, for example) will have the strength and capacity your loads demand. You'll haul bigger payloads. Your truck will perform better and last longer.



No matter what roads you travel, you'll move your loads quickly and economically in a truck that's "Job-Rated" for your job. Every load-moving unit (such as engine, clutch and transmission) will stand up under severe operating conditions. See your Dodge dealer about a truck that fits your job.

DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS



The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

NOWADAYS nobody pays much attention to the dollar bill. And that's rather a pity because this humble unit of currency has engraved upon it a pictorial lesson in citizenship which, if more widely appreciated, would do something to offset the depreciation in its purchasing power.

The engraving referred to is not the portrait of Washington, although his face does repay consideration of its dignity and composure at a time when the seething city named after him is so conspicuously lacking in both virtues. On the back of the dollar bill, however, are two more illustrations—the two sides of the Great Seal of the United States. The obverse, with its heraldic eagle, is familiar enough. Much less common—except as dollar bills are common—is the reverse of the seal, showing an unfinished pyramid surmounted by the all-seeing eye of Providence and the Latin words “annuit coeptis” (“he has smiled upon our undertakings”).

Thomas Jefferson probably suggested this motto, which is adapted from Vergil's “Aeneid.” And Benjamin Franklin, we know for certain, designed the picture which can be studied by all who have a dollar bill in hand. The firmly grounded pyramid symbolizes the constitutional Government of the United States, above criticism

in symmetry and structure but requiring spiritual guidance to make the human accomplishment complete.

Franklin only put the same thought into biting words when, at the close of the Constitutional Convention, he moved the signing of the document that has served the American people so well. Saying that at his age—then 81—he knew enough “to pay attention to the judgments of others” the sage old philosopher nevertheless questioned whether “a better Constitution” could possibly be written. “If well administered,” he said, it “may be a blessing.” But the Government of the United States:

“... can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupt as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.”



Franklin did not predict despotism “if” the American people become corrupt. He said “when” they do so, indicating his opinion that this outcome would in due course be certain. Such a fatalistic forecast by a man of Franklin's eminence—if there are any—would not be surprising today. The sickening disclosures that have so smirched the Truman Administration justify pessimism.

But the auspicious birth of our federal Union was a curious moment for a patriot as outstanding as Ben Franklin to prophecy its demise. This

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

skepticism about the success of a government that was designed "to secure the blessings of liberty" was not prevalent among the Founding Fathers. In all the debate that went to the drafting and adoption of the Constitution there was relatively little anticipation of corrupt administration as a serious threat to the republic.

The subject of course came up, especially in connection with the provisions for impeachment. Luther

Martin from Maryland, and some others who opposed ratification, maintained that federal officials would certainly abuse "the dangerous and oppressive power" which the Constitution placed in the central Government. But Madison and other leaders met the criticism by pointing out that members of the Cabinet can be impeached "even against the will of the President," as indeed happened in the case of Secretary of War Belknap, in Grant's unsavory second term. So the safeguards were deemed sufficient. Indeed, as is clear from a reading of Washington's "Farewell Address," in the early days of the republic there was much more fear of corruption from foreign than from domestic "influence peddlers."

There were several reasons why so few shared Franklin's misgivings about malpractice in the federal Government. Only a small bureaucracy was anticipated. The Department of State, for instance, had a total of eight employees in this country when first organized by Thomas Jefferson. There was no federal income tax and few revenue agents were needed. Hamilton, in No. 12 of the "Federalist" papers, speaks with horror of the situation in France, where the Government then employed 20,000 officials "to secure their fiscal regulations." The "arbitrary and vexatious powers" of these tax collectors, said Hamilton, "would be intolerable in a free country."

Still another safeguard against corruption, in the early days, was the Senate, whose members regarded themselves as deputed by their states primarily to guard against usurpation of power by the central Government. Reliance was also placed on a free press. But probably the greatest safeguard of all was the determination of the American people to make their republic successful. The conviction that public office is a public trust was for a long time dominant. The abuse of governmental position, to sell personal influence and accept bribes, was simply not envisaged by most eighteenth century Americans.

Fortunately, a great deal of this healthy sense of decency remains. It is demonstrated by the sense of shock that so many have experienced as the trail of scandal has broadened out through agency after agency. Many people feel personally dishonored by the moral carelessness of highly placed officials. And that is as it should be in a republic, where by definition all government, for better or worse, is a "public matter," reflecting either credit or discredit on every citizen.

Alternatively, there is comfort in the fact that, out of something more than 2,500,000 federal employees, only a small percentage have failed their trust. It is not the province of the Democratic Party leadership to cite this in extenuation, for all too clearly the Truman regime has been more interested in concealing than in exposing the malfeasance for which it is still reluctant to admit responsibility. A sense of public outrage, however, should never be so extreme as to mingle the just with the unjust.

For every official crook and conniver who has made the headlines there are, we should recall, thousands of wholly decent public servants, interested neither in politics nor in graft, but simply in doing their work honorably and at least passably well. Grave injury could be done, where actually much credit is due, by now assuming that the cancer of corruption has eaten fatally or even really deeply into the public service.

Yet it will do so, as Franklin anticipated, unless the nation draws the obvious moral from these scandals. A representative government is just that. It faithfully mirrors both the virtues and the vices of the people. Unlike a kingdom, where a corrupt court has often been imposed on an upright body of subjects, a democratic republic will not have vicious officials unless the citizens are themselves on the whole tolerant of vice. That is what Franklin meant by saying that in time Americans may "need despotic government."

We shall ourselves, by our effort and influence as individuals, determine whether or not the old gentleman was right in this, as in so much else. Certainly it would be no discredit to Franklin's memory, and no displeasure to his spirit, to prove him wrong, so far as our generation is concerned.

When he designed the unfinished pyramid, under the all-seeing eye of Providence, Ben Franklin actually showed us how to disprove his own gloomy anticipation. Those who conduct their lives with the aid of conscience, with a sense of God's scrutiny of their secret thoughts, need never fear congressional investigations.

As long as the back of the dollar bill reminds us of the capstone of divine supervision in our form of government it will have value, over and above its power to buy the material necessities.

—FELIX MORLEY



The best partner in the world can leave you a legacy of trouble

ALL TOO OFTEN, a successful and thriving business partnership goes on the rocks when one of the partners dies—simply because proper steps were never taken in advance.

Death automatically dissolves a partnership. Then the surviving partner has one of several difficult choices to make:

1. He can liquidate the business (usually at a loss) in order to settle with his partner's heirs.
2. He can accept the heirs as his new partners—a poor arrangement when they have no experience or liking for the business, and usually an impossible arrangement if any of the heirs are minors.
3. He can let the heirs sell their interest in the business to someone else—if he wants to have an outsider as his new partner.
4. He can sell his share of the business to

the heirs—if they want to buy it and if they can afford it.

5. He can buy the heirs' share of the business—if they care to sell, if they can arrive at a mutually satisfactory price and if he has or can raise enough money.

A Partnership Life Insurance Plan worked out ahead of time with a New York Life agent can take all the "if's" out of business settlement when a partner dies!

Under this insurance plan, by prearranged agreement between the partners, those surviving own the business. The heirs are paid a fair price for their share. There is no cause for trouble, financial loss or misunderstanding.

★ ★ ★

Whether you're a partner, a stockholder in a closely held corporation or the sole owner of a business, it will pay you to get

the facts about Business Life Insurance right away. Simply fill out the coupon or attach it to your letterhead, and mail. Or better yet, call your New York Life agent today and talk it over with him.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

New York Life Insurance Company,
51 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

*I would like to have, without obligation,
detailed information on:*

- ☐ Partnership Insurance
- ☐ Sole Proprietorship Insurance
- ☐ Close Corporation Insurance
- ☐ Key-Man Insurance

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

NR-2-52

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



What happened to the time?

A lot of things are scarce these days.

Steel. Aluminum. Machine tools. Raw materials. So scarce, in fact, that Uncle Sam has them on a priority list.

But in American industries today, the scarcest commodity of all is...*time!*

With military orders urgent, with complex new weapons in the making, *time* is the key word of our defense program.

But there's one way a manufacturer can get a "priority" on *time*.

He can ship his parts and products via Air Express—the service that gets *top priority* of all commercial shipping services!

Air Express is first off the loading platform...first on the planes...first to arrive at destinations anywhere in the 48 states!

Whatever your business, you can profit from the regular use of Air Express. Here's why:

IT'S FASTEST—Air Express gets *top priority* of all commercial shipping services—gives the fastest, most complete door-to-door pick-up and delivery service in all cities and principal towns at *no extra cost*.

IT'S DEPENDABLE—Air Express provides one-carrier responsibility all the way

and gets a *receipt upon delivery*.

IT'S PROFITABLE—Air Express service costs less than you think, gives you many profit-making opportunities.

For more facts, call Air Express Division of Railway Express Agency.



AIR EXPRESS
GETS THERE FIRST

Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

THERE is a feeling here in this winter of 1952 that things have become manageable—that whatever comes along, we can handle it.

Not too long ago officials and members of Congress were wishing the days away, longing for the time when we would be “over the hump.”

The hump—a point on the rearmament chart fixed by Mobilizer Director Charles E. Wilson—has yet to be reached and crossed. The fact that it is within sight, however, has had a tonic effect on Washington that has been good for the nerves.

Rep. Clarence Cannon personifies the changed mood. This hard-boiled Democrat from Missouri is chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and therefore a key figure in the vast spending program. He was talking to reporters about the budget and about the difference between this session of Congress and the last one.

“Last year we gave the Joint Chiefs of Staff everything they wanted,” Cannon said. “We had no other choice. Joe Stalin was ready and we weren’t. We had to vote the defense people a blank check.

“This year things are different. We are not out of the woods completely, but Stalin has missed the bus. From now on time will be working in our favor.”

Representative Cannon pointed out that the armed services have a big backlog of appropriations—“a lot more than they’ve been able to spend.” Consequently, he said, he and his colleagues will have plenty of time to take a good look at Pentagon expenditures, and see what has happened to money already appropriated before appropriating any more.

All observers here agree that, whatever happens in Congress legislatively, this session certainly will be a noisy one, and also, no doubt, a rough one. The accent, of course, will be on domestic affairs—that is to say, politics.

The lawmakers hope to finish by July, and then head for Chicago. There, in a stadium close to the stockyards, they will play a major part in writing the party platforms and in choosing nominees for President and Vice President. The ensuing campaign will determine this nation’s course for years to come.

In the prologue now unfolding, the Republicans are making much more news than the

Democrats. This is understandable. The Republicans, scenting victory after 20 years of exile from the White House, are on the offensive, building up the case they will present to the voters later. Meantime, an exciting battle is underway for the G.O.P. nomination for President. (Nobody ever admits he wants to be Vice President.)

Old-timers here, who have seen them come and go, sometimes wonder why men fight for the Presidency. They remember Harry S. Truman as he was in the United States Senate, friendly, gregarious, happy in his work. Then they think of him as he is today in the White House, a lonely figure, his stock at an all-time low, furious at those who have let him down, and embarrassed by the growing number of men who refuse to leave private life to give him a hand. Small wonder that Jefferson called the office a “splendid misery.”



The Presidency remains a glittering prize, however, and there always will be men who will regard it as a challenge, and who will strive for it, win or lose. Evidence of this is provided by the battle-royal now going on in the Republican Party, with three candidates in the field, and a fourth (Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower) in by proxy.

The task for the Republicans in the days ahead, until convention time, is to try and forge the issues and so prepare for the selling job they will have to do next autumn. This is easier talked about than accomplished. For one thing, the men who are after the presidential nomination have divergent views on some issues—foreign policy, for example.

Also, the voters have a way of ignoring the politicians and deciding for themselves what is really important in a campaign. The history of American politics is full of instances where elections have been determined, or influenced, by some issue the professionals did not foresee.

In 1946, a shortage of meat aroused the voters, and did much to give the Republicans control of the Eightieth Congress. Another factor was Mr. Truman’s fumbling in the case of Henry Wallace, whom he



TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

at first backed and later fired in connection with a speech criticizing the Administration's get-tough-with-Russia policy. Both were unforeseen breaks, which underscored the Republicans' slogan that year, "Had enough?"

In 1948, an important factor—maybe the decisive one—was the record-breaking corn crop. There was a shortage of storage space, heavy selling, and a drop in the price of corn. Secretary of Agriculture Charles F.

Brannan roamed the Midwest, blaming it all on the Republicans and the Eightieth Congress, which had amended the law to provide that the Government could not own or build storage facilities.

The farmers in states like Ohio, Illinois and Iowa were credited with giving President Truman the victory in '48, although Mr. Truman himself said afterward that his greatest asset was Gov. Thomas E. Dewey. Anyway, it was another instance where the politicians—and also the pollsters and the political writers—got crossed up.

In 1950, a bad turn in the Korean war hurt the Democrats. This, together with Sen. Joe McCarthy's outcry about Communists in Government, undoubtedly helped the Republicans pick up additional seats in the Senate and House.

A favorite Republican battle cry this year is "Crime, Corruption and Communism." It has an alliterative ring, and it may be effective. But it also is quite possible that the voters may not be very much excited about corruption and Communism in November.

The political scene can change quickly, and the case of Gen. Douglas MacArthur is a good illustration of that fact. Back in April, many politicians thought that the uproar over Mr. Truman's firing of the General would continue and be an important factor in the '52 campaign. The famous old soldier still has many warm admirers, but there is very little talk about him in political circles.



Getting back to issues, virtually all factions of the Republican Party are in favor of going after Big Government, what a Midwest group of G.O.P. leaders has called "the gigantic pyramid of unholy power that has been erected on the banks of the Potomac." Related to that, of course, are the arguments about spending and high taxes.

The intensity of partisan feeling this year was underscored at the joint session of Congress on Jan. 9. Mr. Truman's state of the union message

was restrained, almost conciliatory. The Republicans, however, seemed determined to sit on their hands. Only two men in the chamber seemed free of partisanship—the Senate and House chaplains.

The Democrats hope that they will be able to inscribe on their banner the slogan, "Peace and Prosperity." These are magical words. Whether the first one will be justified depends, of course, on events abroad. But the outlook is good; that great realist, Churchill, who recently was in our midst, even went so far as to call it "solid." As for prosperity, there is a difference of opinion as to definitions. But certainly the outlook is good for full employment.

Old Jack Garner used to say that he had never known the American people to "vote against a full belly."

There can always be a first time, however; for, as we learned in 1948, the American people care little about the precedents and fetishes of politics. For that matter, one sometimes suspects that they care little for politicians. If given a chance, they might prefer to vote for a man who has never been in politics—General Eisenhower.

The famous soldier's action in giving his Republican supporters a go-ahead signal has created one of the most dramatic preconvention situations the United States has ever known. If the polls mean anything, Ike is the great popular choice of the American people. Dr. Gallup has come up with surveys to show that he could beat any professional who has been mentioned for the Presidency, in either party. But first Ike has to get the Republican nomination, and that means a battle.

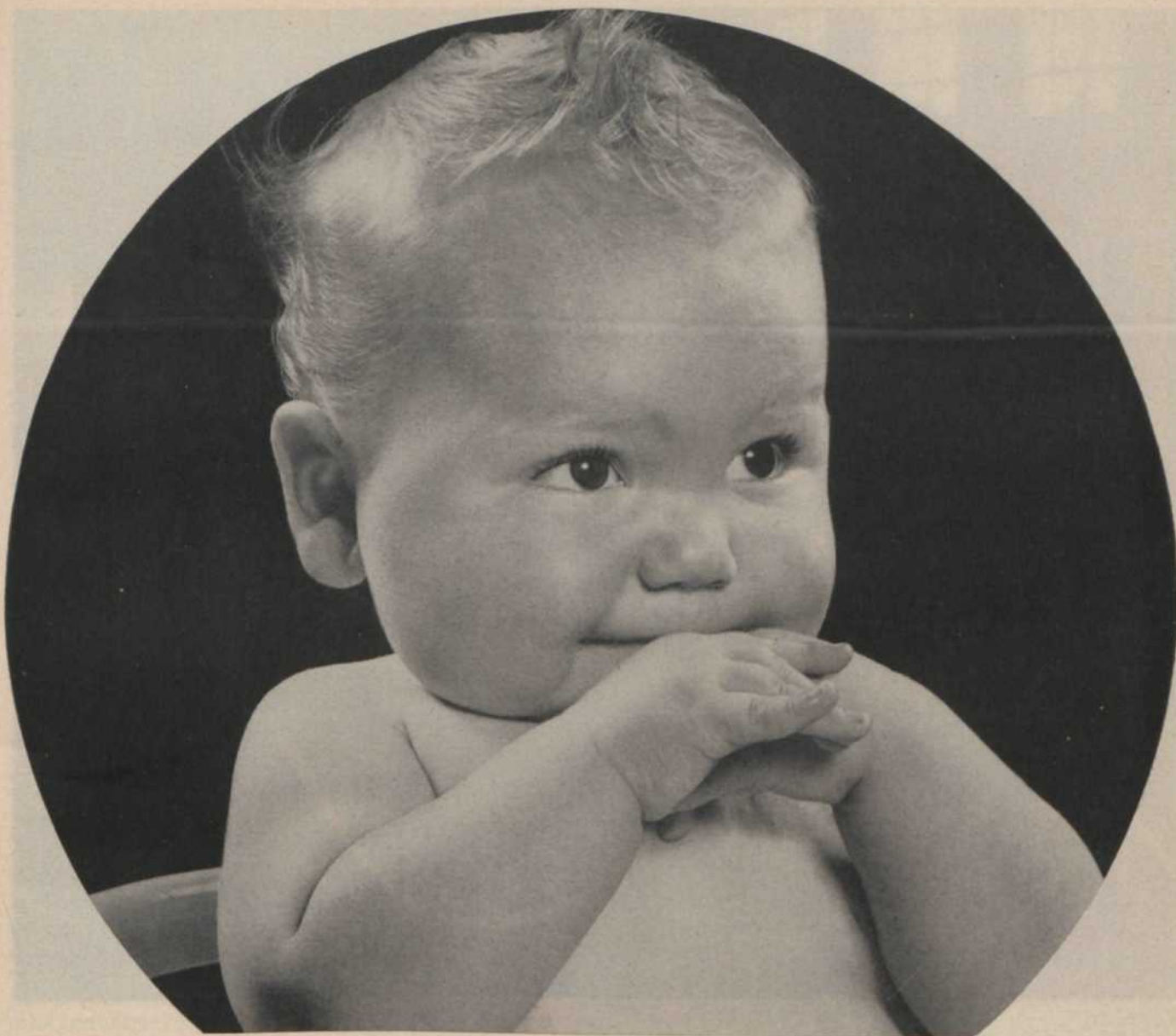
The Democrats cherish a secret hope as they watch the infighting between the cohorts of Ike and Taft. It is a hope that this struggle will do to the G.O.P. what the Madison Square Garden Convention of 1924 did to the Democratic Party—leave it so divided and weakened that its nominee will be beaten before he starts.

This could happen, but it should be pointed out that there is a flaw in the vision. It is true, as veteran political writers well remember, that the McAdoo-Smith fight in that convention of 1924 did seriously weaken the Democratic Party. But it also is true that John W. Davis, who ultimately got the nomination, probably would have lost even if the convention had been a love feast. It was just one of those Republican years, with Calvin Coolidge the preordained winner.

The important thing at the moment is the growing strength of the United States and its allies, and the approach of that day when we will go "over the hump."

Meanwhile, the feeling here now is that the United States can handle anything, including a slam-bang political campaign.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



"HAVE WE CONSIDERED EVERY ANGLE, GENTLEMEN?"

LITTLE Billy's thoughtful attitude is one you'd do well to adopt when you're reviewing your workmen's compensation insurance. Why? Because the *service* you receive can affect not only the morale of your employees, but your own peace of mind.

Ask your friendly, capable Hardware Mutuals representative to explain the benefits of Hardware Mutuals service which more and more employers are enjoying each year.

You will be interested to know that *Hardware Mutuals rank among the leaders in promptness of paying claims to injured employees.* This promptness helps speed their recovery by relieving financial worry.



Many other advantages are grouped under Hardware Mutuals *policy back of the policy*®. It provides you with the services of our Loss Prevention Department in eliminating the *causes* of accidents... plus fast, friendly, nationwide, day-and-night service. And consider this, too—over \$100,000,000 in dividends has been returned to Hardware Mutuals policyholders to date.

Why not get complete information on Hardware Mutuals workmen's compensation insurance? All you need do is phone *Western Union* by number, ask for *Operator 25*, and say you want the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative!

Insurance for your AUTOMOBILE...HOME...BUSINESS

Hardware Mutuals®

Stevens Point, Wisconsin • Offices Coast to Coast

HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY • HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



From raw material to *"Number, please?"*

This fiery snake, like its companion on the left, is on its way to bring you the operator's "Number, please?" or the humming invitation of the dial tone. It is red-hot copper at one stage of being drawn into telephone wire by Western Electric.

Besides wire and cable, we make telephones, switchboards and all sorts of telephone equipment—and have done so for 70 years since we became the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

This long experience, together with the close partnership that exists between ourselves, the Bell telephone companies and Bell Telephone Laboratories, enables us to produce whatever is needed in the most economical way.

Western Electric's purpose is to keep quality of equipment up and its cost down. This has helped you get the world's most dependable telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

I'll Take the Machine Age

By GWILYM A. PRICE

*President,
Westinghouse Electric Corporation*

HERE'S the answer to charges that the industrialization of the past 50 years has degraded and demoralized American workers

WHILE riding on a train recently, I read an article which deplored the machine age on spiritual grounds. The author maintained that the industrialization of the past 50 years has robbed the working American of his individual dignity, saddled him with new frustrations, and stifled his creative instincts with monotonous work. The clever and happy artisan of former years, the article implied, has become a miserable and mentally stultified nut-tightener on an assembly line.

Such views are by no means uncommon. It has become the fashion in certain quarters to cuss industrialization as the No. 1 devil of the century. The machine, we are told over and over again, has demoralized and degraded mankind.

Such charges call for an answer. Certainly not everything the industrial age has brought has been good for us. The increase in nervous and mental disorders has been appalling. Our divorce rate is a scandal. There is no condoning our toleration of crime or the slaughter which takes place on the highways. Large sections of our cities are not fit to live in.

But let us look at all the facts and try to find out just what has happened to the average American in 50 years.

Even the sternest critics of industrialization admit the average man is better off physically than in 1900. For one thing, he enjoys better health. Fifty years ago, one out of five children died before reaching school age and life expectancy at birth was only 49 years. Today, thanks to advances in medicine, nutrition, sanitary engineering and other sciences, infant mortality has dropped sensationally and life expectancy has risen to 68 years.

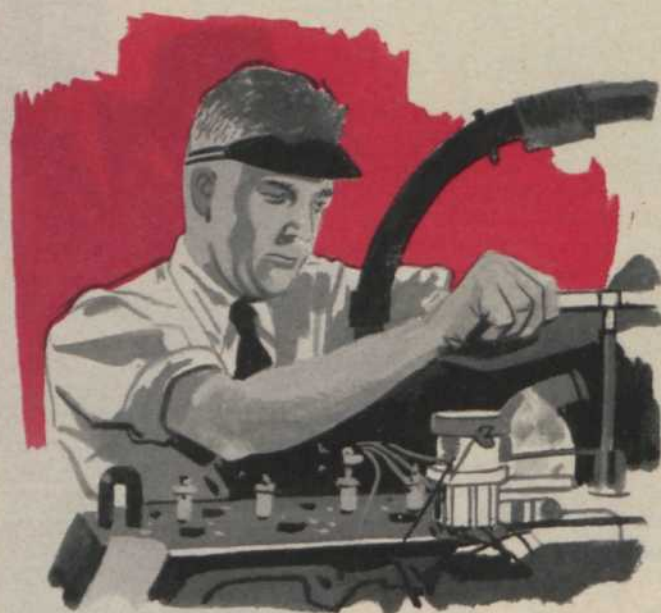
At the same time, mass-production technology has brought working people the largest pay increases in history. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, average real wages



in manufacturing rose from 31 to 85 cents an hour between 1914 and 1950. In other words, real pay has nearly tripled. The result is a living standard never approached before.

Anyone who has reached middle age, as I have, is aware of this from personal observation. When I was growing up in a small town in western Pennsylvania, earning a living was not easy for most people. My father, a roller in a tinplate mill, worked somewhat shorter hours and received higher wages than most industrial employes, but he was often half-dead with fatigue when he came home from the mill and his pay supported our family in meager style compared to present standards.

Merely to keep us fed, clean and comfortable, my mother labored from daylight until after dark stoking fires, carrying water, washing clothes by hand, ironing them with irons heated on a hot range, cleaning kerosene lamps, and performing a multitude of other tasks unknown to the modern housewife. About the only recreation my father could



Most jobs are less back-breaking and less monotonous than those of the good old days

enjoy was sandlot baseball and football games. My mother's chief break from hard work came in going to church on Sunday. We seldom went on even short vacation trips. A street car ride was considered an outing. Owning a horse and buggy was beyond the means of most families.

The modern tinplate roller is on the job only 40 hours a week. He does much of his work with push-buttons. His wife has a host of automatic appliances which take the drudgery out of housework. They own a radio, a television set, and a car. Fifty years of industrialization have liberated the great majority of us from long hours of hard, grubbing toil.

I can find no evidence, moreover, that the work the average American does today is any more monotonous or debasing than the work he did in 1900. Not everybody has become a nut-tightener on an assembly line.

Of the 63,000,000 people employed in this country, only 11,000,000 are so-called operatives in industry. Not all of these 11,000,000 work for big companies, of course, and not all of those who work for big companies work in large plants. Of those who work in

large plants, only a small percentage work on assembly lines, and it is an error to assume that all of those who work on assembly lines are thwarted and unhappy.

A short time ago, I saw an assembly line in operation in one of the nation's largest automotive plants. The men who were employed there were doing their jobs at a smart pace. They were laughing and joking with one another as they worked, and there was good-natured ribbing of anyone who slowed up the line. If any of them was under strain, filled with frustration and tension, then I am ready for a padded cell.

The jobs which a great many industrial employes perform are not highly creative, it is true, but neither were those their forebears performed. Could any job be more monotonous than swinging a sledge 12 hours a day in an old-fashioned blacksmith shop, or digging coal with a pick and shovel, or cultivating a field with a hoe? In my opinion, most of the jobs in our industrialized society are not only less back-breaking but less monotonous than those of the good old days.

What has happened to the average person mentally during the past 50 years cannot be appraised so easily. Probably infants born today are not much better endowed mentally than those born in the middle-ages, but we've certainly become a better-educated and better-informed people than we were before the machine paved the way for mass schooling and mass communication.

At the turn of the century, almost 11 per cent of our population could not read and write. The average person did not finish grade school. Today, illiteracy has virtually disappeared and approximately 50 per cent of all our boys and girls graduate from high school. More youngsters now get college degrees than finished high school in 1900. At the same time, a tremendous increase in the circulation of periodicals of all kinds and the coming of radio have made us vastly more aware of what is going on in the world than ever before.

When I was a boy, ignorance and provincialism were prevalent to an extent which has been largely forgotten. In 1900, few Americans still believed the world was flat, but it seemed that a lot of them had just gotten over believing it; the person of original ideas was much more likely to be jeered at than he is now; Europe seemed farther away to most people than the moon does today. The rube or yokel was a familiar character not only on the stage and in popular literature, but in real life as well.

Industrialization has broadened our viewpoints. Rubes have vanished as have complacency concerning new ideas and provincial notions regarding other countries. By turning a dial, the man or woman in the remotest American farmhouse learns what is going on in far parts of the world. Automobiles have made us a nation of travelers. The airplane has brought us next door to other continents. I would not contend that the machine age has made us more intelligent, but it definitely has made us more worldly wise.

As a result, I believe we have also improved morally and spiritually. I realize I am on controversial ground here. Certainly, the last war brought cruelties which have never been exceeded. As individuals, many people today display the same selfishness, greed, envy, ruthlessness, and other evil traits which have characterized certain members of the human family since the days of Cain.

But an impressive number of facts indicate that people collectively are behaving better than they



The machine age has widened and deepened education, and made people more tolerant

used to. In this country at least, we are more humane in our treatment of children, the aged, the ill, the unemployed, the mentally afflicted and the criminally delinquent. Perhaps this is merely because the increased wealth created by mass-production technology has made it less of a hardship to be decent and charitable than it once was but, whatever is back of our better behavior, the results are good.

Deep-seated racial and religious prejudices have also given way to a marked degree under the influence of the broader and deeper education which the machine age has brought with it. A generation or so ago, a large number of Americans actually were proud of the dislikes they entertained toward minority groups. Today, people who hold such views are more likely to be ashamed of them. Although we still need to make large strides in this direction, industrialization has brought us considerably closer to real tolerance and real democracy.

At the same time, business ethics have improved. At the turn of the century, the businessman who deceived his customers or outwitted his competitor with sharp practices was often regarded as an admirable person. Today the commercial community ostracizes such an operator.

These are only a few of the improvements in our moral behavior. The position of women has most certainly been bettered since industry put them to work in offices and factories on a basis in many ways equal with men. I am aware that some psychiatrists maintain women were happier and less inclined to develop neuroses when the men kept them on pedestals. I don't believe that, any more than I believe that most men ever kept most women on pedestals. Knights and ladies never were more than a minute portion of the total population.

It is also my impression that there is less sodden drunkenness now than in 1900. In the towns which I knew in my boyhood, many workingmen found just about their only relaxation in a weekly spree. Physically exhausted after six days of drudgery, they poured into the saloons on Saturday night and regularly drank themselves into a stupor. I see no such widespread drunkenness in working-class neighborhoods today.

What the workingman does with the leisure the machine has given him is one which opponents of industrialization almost invariably cluck their tongues over. Joe Doakes ought to do something creative in his spare time, they say, but instead of painting pictures, writing poetry or fashioning pottery he goes to the movies, listens to the radio or watches a television program.

I fail to see anything alarming about that. The great mass of mankind never was very imaginative, and I don't believe we can be expected to turn into a race of creative artists all at once. Many movie, radio and television programs are undoubtedly rapid, but others have great cultural value. With these devices, the world's greatest music, plays, lectures, debates, and discussions on nearly every subject have been made available to the common man.

I am not qualified to say to what extent, if any, industrialization has bettered us from an artistic and cultural point of view. Our epoch has not seen the rise of philosophers, artists or poets comparable to those of ancient Greece, Renaissance Italy or Elizabethan England. But it must be remembered that only a tiny minority of the people participated in those golden ages of art and learning. The machine has made our culture available to everybody. It is my personal opinion that aesthetic tastes in this country are improving year by year. I am sure that most of our popular plays, movies and novels reflect a more mature public attitude than did those of the past.

As I said before, not everything which has come along with the machine age has been beneficial. An old tranquility has passed out of the world. Gastric ulcers have multiplied, and so have nervous breakdowns. We unquestionably do suffer from tensions, anxieties and frustrations unknown in the past.

But not all of these ills can be laid on the doorstep of industrialization. Many of the tensions which harass modern man have nothing to do with the 40 hours or less a week which he spends on his job. There is international tension, for example, which all of us are subject to at all times.

"Our tragedy today," William Faulkner said when he received the Nobel Prize, (*Continued on page 82*)



The world's best music, plays and lectures have been made available to everybody



Let a call for help come into headquarters and the boys roll, taking along equipment to meet any emergency

Rescues Are Their Hobby

By DALE KRAMER

TOWN volunteer rescue squads always have been active, but few can match that of Bethesda, Md.



Accidents such as this invariably find ambulance and crewmen on hand to give assistance

LAWRENCE KREBB



About once a month the squad is called on to pull someone from the Potomac River

LATE ON a recent stormy night an automobile skidded off the road near Bethesda, Md., just outside Washington, D. C., and crashed into a tree. The driver was pinned in the wreckage. A nearby householder, taking the situation in from his window, did what all people of the region do in such emergencies—ran to his telephone and dialed Wisconsin 1000.

The call went to the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Rescue Squad headquarters in a converted garage in Bethesda. On duty at the control panel was Archie McLachlen, a volunteer drawn, like all squadsmen, from the business life of the twin communities. As McLachlen's fingers moved swiftly over the panel board things began to pop. A loud buzzer in the bunk room brought the sleeping crew tumbling out. Bright lights flashed on and the street doors banged to the ceiling. Crewmen ran to their places as a loudspeaker told them the nature of the mission.

Then two of the squad's big ambulances moved out, followed by a huge rescue truck, equipped with everything from a 7,500-watt generator down to a keyhole saw. A direct-wire call to Chief Donald Dunnington, owner of a surplus goods store, brought him to the scene. Meanwhile a skeleton crew and three more ambulance units remained in the squad house in the event of other emergency calls.

At the scene, the rescue truck's floodlights quickly turned the area into day. The driver was conscious but bleeding from face cuts. One squadsmen went to work staunching the flow of blood while others relieved the pressure of the wreckage with a power jack. Sledges, heavy claw tools, and an electric

metal-cutting saw had the injured man free in ten minutes and quickly he was on his way to a hospital. The swift action was credited with saving his life.

Then the squadsmen climbed back into their vehicles, snapped on their two-way radios and reported themselves "back in service." They were ready again to respond to any case from an emergency birth to a plane crash. Should a major disaster strike, the big siren above the squad house would bring the rest of the 100 members from their homes. Among them would be millionaires and \$60-a-week clerks.

As it happened, that night an elderly couple returning home late found they had forgotten their key. The squadsmen took a radio message from the panel board, stopped by the couple's house, raised a ladder, and let them in.

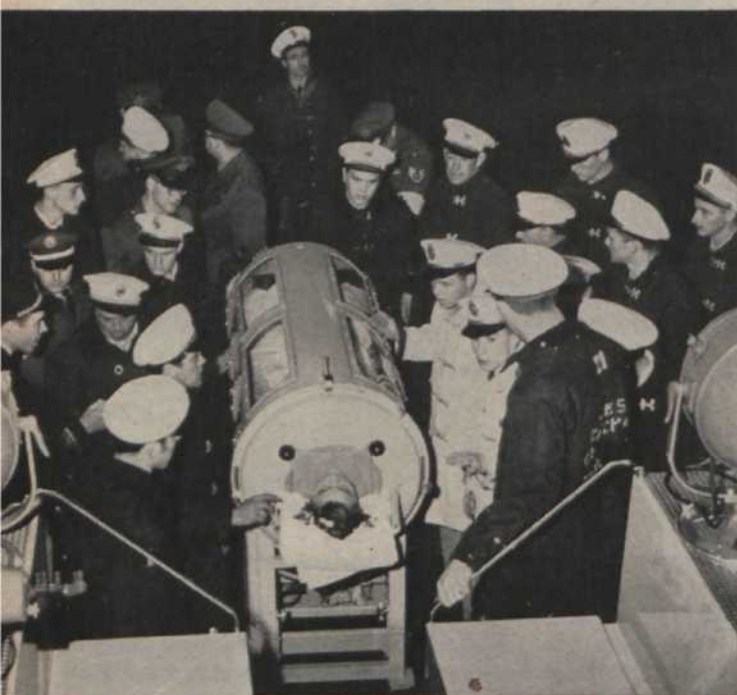
Last year the squad responded to 3,000 calls. The population of the Bethesda-Chevy Chase area is about 100,000, and the squad is called quite often across the line into Washington, D. C. The squad has run 50 miles to a plane crash and is willing to double that. All calls for aid are responded to as a public service without charge to anyone.

People usually are amazed when first hearing about this community project. Yet it is no isolated phenomenon. Alert leaders of many small and medium-sized cities have concluded that the local paid services—probably a fire or police ambulance or two—are not adequate to cope with the inevitable disasters of a highly mechanized civilization. About 200 volunteer groups exist and the increase is rapid. Three years ago the International Rescue and First



LAWRENCE KRESS

Whether it is moving a person to a hospital, or finding a lost boy, squadsmen respond with the same eagerness



Chief Donald Dunnington, below right, started the squad back before World War II, has led it to civic popularity

LAWRENCE KRESS



Aid Association was formed, with headquarters at Chatham, N. J. Canadian units are included.

The roots of the squads lie deep in the nation's past. Americans always have responded quickly to neighbors in distress. Most men get satisfaction out of being of service. In addition, rescue work provides that touch of adventure that many miss in modern existence.

The Bethesda-Chevy Chase squadsmen are quick to say that any community can match their accomplishment. But they do not say that it will be easy. Chief Dunnington planted the seeds before World War II. A chunky youth, he played football on the University of Maryland team and, with his hometown Bethesda volunteer firemen, helped out the regulars.

A rescue squad seemed to him a logical extension of the firefighters. He scraped up enough money to buy a decrepit old ambulance. With a couple of other youths he took it to fires and other emergencies. The war ended the venture.

As an infantry captain, Dunnington specialized in first aid instruction. In spare moments he would jot down the items needed for a topnotch rescue squad. Curiously, though, it took an accident to start him toward realization of his dream. After the war he was signed by the St. Louis Cardinals as an outfielder and sent to its farm team at Salisbury, Md. One day he slid into a base and broke his ankle. By the time it mended he had decided he was too old for a baseball career. He went into business in Bethesda and began to talk rescue squad.

Other young veterans, missing the action and comradeship of the service, were eager to join. In September of 1945 the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Rescue Squad was incorporated as a volunteer group. One small item was lacking—money for equipment. The squad idea sounded worth while to many businessmen, but some questioned whether interest would hold up. Dunnington and others made the weary rounds, exhorting, arguing, pleading.

Finally the Civitan Club donated a new ambulance and the squad was in business. A little later enough money was collected to add a pie wagon. Fitted out with a few tools, it became a rescue truck. The first squad house was the basement garage of a private dwelling.

The community in general soon realized the squad's value. But there was nothing like a satisfied "client" to make a real booster. One night Les Thompson, a county policeman, surprised a prowler. The prowler attacked suddenly with a knife. Thompson killed him, but was badly cut in the struggle. He was convinced the squad's quick aid saved his life. He later joined and rose to the presidency. Squadsmen pulled Jerry Wehrle, a plumbing company owner, out of a car accident. He joined and became a lieutenant. There are dozens of similar cases.

It has worked the other way, too. The then treasurer of the United States, W. A. Julian, though living in Rockville, Md., donated to the squad. One morning he ran his car off the road. The squad, responding, brought him out of the wreckage. Julian later died, but his last conscious moments had been eased by the men whose aims he had backed.

The squad was a going concern when, in the fall of 1949, its biggest test came. By that time nearly all the local civic and fraternal groups had lent financial backing. The big rescue truck and four ambulances were in service. For water rescues it had a trailer-carried powerboat in addition to the two-man

(Continued on page 59)



PAUL HOFFMASTER

War and the Fog of Costs

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

CONGRESS is picking up a huge military tab with only a cursory idea of what it stands for. More vital, though, is how the nation will survive the draining off of such purchasing power

HOW MUCH longer can our national economy survive its present blank check financing? Not only Congress, which issues the checks, but the taxpayers who must produce the cash when the checks are presented for payment are pondering that question.

An answer is made more urgent by the latest appropriation for the armed services. Not only is it the largest single appropriation of the year but one of the largest by any nation in all history. The military does the spending.

After the briefest of sessions, Congress voted to issue the check—"a staggering and startling amount" in the view of Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney who steered the big bill through the Senate. The opin-

ions of congressmen on what such spending means to the individual taxpayer and to the stability of the nation are prophetic.

Congressmen who approved the check admit that they have only a cursory idea of how it will be used. The taxpayers who make it good are even more hazy. Seven members of a House subcommittee and 18 on the Senate side, a small fraction of either body, questioned representatives of the armed forces. The latter were not clear on many items. Half a dozen other subcommittees investigated previous military spending. Questions were asked on the floors of House and Senate. Even these limited few do not have all the answers.

Branches of the armed services

followed the admonition "ask and you'll get it." Their spokesmen either could not or would not explain many of the requests in the gigantic total. The House committee questioned an admiral about a specific item.

"How would you determine whether you need \$1,350,000, or \$500,000, or \$5,000,000?" a congressman asked.

"Sir, I would be at a loss," the admiral replied, compromising by accepting the medium amount.

"Who am I to question the judgment of an admiral," Senator O'Mahoney exclaimed on a similar occasion.

Congressmen, who willingly admit that military men are the best possible authorities on military strategy also are asked to believe that wearing a uniform makes a man expert in statecraft, business administration, production or other civilian affairs. The lawmakers are unwilling to accept this view.

As one facetiously put it, "A military man's knowledge is rated by the insignia on his shoulders

rather than by practical training and experience."

"Despite the character and integrity of the men in our military establishment, the average congressman has lost faith in their economy and efficiency," said Rep. George H. Mahon, chairman of the House subcommittee. "There is a lot of truth in the widespread feeling that our military people are wanton wasters, bad planners and poor administrators in many fields."

"We depend on the magnificent men in our armed services to defend this country but they simply are not qualified for the vast business under their jurisdiction—the largest business in the world," Rep. Herbert C. Bonner packaged it.

THE committees also resented an attitude, whether by five-star or junior rank, that a request must be granted without question if the military asks for it. Much was not divulged. Scare and secrecy tactics prevailed.

"The moment anyone ventures a word of criticism or doubt about the amount of money any branch of the military services requests, the easy defense is to imply that he is in some way giving comfort and aid to the enemy," said Sen. Francis Case.

"If anyone tries to economize, the Department of Defense is quick to say it will impair the nation's military efficiency," was how another senator expressed it.

"We're just shooting in the dark," said Rep. Clarence J. Brown while Sen. Lester C. Hunt referred to "figures pulled out of the air."

"No matter where the figures come from, the dollars all come out of the taxpayers' pockets," was the final logic of Rep. Errett P. Scrivner.

This is the first attempt to total all the billions that will be charged to taxpayers this year to pay for past, present and future wars. As is usual with government accounting, Congress and the Bureau of the Budget do not agree. Congress reports its appropriations for all government purposes for the year ending June 30, 1952, at \$84,856,000,000. The Bureau figures are \$89,581,000,000. The Bureau includes debt service for which no appropriation is required and authorized obligations for which specific appropriations must be made later. It also omits some appropriations which Congress approves. The \$4,000,000,000 difference is explained with; "it's all the same in the end."

The appropriation designated

"defense" is by far the largest in either total. Congress says it is \$56,940,000,000. The Bureau says \$60,051,000,000. The taxpayers will also recall that, in addition to this big package for armed services, National Security Council and National Security Resources Board, at least a dozen other appropriations for military purposes have been made.

These add up to \$17,007,000,000, using the more modest Congress system of bookkeeping. Included are: military public works, \$3,890,000,000; foreign military assistance, \$5,844,000,000; Atomic Energy Commission, \$1,606,000,000; Veterans Administration, \$4,186,000,000, and others, in millions only, for stockpiling, defense production expansion, civil defense, Voice of America, independent offices, Selective Service, Maritime Commission and defense housing.

The final figure for military purposes thus becomes \$73,947,000,000, or more than 87 per cent of all appropriations for the entire federal Government. If this were divided among our 65,000,000 employed workers, a congressman figures, \$22 would be taken from each one's weekly pay check.

The big total does not include \$5,897,000,000 debt service, most of it incurred in war years. Also, the second session of this Eighty-second Congress will make more appropriations for 1952. Estimates on one such bill—to replace supplies destroyed in Korea—run from \$2,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000.

INSTEAD of sitting jointly, two subcommittees of the House and Senate Appropriations Committees held separate hearings on the military budget. The House subcommittee sat for 11 weeks, heard 500 witnesses and published more than 3,000,000 words of testimony. The King James version of the Bible has only 773,692 words. The Senate committee's record was somewhat smaller.

"Every witness who appeared at the hearings was from the military establishment," Rep. Carl T. Curtis explained.

With well staffed permanent offices in the House and Senate office buildings, the branches of the Department of Defense keep close watch over Congress. No other government department or agency has such offices. Directed from the Pentagon and from these outposts, military testimony—Army, Navy, Air and Marines—was as coordinated as a well planned campaign.

Numerous quasi-military organizations with their publications

and influential civilians also bring specialized pressure for infantry, artillery, aviation, communications, chemical warfare, armored cavalry, marines and veterans, to name only a few. Rivalry between them is brisk, each for its own branch of the service, but on any proposal for bigger appropriations for the defense establishment they are a united and powerful lobby.

EVERY time a bureau or section chief came before us to present his little segment of a requested appropriation, he had with him anywhere from nine to 17 assistants ranging from majors to three-star generals," Representative Scrivner said. "We may think something's rotten in an installation but we cannot always expect them to tell us. Only seven of us with two assistants are on our side of the table. We did take five days to visit five Army, Navy and Air installations. In one we found where to save \$27,000,000, a pretty good day's work for any committee."

"Such tremendous sums are here that it is easy to bury items that Congress knows nothing about," Senator O'Mahoney complained. Questions and prodding by the subcommittees did uncover almost unbelievable facts. Military tactics seemed to pit Senate against House. An official letter by a major general was read to the Senate committee saying he had not bothered to explain a \$4,000,000 item to the House subcommittee because Representatives Taber and Wigglesworth "would vote 'no' anyway."

Sen. Homer Ferguson quoted interoffice instructions from Signal Corps files: "Don't tell the House about this because, if you can keep it from them, we can take this money out of other funds."

Sen. Guy Cordon questioned the economy of building new airfields when a dozen already equipped were "going back to sagebrush and jack rabbits." When he asked the Air Force for certain information, he was told that it was "classified." It had been published already in an open hearing.

"A misunderstanding," a conciliatory assistant Secretary of the Army explained.

Secrecy was invoked often. Senators did not go into farcical "national security" which keeps secret the ticketing of a general for a traffic violation or the name of the officer escort for a foreign visitor at social functions but they did declare that "more light should shine on" the billions that the people are paying. In the construction pro-

gram, mostly for aviation, \$1,621,-000,000 is classified "confidential." Congressmen wondered how an airfield spreading over the landscape can be secret from anyone except the American public.

Military representatives preferred the words "floating appropriations" instead of the congressional "blank check" to designate items which offices can spend as they please. One was for \$27,000,-000. Another \$235,000,000 was for "unspecified projects." These were not all. The committees were also asked to replenish appropriations, many in millions, which had been made for specific purposes and later diverted, without authority, to other activities.

Considering its immensity, the appropriation went through House and Senate with lightning speed. It was discussed, criticized and amended slightly but both bodies largely accepted the reports of their committees.

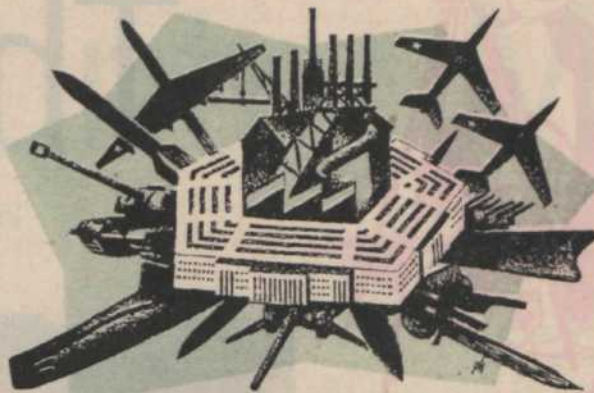
The bill was reported to the House one morning and put on the calendar for debate on the next two days. It was accompanied by a 158-page report and a verbatim record of the committee hearings, a book two - and - a - half inches thick.

The presiding officer interrupted the first day's debate to announce that only 60 of the 435 members were present. The best attendance on a quorum call was 324. Rep. Ralph A. Gamble produced the prize understatement for the record: "This bill involves a large amount of money and I think the membership should know something about it."

A month later, the Senate spread its debate over four days. The upper body does not limit debate or topics and many other subjects cut the time for the bill.

Both bodies were critical of military extravagance and repeatedly criticized the military's "lack of cost consciousness" and "free riding." There were dire forebodings for the future and bitter regrets that so little shows for the billions voted for preparedness in previous years. After four years of unprecedented government spending, full employment and industrial production, the preparedness program was described as alarmingly behind schedule. Parallels were drawn with other nations. Germany went through the cycle—armament prosperity, destruction and collapse. Congress could only hope that this country is not tobogganing down the same totalitarian hill as it made an indiscriminate,

(Continued on page 79)



As the Military Goes

The writers of the blank check say:

ON WHERE IT GOES

"Congress is asked to give a blank check to the men in charge of the armed services"—*Rep. Richard M. Simpson.*

ON ECONOMIC COLLAPSE

"How long can our economy withstand the impact of such spending without a complete regimentation of the people?"—*Late Sen. Kenneth S. Wherry.*

"It can be done if we win the cold war but if we're thrown into a third war, everything we stand for will be jeopardized"—*Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney.*

ON DISAPPEARING DEMOCRACY

"We're on the way to a totalitarian straitjacket in our own country"—*Sen. Everett M. Dirksen.*

"When we appropriate implicitly every dollar that is asked of us, we will have passed from being a representative democracy into being a militarized state"—*Sen. Paul H. Douglas.*

"We're being initiated into the garrison state where the military establishment has effective control of our fiscal machinery, of our diplomacy and of our future"—*Sen. Ralph E. Flanders.*

ON DICTATORS

"The hand that controls the Pentagon today, rules the land"—*Rep. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr.*

"We've delegated too much authority to just a few men in Government"—*Rep. Ben F. Jensen.*

ON MILITARY CANDOR

"If sometimes difficult for our committee with all the power of the purse strings to get the truth out of the Department of Defense, how can we expect the people to get the information?"—*Rep. George H. Mahon.*

"Time and time again, no breakdown was available, fundamental information was not forthcoming from the military and witnesses were unprepared to supply simple and essential facts"—*Rep. Richard B. Wigglesworth.*

ON AN OBEDIENT CONGRESS

"Everytime the military speaks, we in Congress jump"—*Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper.*



The Story

A ROAD is a commonplace thing until you consider the men, money and machines used to build it

MISTER, when you're driving out on the highway, do you ever look at the road? Of course your answer, if you're alive, is yes. Of course you look at the road. Yet, unless you're a highway expert, the chances are you overlook many of its most interesting features. You see the smooth pavement, some white lines and road signs, a bit of scenery flashing by—but there's a lot more to a modern highway than that.

Naturally, there are all kinds of roads. There are superhighways, level and straight; scenic mountain roads, and farm-to-market blacktops. These roads may vary greatly in the amount of traffic they carry, or the amount of money they cost, but still, in many respects they are all alike. Every mile on every one of them caused somebody a dozen headaches, and every mile, if it could talk, would have a dozen tales to tell.

Here, for illustration, is a typical stretch of highway. It's neither in the mountains nor the lowlands, but it offers some of the problems of each. It carries two U. S. highways, and is also of great interest to the people who live on it, near it, or in the towns it serves.

This is Project 4151 of the North Carolina State Highway Commission between Chapel Hill and Durham, U. S. Routes 15 and 501. Actual construction will total around \$1,500,000 and other costs, such as obtaining right of way, will add another \$200,000. Each of its 8.347 miles will cost about \$200,000.

The old blacktop road connect-



Close behind the surveyors came the clearing crew
and soon afterward, the grader teams took over

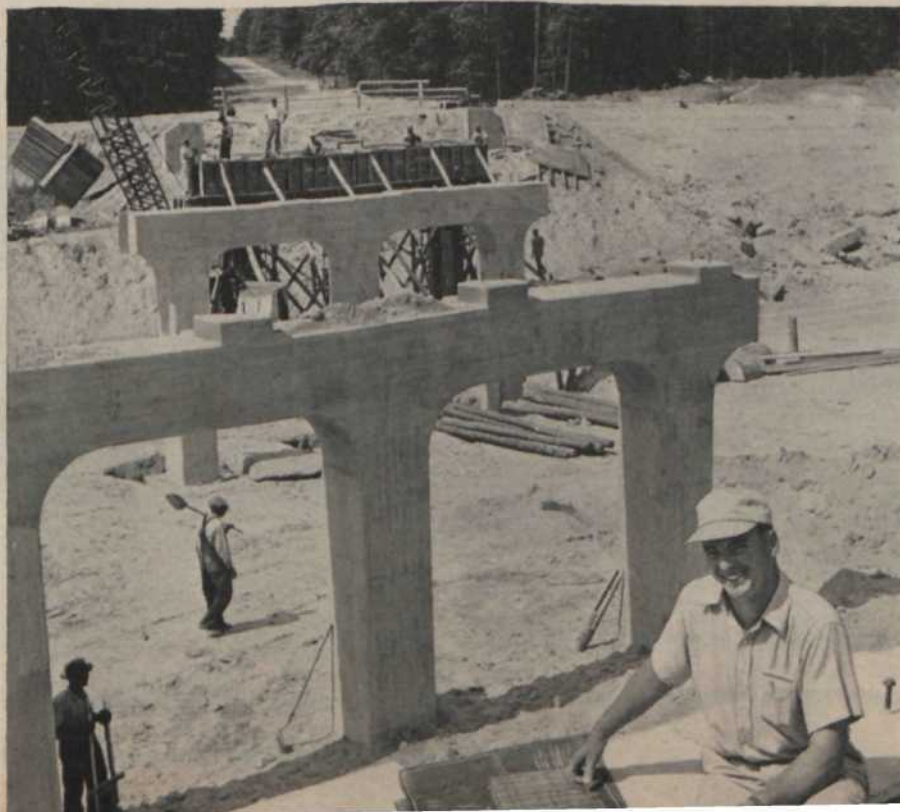


of a Country Mile

By BOOTON HERNDON



The job required moving 900,000 cubic yards of dirt
and called for lots of culverts and dry-land bridges



ing the two points was as twisted as a scared snake. Once it was just one lane, with turnouts, like old-time streetcar sidings, every mile or so. In 1921, when the highway commission was created, this road was one of the first on the list. After all, it's an important road. The University of North Carolina is at Chapel Hill.

The highway engineers, in 1921, laid out plans for a new road, and the local commissioner was mighty pleased. He asked how long the work would take, and was told about a year and a half.

The commissioner hastily consulted his football schedule, saw that the traditional Thanksgiving Day game with the University of Virginia was at home that year, and gazed at the engineers in amazement.

"Y'all must be crazy," he said. "We got to get that road ready for the Virginia game!"

They did, but you can see the results in dead man's curves and narrow bridges. Still, it handles north-south through traffic, and commuters between two thriving cities. It also serves the football stadiums both of North Carolina and Duke University at Durham.

North Carolina's Gov. Kerr Scott, a fighter for farm-to-market roads, scornfully refers to the new project as the "football highway."

Highway engineers put in hundreds of man-hours on Project 4151 long before the first grain of dirt was moved, because it had been under discussion since the '20's. The statistics department counted the number of vehicles using each mile of highway, balanced that figure against the gasoline tax, and deter-



mined whether the road would pay for itself.

On a normal day in 1941, 1,992 automobiles passed one of their check points. In 1950 the figure was 3,250. Add ten per cent for Saturdays, and bear in mind that about eight per cent of that traffic occurs between 8 and 9 a.m., ten per cent between 5 and 6 p.m. That's roughly, a vehicle every ten seconds at peak hours—on a twisty, country road.

Around 1940, egged on by the two communities, the highway commission laid out a new route. R. Getty Browning, dean of state locating engineers, personally walked through the rugged backwoods country, scrabbling over steep hills and wallowing through swamps. He laid out his route, then walked it a dozen times more in company with the people who tried, for various reasons, to get him to change it.

His route eliminated curves and cut through the hills, so that there were no blind spots—you could see to pass. But one driving hazard still existed. You may be driving on the best highway in the world, but if there are roads and driveways coming into it, and children playing by the side of the road, you are not going to make good time. So the commission decided to make it a limited-access road—a super-highway.

Immediately all pressure for the new road stopped. Those behind

the pressure had visualized a long boulevard, lined with expensive building sites. If their prospects couldn't back out on the highway, they didn't want it.

But the road was still needed and some two years ago the project was begun. Parties of surveyors again walked the route and sent their figures to the planning department. The project cuts through a series of hills and valleys, and to get a near-level road the engineers had to knock the top off each hill and fill in each valley. In one stretch of steep hills and deep valleys they worked it out so carefully that the amount of dirt and rock excavated from the hills and the amount placed in the embankments in the valleys came out with only a truckload left over.

Bridges and culverts were planned by the structure department to cross streams and intersecting highways at right angles for more economical construction.

After the grading specifications were drawn, a score or more interested contractors sent parties out to look over the job. One party represented A. B. Burton, Inc., of Lynchburg, Va. Walking it in the fall, they noted that specifications called for the removal of 900,000 cubic yards of dirt, decided that their equipment and experience qualified them for the job. Their \$354,000 bid was low.

For the structures, the firm of F. A. Triplett, Inc., of South Carolina

bid low. They wanted the job because it had mostly dry bridges, over intersections instead of rivers.

"We managed to lose several hundred thousand dollars in river bridges in the '30's," Fred Triplett, Jr., explained. "We don't like them any more."

The contracts let, Burton's clearing crew, the next wave, started clearing a 96-foot strip across country.

They quickly ran into trouble. The right-of-way department, shorthanded and overworked, had not obtained title to all the land on the route. At one point, an irate farmer with a double-barreled shotgun suggested the clearing crew get off his land, and fast. It did.

Merle Adkins, district engineer in charge of right-of-way, went quickly to the scene. He placated

(Continued on page 76)



After selling his house to the state, one man bought it back at auction, moved it off the right-of-way

The Farmer Reaps Dividends

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

OUR OPENING scene is a branch office of a New York Stock Exchange house in an American city. It could be almost anywhere—Kansas City, Des Moines, Akron or Birmingham.

A tall, weather-beaten man is in the reception room. He is unmistakably a farmer. He would like, he tells the pretty girl at the reception desk, "to invest a little money," and possibly he could talk to the manager or somebody. Within a matter of minutes he is doing just that.

"I don't know that you'd be interested," Mr. Brown says. "But I've got \$5,000 free and clear. I'd like to buy some common stocks. I know there is always some risk in any stock, and I'm no gambler. I aim to hold what I buy and to pay the full price; none of this margin stuff for me."

Daily, throughout the country, the conversation is repeated, in person and by mail. But there are, in view of what the farmer once thought about Wall Street, some surprising angles.

Brown is cordially received. He is told that the firm is very much interested in helping him invest his \$5,000. Perhaps he ought not to put all of the money in stocks. Why not put \$2,500 in government bonds or a savings bank against an emergency? Then let the firm prepare a list of suggestions for the other half.

Equally careful attention would have been given the problem had the sum been only \$300, \$500 or \$1,000. In a city in the heart of the farm belt a young man and his wife called at a bank. The husband said he had graduated from the state agricultural college five years before. He was a good example of today's prosperous young farmer, well trained in his calling. He owned some 50 acres and was doing pretty well. He thought, he said, he could risk \$100 or \$200 a year in common stocks. Shyly, he added that he and his wife had just had their first son. They hoped for more children.

"I sort of figured," he said, "that



THE MEN who grow your food have found a new market—the stock market

some day it might be good for them to own some stocks. They would learn quite a lot about American business and how it is run."

The city banker was friendly. Carefully chosen stocks were a good buy. But why didn't he put his money into land?

"The truth is, mister, I'd like to," said the farmer. "But good land is hard to come by and prices are high."

The banker agreed. He told his caller that any reputable brokerage house would be glad to handle his business, small as it was. It wasn't even necessary for him to come to the city to conduct the transactions. They could be ar-

ranged through the bank in his home town.

A lot of farmers—nobody knows how many—are putting their surplus money into securities because land is expensive. And there are other reasons for the trend. Today's farmer buys things of all kinds on a large scale. He sees the price increases of equipment and nearly everything else. He figures that good common stocks, if held, will follow the upward trend and may be a hedge against inflation.

I have recently spent some time going through the letter files—it is amazing how many of the inquiries are scribbled on penny postcards—of brokerage houses in New York,



A farmer is a businessman and uses many business products

St. Louis, Kansas City and a city or two in New England. These are among the centers where any citizen may buy stocks if he chooses. To suggest that Wall Street has hit the saw-dust trail and is filled with religion is plainly silly. Yet as I read the correspondence with people everywhere it did seem as though the security business has accepted the fact that a revolution has taken place in the United States. Part of that revolution is the economic position of the farmer.

The man who works the land is a capitalist. He owns acres. He probably has a fine house and an expensive automobile. He is a businessman who buys adding machines and other items which bring efficiency to his business. The farmer now has \$1.50 in assets for every 60 cents of debts as compared with 50 cents in assets for \$1 in debts the last time he was in war-induced prosperity. Now he is investing in common stocks, and Wall Street solicits his business.

"The capitalists of today," G. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange said last fall, "are likely to be the farmers who grow our food."

The stock exchange houses are getting the farmer's trade because they are handling sound specula-

tive stocks and giving service. Any investor's name used in this article is, of course, fictitious. But the facts are true. Let us look at a letter from an Illinois farmer.

"I am inclined to think," he wrote regarding a possible stock purchase, "that too much of the earnings of this company goes to its officers in the form of salaries, bonuses and the like."

"You bet they do," was the answer. "We suggest that you wait before buying."

Wall Street, anyway parts of it, seems to have concluded that there will be no customers if all of them lose their money. A branch house in Kansas City received an inquiry from a fruit grower in Florida about the investment of \$7,000. The executive who answered the letter wrote:

"We are happy to see that you have substantial reserves in government bonds for, as you realize, risk is inherent in every equity holding."

The phrase, "inherent risk," has become routine in the expanding business of selling common stocks, and it is a healthy sign. The brokers still beef about interference by the Government. Most of those I have talked with admit privately, however, that the market is likely to evaporate unless the customers of

the rural areas and other people of moderate means are told clearly what they are buying; or, indeed, whether it is wise for them to buy stocks at all.

The intelligent aim behind it all has been to break down the idea that the men who run the big stock exchange houses are basically wicked. The theory that they are evil men—and certainly some of them were—has been imbedded deeply in the American credo. Almost all that a candidate of a party had to do to get votes was to orate about the silk-hatted boys who ate caviar with blondes and swindled the honest men who tilled the soil. William Jennings Bryan never got himself into the White House, but he won a good many million votes by holding forth on that theme.

To a degree, it was true. And Wall Street itself has been slow in recognizing what has taken place. Last year the New York Stock Exchange was preparing a movie short, to be shown to service clubs and other organizations, which was supposed graphically to explain how Mr. and Mrs. Main Street could buy stocks and how cozy Wall Street was about the whole thing. A preliminary scenario was submitted and Cecil McCoy, in charge of Exchange publicity, recoiled in mild horror when he saw it. It portrayed brokers in top hats!

Such devices as movies undoubtedly will increase the number of people who own stocks. As of today, however, nobody knows how many are owners except that they are numerically few in proportion to the population. A couple of decades ago it was estimated that 5,000,000 held common stocks. A more recent guess is that 15,000,000 do so.

Neither guess means much, and the Stock Exchange recently commissioned the Brookings Institution of Washington, D. C., to make an accurate analysis.

On the other hand, it is possible to arrive at a fair figure on the potential market for stocks or any other form of investment. Suppose we assume that a man with \$50,000 a year is well off. In 1929 such plutocrats had a combined income of about \$5,000,000,000. But by 1945, largely because of taxes, their take was down to roughly \$1,750,000,000.

Clearly, the silk hats are getting fewer. The other side of the picture shows why Wall Street is happy to deal with the farmer and other Americans who have done little more than dream of an income of \$50,000 a year. By 1945,

three times as many people were earning from \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually, and their total incomes had soared from \$4,500,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000 after taxes. But there is a trick in all this, very painful to the gentlemen who sell securities. Few of these new "rich" people own corporation stocks or bonds, even if they are able to put something into savings.

A study by the Federal Reserve Board shows that hardly a third of the people with liquid assets of \$5,000 or more have much use for Wall Street.

This is why the intelligent brokerage houses have revised their thinking. It is why the farmer is a welcome customer. Last summer in Burlington, Vt., I talked with the representative of a stock exchange house in the town. To my expression of surprise that a branch office could pay in so small a city, he described the changes of the past three or four years.

"I suppose," he said, "you think we trade with just the rich families here in Burlington; there are quite a few of them. If they were our only customers, though, we would soon shut up shop. We try to keep up with things as they are. Ten years ago, I'll bet, you could not have persuaded a single one of these Yankee farmers to buy stocks, even the preferred brand. To them Wall Street had horns. They would just as soon have been caught in a gambling house as in a place like ours."

"About three years back, I would guess, the New England farmers began to think that maybe there was a future in American business, and they wanted part of that future."

"The Yankee, whether a farmer or not, is pretty shrewd about what he buys. He asks us a lot of searching questions, and we can't hand out that old jargon that used to appear on most corporation statements. The important point, though, is that most of these new clients pay for their stocks in cash. We sometimes get the idea around this shop that the shabbier a farmer looks the more dough he is likely to have in his hip pocket."

Even more important is the radical change in thinking on the part of the stock exchange firms. Once it was regarded as essential for clients constantly to shift the securities they held; thereby were commissions earned. The trend today is to urge customers to buy for a long pull. Naturally, they must examine what they hold from time to time and get advice on whether it is wise to sell. Sometimes a loss

has to be taken. The account executives of reputable houses usually are paid straight salaries, not commissions, today and thus are denied the compulsion to urge buying or selling. The fabled "customer's man" of 1929 is a dead duck.

The Wall Street houses are in business to make money, of course. No broker is going to close his door to a clever speculator who knows what he is doing and can afford to take losses. But the big money is no longer there. One gigantic Wall Street partnership, with branches throughout the country, boasts that it completed 1,600,000 security transactions in 1950, and received an average income of hardly more than \$20 on each of them.

The mass market in securities began to develop because Wall Street, controlled by the rigid rules of the Securities Exchange Commission, had honest goods to sell. The market expanded because of intelligent advertising. The advertisements of security dealers formerly ranged from the excessively dull to the inexplicable, and a lot of them still do. "Lothrop, Williams & Baldwin, members of the New York Stock Exchange,"—such was a standard form. Other notices were filled with technical phrases which meant nothing whatever to the general public. Characteristic were "bought . . . sold . . . quoted" and "we offer subject to prior sale" which merely mystified and frightened the farmer and his city cousin.

So did the equally incomprehen-

sible one, printed for legal reasons:

"This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy securities. The offering is made only in the prospectus."

Such nonsense was like a department store offering a girdle to the girl friend, while shrinking from any promise that the garters would keep her stockings up. The New York Stock Exchange began a drive to end such financial gobbledygook. Leading member houses followed suit, with advertisements and pamphlets, and it is now possible to learn something about the operations of Wall Street without being a financial wizard. So many excellent advertisements have been published and booklets issued that it would be unfair to quote from a few of them. So I shall invent some titles, based strictly on the material now being sent out:

"You Don't Have to be Rich to be a Capitalist"

"Understand Before You Buy"

"How Risky Are Common Stocks?"

"The Difference Between a Stock and a Bond"

"Consider a Share in America's Future."

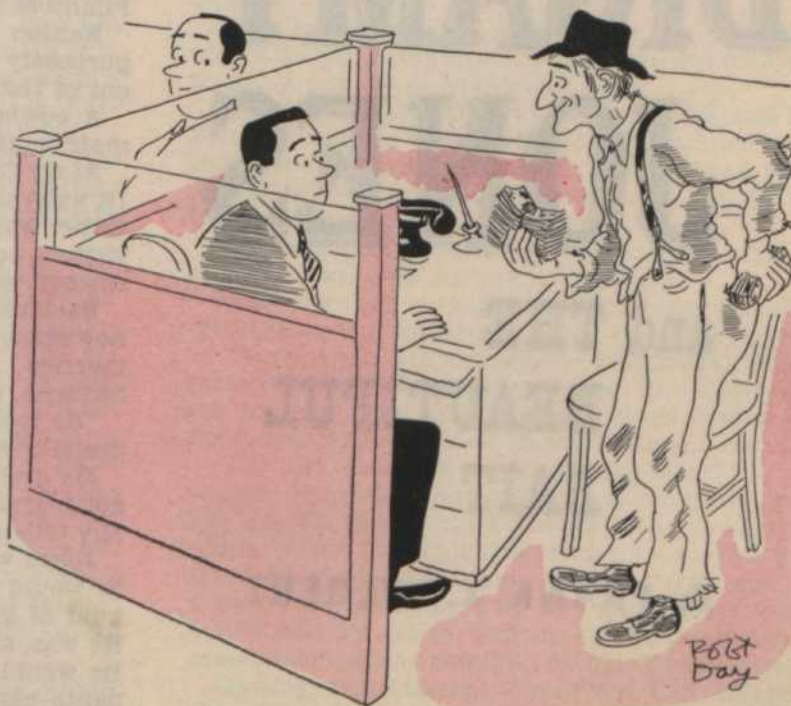
Or let me quote an imaginary advertisement, also from actual examples of the ones I have read:

YOU HAVE \$5,000 TO INVEST?

And you are thinking about common stocks, but you feel that you know too little about them?

We would like to offer a word of cau-

(Continued on page 78)



Brokers are learning not to judge a man by his appearance



She was not a mirage but a real woman.

BIGAMY JONES

and THE
BEAUTIFUL
BAIT

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

THE last Indian fight in our part of West Texas happened when a bunch of Middle Comanches under Omercawbay, or Chief Walking Face, charged head on into a company of U. S. cavalry from Fort Phantom Mesa.

Neither the soldiers nor the Comanches were purposely charging. They just happened to pop out of the canyons and collide.

A cowboy named Bigamy Jones was a sort of matchmaker for this battle.

At my Grandfather Renfro's Hell-to-Catch Ranch (it was called this because in those days my grandfather was hard to catch at home, especially if the visitors were members of a sheriff's posse), the best cowboy we ever had was Bigamy Jones.

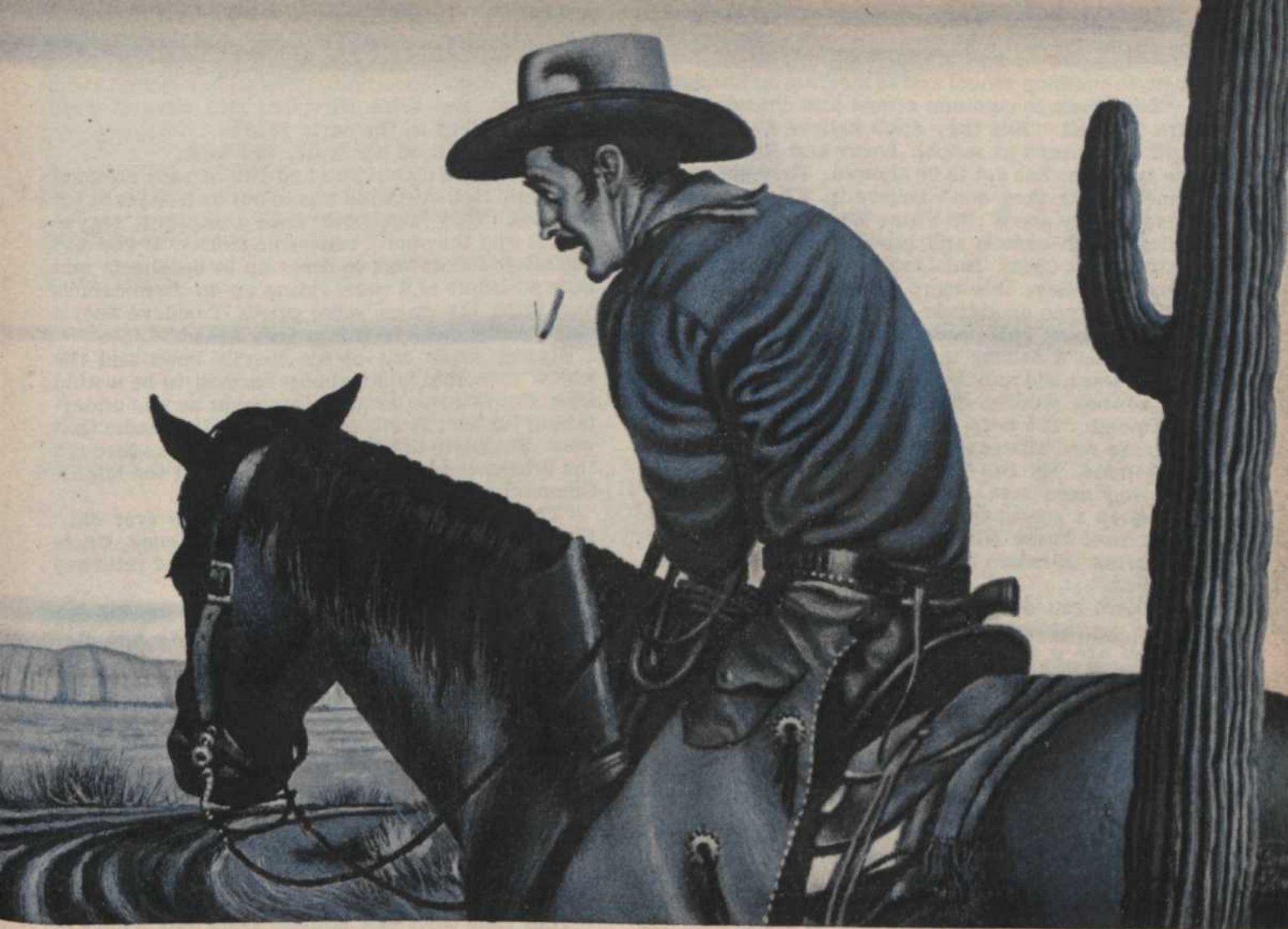
Back there in 1873, Bigamy Jones had what folks nowadays call a hobby. Bigamy's hobby was getting married. He never let his hobby interfere with his business, because he only got married on holidays.

"He took right smart holidays, though," said my grandfather, Murdo Renfro.

My grandfather once figured that Bigamy Jones got married 23 times. And he never bothered for any bills of divorcement.

Jones was tall and thin but strong-looking and he would have been handsome if he hadn't been a kind of gotch-eyed man. He spent money freely. He was, above all, incredibly gallant to all women. He would take off his big hat and make athletic, pants-busting bows every time a woman crossed his path. And, if she were single, the chances are he would start courting her.

NATION'S BUSINESS for February, 1952



And she was about to walk into a plum thicket. "Hit's The Bait!" cried King Solomon. "Let's get!"

"Marrying a gal is a compliment to her, even if it don't last," was how Bigamy figured things.

He'd ease out of his marriages in a nice, almost painless way, bowing and leaving money on top of the dresser drawer. Public opinion was against all these marriages, of course. But the law had not really come to our country except the soldiers' law. And Bigamy Jones was the handiest man with a gun that I ever saw. He kept right on getting married until 1873 when he met the Widow Kittrell.

Mrs. Kittrell gave him trouble from the start. She didn't respond to his sweet talk and his gallant ways. And she had two ornery, eight-year-old twins named Roy Lee and Leroy.

While Bigamy was taking the widow to pie suppers and dances, he had to fetch along the twins. And the two little boys liked to do things like put burrs under saddle blankets and watch folks get thrown over three-rail corral fences. They caught Bigamy once on this burr-under-the-saddle-blanket trick. Another time, Jones was bringing the widow and her brats home in his buckboard from a date. There were some rocks blocking the trail. Jones got out to remove the rocks. Soon as he'd moved them, the twins whipped up the team and drove off. Poor Bigamy had to walk three miles in his high-heeled boots before the widow could stop the team.

Mrs. Kittrell thought the twins' tricks were funny when the jokes weren't on her.

One morning, Bigamy was courting the widow sort of subtle like by hauling her a load of dried cow chips. Fuel was scarce in our country. And dried

cow chips make good fuel, somewhat like charcoal.

After unloading the wagon back of the house, Bigamy walked up on the front gallery with his boot heels clunking. He was carrying a lantern and bawling:

"Yoo-hoo, Mistress Kittrell! Yoo-hoo! It's Jones with a load of cow chips." So you can see he wasn't trying to sneak up on anyone.

It was still a little before sunup, though, and Mrs. Kittrell took the visit unkindly. She pushed a rifle through one of the screen-less windows and took a shot at her suitor. She missed Bigamy, but the bullet almost shattered a gallery post.

"Quit sneaking around out there in my yard, you no-good, twilighty varmint!" she said.

Then she sort of came unstrung. She laid down the rifle on the window sill, and started weeping.

"You must be fretting about Omercawbay's boys," said Jones. "Don't you worry none. The soldiers has got them on the hop so much them Comanches don't ever come out here on the plains no more."

"I'm not studying about the Comanches," she wailed. "It's the twins. They got me so raunchy I'm like a horse that has been hit over the head with a bridle. They're getting wilder than two coyote pups. What they need is a papa. And a tough one. Not a marrying man like you, Mr. Jones. If I was to marry you, I'd get up and shake out the bedsheets some morning and wouldn't be able to find you."

Bigamy kicked the rifle out of Mrs. Kittrell's reach before he made a suggestion:

"If you want to get shed of them kids a lot, send

them to common school and to meeting on Sunday."

"They been to common school and church," said Mrs. Kittrell. "But they don't believe none of the stuff they heard at school. Leroy and Roy Lee are the type that has got to be showed. They got to see something or they don't believe it. I been reading them a story about the Three Wise Men who came riding up on camels and brought pretties for the Little Christ Child. But Leroy and Roy Lee are not about to believe this story until they actually see some wise men on camels. They got to be showed."

"What them kids need is a pageant," said Jones. "Then they'd believe in things. I seen a pageant when I was a kid and it was the making of me." The tall cowboy studied for a few minutes. Then he continued: "It's been lots of weeks since I started courting you, Mistress Kittrell. Something has got to be done. My two-year-old cows will be calving and they need care. Would you marry me if I was to put on a good pageant for Leroy and Roy Lee? We'll have Three Wise Men and camels. And they will bring up some store candy and toys. A real pageant."

"Where you going to get any camels?" asked the widow, scornfully.

"You are a newcomer. I forget," said Bigamy. "Camels is easy. I'll go over to Fort Phantom Mesa and borrow three camels from the Army."

Jones was not talking nonsense. There were actually a half dozen camels at the fort. About 15 years before, the Army had imported 70-odd camels to experiment with them as pack animals on the

long, dry West Texas hauls. The camels hadn't been a success. But some survivors still were at Fort Phantom Mesa in the early 1870's.

The widow dried her tears. She said:

"It would be nice if you and two of your no-good pals from Hell-to-Catch was to put on a pageant for the kids. They have never seen a pageant. Maybe that is why they don't believe no stories. If you and the other hands was to dress up in bedsheets and false whiskers and come riding up on them camels and bring the twins some prizes, I believe they'd start taking stock in things they heard."

Bigamy made one of his courtly bows and the widow gave him what almost seemed to be a kind look. For this was a mighty big favor he was undertaking for her. It was fairly safe on the plains that year. But a trip to Fort Phantom Mesa was through the breaks country where little bands of the Middle Comanches were hiding.

"This is the hardest courting I have ever did," Bigamy explained to our Negro ranch cook, Uncle Will King Solomon, when the cowboy had returned to Hell-to-Catch Ranch.

Jones was trying to raise volunteers for his pageant. The only recruit he could get was Will King Solomon.

"I need me one more Wise Man," said Bigamy.

"You didn't get you no Wise Man when I said I'd go off borrowing camels from the Army," said Uncle Will. "I am a fool to play in this pageant."

King Solomon threw some bedrolls and water bags and five-gallon lard cans full of food on a pack mule. Also, the old Negro took along some extra lariat ropes and several spare saddle cinches.

"You needs lots of tackle if you aim to saddle one of them old camels over at Fort Phantom Mesa," said King Solomon.

They rode their best ponies. They took plenty of firepower, including rifles and a double-barrel, sawed-off shotgun which King Solomon favored for in-fighting.

They trotted across the plains and dropped off the white gypsum ramparts of the Llano Estacado and down into the shrimp-colored country where Fort Phantom Mesa lay in a labyrinth of little flat-topped hills, hard by the headwaters of the Rio Brazos.

That afternoon they were crossing the top of a mesa when they saw what seemed a tantalizing mirage. An elegantly dressed young woman—a white woman for sun glinted on her heavily coiled red hair—was walking along the mesa a few yards before them, carrying a parasol over her head.

She was not a mirage. She was a real woman. And she was about to walk into a plum thicket.

"Hit's The Bait!" cried King Solomon. "Let's get!"

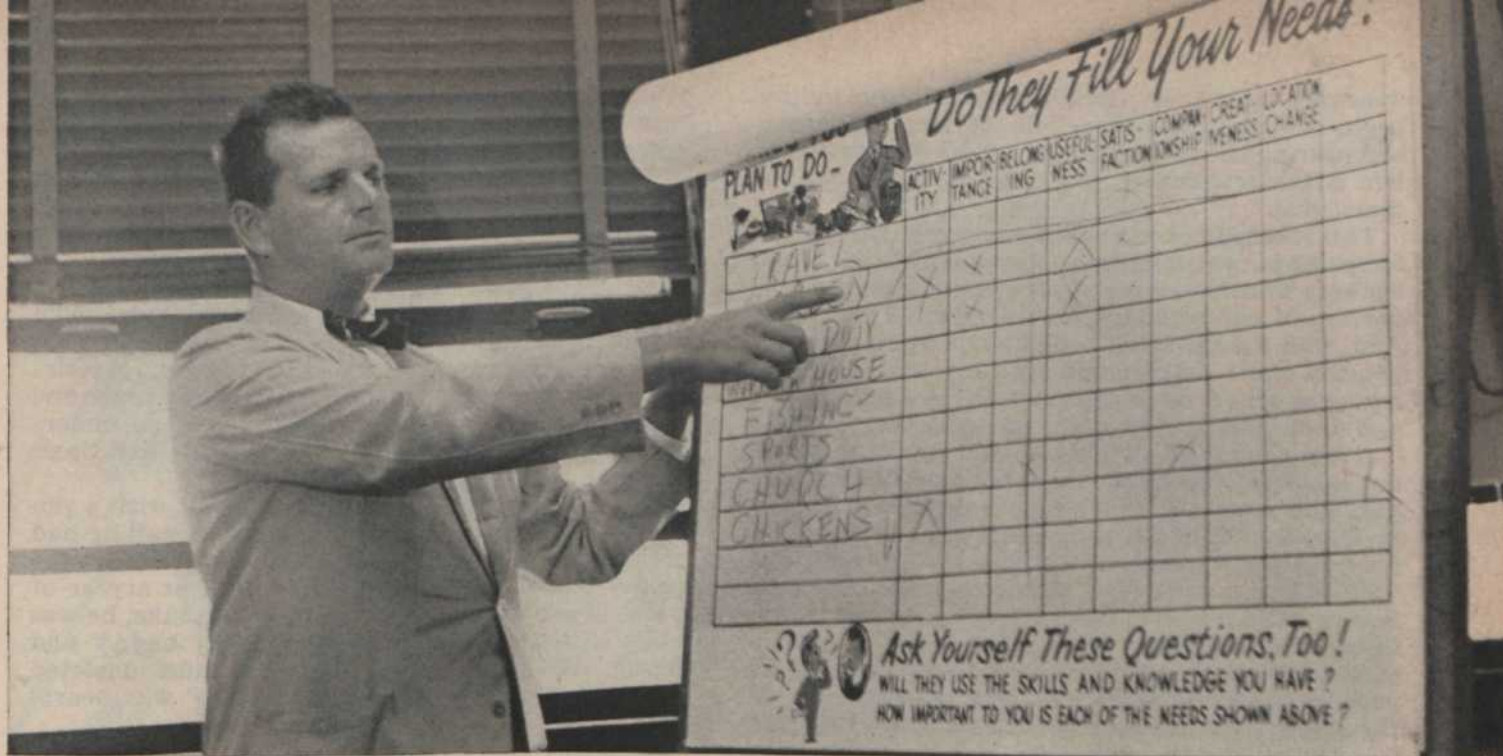
The Bait was the name which had been given to a white girl who had fallen into the hands of the Middle Comanches a few weeks before in a raid on a small wagon train. She was about 19 and sweetly built. The Comanches had used her, immediately, as bait in a trap which they set for some renegade buffalo hunters. They used the girl to lure off, in pairs and threesomes, the outriders of the great party of buffalo hunters. Then, when the hunting party was weak enough, the Comanches attacked. They made a rich haul, because the buffalo men had also been robbing South Texas banks as a sideline. Only two of the buffalo men got back to Sloan's Station, which was near our ranch, to tell of the ambush and of the stylishly dressed woman walking in the wilderness.

The Bait had a fair (Continued on page 84)



STAN EKMAN

The camels loped up the side of the ridge



Charts show a person's needs, how time may be budgeted

Back to School to Retire

By EDITH M. STERN

ONCE THERE was a man, a story goes, who had led a life so sinful that after death he was agreeably surprised to find himself in a beautiful and serene place complete with music of harps. Provided with a comfortable house, fine clothes and good food, he passed his time lying on a hammock which overlooked a calm and shimmering sea.

After several months of this carefree existence he became so bored, restless and jittery, that he approached one of the angelic-looking officials who ran the place to ask whether he couldn't be transferred to Hell, where, at least, he'd be kept busy.

The official eyed him coldly. "Where do you think you are?" he inquired.

Many a man likewise learns the hard way that enough to live on without working for it, and release from the daily grind, don't in themselves add up to heaven; and that a pension, or income from securities, however adequate, can only be a first step toward living happily ever after.

Disillusion comes because, actually, the basic elements of a happy and successful retirement are the same as those of happy and successful living. At any age, we come to grief if certain needs we all have aren't met. Among the most important of these are the need to feel useful and active; the need for a feeling of importance and of achievement; the need for companionship. We also want to belong somewhere; in our families, social groups and communities. Many of us desire to be creative in some way, others want physical change.

Few, of course, ever sit down and think these things through. Nor is it especially necessary that we should, because at this time our basic needs are pretty well met. Certainly doing a job makes us feel active and useful and gives us a sense of achieve-

ment and importance, however relative. With no special effort, we "belong" with our associates and in the community and, without going after it, we're bound to get companionship in office or shop. The job itself, or an after-hours hobby, may satisfy the desire to be creative, and vacations usually take care of the wish for physical change.

Then comes retirement and in the beginning, after a lifetime of work, everything seems wonderful. No bus to catch, no time schedule to meet; travel at any season.

But as soon as the novelty of freedom and leisure

Men are told how they may stay healthy



wears off, those basic needs, so naturally met before, begin to make themselves felt. If they still aren't met, during the 15 or 20 years a man may expect to live after retirement, the consequences can be disastrous.

This is based not on theory, but on the findings of sociologists, psychiatrists, physicians and social workers who have been studying the growing proportion of our population more than 65 years old. And, with the spread of compulsory retirement and pension plans, enlightened industry, too, is becoming increasingly concerned with the maladjustment and unhappiness of so many ex-employees.

A few companies offer pre-retirement counseling, but this isn't too satisfactory because the individuals who most need advice are least likely to seek it. Esso Standard Oil is pioneering a "preparation for retirement" program that is unique in industry.

Fired by the conviction that people have to learn how to retire just as in earlier life they have to learn to work, Esso, since September, 1950, has run a series of bull sessions on retirement for groups of employees nearing 60. So far every man who has retired with the preparation has been getting on fine. Yet before being exposed to it, only about one-third have any really definite plans. Another third have vague ideas like "seeing the country." The rest give no thought to what they are going to do with themselves.

Morton N. Pierson, assistant manager of employee relations at Esso's Bayonne refinery and director of the program, first became alerted to the need for helping men to prepare to retire intelligently when three years ago, at a meeting of industrial relations counselors, he heard a medical specialist on the aging, Dr. Edward Stieglitz, talk on retirement. Although, he realized with a start, Esso did well financially by its retirees, psychologically they were sent forth, unguided, to sink or swim. He began to

think about some he knew and was appalled at the number who had trouble, especially during the first few months of retirement.

There was, for instance, the ex-forewoman whom he encountered in the hall. When he had asked, "How are you?" she answered "Fine" and then, with a significant pause, added "Now."

He asked her what she meant by "now" and she explained that she had had a nervous breakdown "from looking at the four walls."

She had been so delighted at the prospect of retiring, she said, that she hadn't realized how much she would miss her associates. Fortunately an understanding physician had steered her into Red Cross work, so she was all right again.

Then there was Henry, the machinist with a yen to live in "God's country" and who, though he had never been West before, sold his house in Bayonne and departed to live in Colorado. After a year of more great open spaces than he could take, he was back in populous New Jersey. Henry hadn't said much about his disappointment and depleted resources, but his laconic "Nice trip" was heart-breaking.

A former board chairman frankly stated that his first six months of retirement were the most miserable of his life. Now, at an advanced age, he is again happy as a partner in an investment banking concern.

Surely Esso's people could be spared a deal of such waste motion and emotion, Pierson reflected, if they were helped to think through their individual needs and plans before the onset of the new phase of life. Although he read everything he could find on the aging, there was nothing about how to teach people what they needed to know, to redirect wrong thinking about the unmitigated joys of retirement, or to produce thinking where it didn't exist.

"So rather than wait to find something on paper, we decided to jump in and experiment," he says.

The "jump" involved a year and a half of thoughtful planning together with employee relations people at the central office. The "experiment" was preparation for retirement via group discussion.

One asset of the method is that it gets people in who couldn't be reached otherwise. Attendance is by invitation from the general superintendent, voluntary, and on company time. Since the Bayonne refinery is one of Esso's oldest units with 1,000 of its 2,500 employees having 25 or more years' service, each month a dozen or so men are ripe for the sessions. Last year they were held for those who had reached the compulsory retirement age of 65; now, to allow more time for plan-making and to catch those who retire voluntarily at 60, the age has been dropped to 59.

Of the 125 invitations extended to date, 123 were accepted. The refusals came from carpenters apparently overwhelmed by the current ballyhoo about handicrafts for the aging. Entirely misunderstanding the nature of the program, they said that, as carpenters, they didn't need a hobby!

A second advantage of discussion is its effectiveness in driving home points, because group opinion is a force stronger, subtler and more permanent than preaching or teaching by an individual. It is dubious, for example, whether any number of plain "lessons" could have convinced keen-eyed, emphatically speaking Charles Eiss, technical assistant, that retirement requires any more forethought than a protracted vacation. Charlie had everything figured out. He'd set that old alarm clock for eight or nine instead of six, "and (Continued on page 68)



PHOTOS STANDARD OIL CO. (N. J.)

Workers, worried over some particular ailment, have remained after class to get additional details



EARL OLIVER HURST

During judging Foley is umpire and expeditor, information bureau and stage manager

Emcee to the Dog Stars

By JACK O'BRIEN

TO George Foley belongs much of the credit for putting dog shows on a sound footing

THE MACHINE AGE has failed notably to make any inroads on the dog—purebred or mutt. Twenty-five years ago the United States had some 7,000,000 dogs of all sorts. Now there are about 22,000,000—of which 5,500,000 are definitely purebred and another 1,500,000 probably so.

Today 12,000,000 American families—an increase of 2,000,000 over 1940—own one or more dogs (with Mama getting stuck with the job of feeding them 75 per cent of the time, though the old man does better than Junior). A recent survey found 3,381 hotels that tolerate dogs. Across the country there are 400 pet shops dealing exclusively in dogs, and another 900 of them

include dogs in their merchandise.

No farther back than 1915, the American Kennel Club was registering only 22,000 ki-yis annually. Last year, in a country that now has 60,000 breeders and exhibitors, registration hit 251,813 and took in 113 breeds (including the Basenji hound, which has no bark but, rather, a low and sort of pessimistic hum).

Only 14 dog shows were staged in this country in 1890. Last year there were 634 averaging 682 dogs each. Such other proceedings as obedience trials and field trials brought the total of AKC-blessed events to 3,090. And the competition at major shows recently has reached new intensity.

Phil Prentice, a handler, had a best-in-show contender put out of the running by a rascal's razor while the dog's open stall was unattended. Belladonna has been put into a pup's eyes to make them shine more winningly. Dark-coated dogs have been dyed and white ones powdered, and many a canine nose has been enhanced with make-up. Judges have been accused of favoritism and outright dishonesty; one was banished recently for having strong drink on his breath when he undertook to appraise a few pounds of animal. Rival exhibitors—grown men—informally disputing the question of which had the better dog, have come to blows.

Feelings are fiercest at the world's biggest one-day accumulation of dogs, the Morris and Essex show at Madison, N. J., which costs \$75,000 to put on, and at the world's No. 1 prestige production,



Rival exhibitors have come to blows over their pooches

the 75-year-old Westminster, conceived in 1877 as America's first dog show and now conducted every February at Madison Square Garden in New York.

At both of these classics—and at 133 other bench events last year—a thin-faced little man with a large, bald head and lily-pad ears prowled unobtrusively but endlessly, sometimes with a look of nerves stretched to the twanging point. At such times he wishes he had never heard of the dog-show business: "If their dogs lose, people usually don't go after the judges—they come after ME." The 69-year-old George Foley of Philadelphia must expect to be searched out by all sorts of persons at a dog show, for the simple reason that he is the most important man there.

A national poll conducted by the Gaines Dog Research Center in 1950 voted Foley "Dogdom's Man of the Half-Century"—though he hasn't had a dog of his own for years. For the many improvements that have transformed the average dog show from a fashionable madhouse into a well organized, time-misering mechanism faithful to a set of rules, most of the credit is conceded to George Foley, show superintendent.

The United States has only 27 AKC-approved show superintendents, and six of these are in the Foley Dog Show Organization, Inc.—the world's only corporation

equipped to handle shows of any size, indoors or out. It has, according to Foley, "more canvas than Ringling."

Foley gets anywhere from \$2,000 to \$25,000 for a single show. During the judging he is both policeman and psychologist, umpire and expeditor, information bureau and stage manager, an official catch-all for complaints, crooks, and collapsible dowagers. But the show itself isn't the half of it. From the moment a group decides it would like to sponsor an event, Foley stands ready to attend to everything.

His operating base fills a four-story building in Philadelphia. Its print shop churns out show catalogs, year books, a monthly magazine ("Popular Dogs"), and miscellaneous other literature. Show catalogs alone gulp down ten tons of newsprint a month.

Another unit of his 76-man salaried staff (considerably supplemented on occasion by itinerants) sends out more than 1,000,000 pieces of mail during the year. Another group is concerned only with the manufacture and repair of exhibiting benches, tents, and other show equipment. (The most perishable item seems to be the exhibiting benches, partly because spectators persist in standing up on them for a better look despite Foley's question: "Would you stand on your daughter's bed?")

From Florida up into Canada, the Foley organization services up to six shows a week with a brightly colored fleet of five trailer trucks that average 75,000 miles each a year. Each truck contains everything needed for a show, from blue ribbons and judges' armbands to a motor-driven stake driver, all assembled with a jigsaw intricateness to facilitate the unloading and setting up.

Besides providing all the props, Foley is prepared to rent the hall, attend to the advertisements, settle the taxes, print and mail premium lists, acknowledge entries, find last-minute replacements for judges, and make sure the judges' books are in place.

For a massive outdoor affair like the Morris and Essex, Foley must provide enough canvas to cover an area 3,500 feet long and 50 feet wide. From dawn to dusk of a single Morris and Essex day, more than 50,000 persons have witnessed the judging of 4,456 dogs in 60 exhibiting rings for stakes totaling more than \$20,000 in prize cash and some 300 trophies. The traffic load requires 35 of Foley's salaried hands, plus 90 itinerants and a staff of 35 provided by the show's sponsor, Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge. Yet one visitor, scanning the whole scene, likened it to a "calm, beautifully organized emergency."

Mrs. Dodge's 5,000-acre Giralda Farms estate isn't the only swank site for shows these days. Back in 1902, when Foley himself was an exhibitor and was dared to prove he could run a show any better than the ones he had been grumbling about, most shows were set up in vacant lofts and lots. Now they occur not only on million-dollar estates but in such jumbo arenas as the Chicago Coliseum and Madison Square Garden. A quick scrutiny of the Garden lobby during the Westminster's two-day run, moreover, leaves no doubt that an industry has been built around a simple thing like man's love for a dog.

Last year the Garden was occupied by 45 concession stands hustling everything from rubber bones to dog oil paintings and dog films, dog books, dog cleaners in liquid and powder form and dog vitamins. Every last handkerchief, tie, cigarette lighter, etc., on display had a dog on it.

Sales of prepared dog foods now run to \$175,000,000 a year, representing 500,000 tons of goodies for Fido and friends. Another \$10,000,000 is spent on dog remedies. Collars, leashes, blankets, nail clippers, cushioned baskets, and toys

for the beasts take another \$5,000,000.

En route to this sumptuous status, the dog has undergone many shifts in breed popularity. Half a century ago, when Foley owned one of the country's finest Boston terrier kennels, Bostons and setters were all the rage. Later the collies and smooth-haired fox terriers took over. From 1914 through 1918 the Airedale had his best day and the dachshund his worst.

"Due to all the World War I newspaper cartoons which had dachshunds wearing German helmets," Foley recalls, "not a dachshund would be found in a show. The owners loyally kept the dogs but had to change their name to 'badger dog.'"

Then came the police dogs and, in the 1930's the cocker spaniels. Most recently the boxers have been making a big score—capturing Westminster's coveted best-in-show crown three times in the past five years—but the cockers have had no reason to feel abandoned. Last year they easily led AKC registrations with 61,259. A stout fifth on the list, after all his World War I humiliation, was the dachshund (12,102). Other leaders: beagles (29,998), boxers (21,238), collies (19,590), and Bostons (12,067).

"Some men," Foley observes, "stick to the same breed all their lives, like blue serge suits. Others change every few years, following the fads." But in half a century the pattern of exhibitors' behavior hasn't changed, Foley acidly feels, by so much as the blink of a liar's eye.

There is always the woman who wants her pet changed to another bench because "the monster next to him is barking at him and getting him all upset." Rarely does Foley get through a show without being asked to referee a quarrel between owners about the comparative merits of their animals; some exhibitors have even demanded that others be thrown out of the show for slander. A spying exhibitor can be counted on to accost Foley with charges, usually undocumented, against a rival's tactics.

Foley even has trouble with winners. Victorious females have become so hysterical they had to be convoyed off to a first-aid station by, naturally, the small but ubiquitous Foley.

Parents persist in entering their seven-or-eight-year-old kids in the junior (ten to 16) division, to Foley's despair. "They're too young

to control their dogs. If they don't get dragged all around the ring, they're liable to let their dogs get into fights."

Because of a rule that forbids an exhibitor to leave the premises before all the judging has been completed, Foley has been confronted with all manner of fibbers. Doctors are the worst: "They're forever coming to me and saying they've simply got to leave on account of an emergency. Somebody's dying, or there's a big operation scheduled. Usually it's a fake—I can tell; it's something in the face that I can see after all these years—and I tell them:

"'Doctor, you knew you were coming here, and I'm sure you had someone take your place.'"

One doctor, thus rejected by Foley, flung back: "I hope you're sick sometime and can't get a doctor!"

Parents who must get home to their children make the stick-through rule a difficult one to enforce—"I don't want to be blamed if their kids set fire to the house"—but Foley's excellent memory defeated one alleged parent.

"This fellow came to me during a show," Foley relates, "and said he had to get away because his wife had just given birth to a baby. I let him go. So he comes up to me at a later show—FOUR months later—and pleads that his wife has just had another baby!"

For the everlasting protests about judges' choices, Foley has a rigid attitude: "I tell them that rules are rules and a judge's decision is final. I won't say there is no favoritism or crookedness in judging. I won't say that some judges don't tend to favor a friend's dog, consciously or otherwise. But when they tell me that somebody has just offered a judge \$50 to pick his dog, I say: 'Where's your proof? No proof, no action.' Nobody has ever brought me the proof."

Sternly as he backs up a rule, Foley isn't without his feelings. As an old exhibitor, he understands the sheer disappointment behind many of the complaints. "Look," he suggests, "just look at the amount of work that one honest, conscientious owner puts into one showing of one little poodle." The cultivation of the poodle's coat requires a full year; thereafter it must be given a two-hour brushing several times a week. Before the show, the dog's saddle, legs, face and tail must be shorn and the remaining coat scissored down some more. Teeth must be scaled with a dental instrument and brushed with a bleach. Claws must be clipped and filed.

After all that work, the best-in-show judge may turn out to be a sucker for an utterly different breed.

(Continued on page 67)



There is always the woman who charges her pet is being upset



LOHR

Fishermen Are Born that Way

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

LAST year anglers spent \$2,000,000,000 on a sport that's also a hobby and a religion

I TRIED for two years to forget the big fellow in the pool below the Mickimackie Rapids," Martin Jackson wrote. "It's a long trip, business wasn't too good, both daughters up and got married, the wife had an operation—but I still remembered.

"I'd seen him three times, hooked him once. I never got over the shame I felt when he broke loose. He crossed me up as neatly as Red Grange did his opponents when I

was in college, left me with a straight rod, a limp line, and a conviction that he'd leered at me and said, 'Go back to sitting on a bank with a cane pole and a bobber, mister. Only men play this game.'"

Then followed 1,000 words telling how Martin Jackson got a break and flew half across the continent, how his guide assured him the big fellow was still there. "New York man snagged him month ago. Shouldn't allow such dudes on the

river. Been you, now, we'd 'a' had to get a new granddaddy." The next 1,000 words described the first visit to the pool, the tackle selected after long study, the incessant wind and rain and all other adverse circumstances, failure to wet a line and increasing despondency. Half these words were technical terms understood only by fishermen.

The final day came, and complete despair. The gear was being packed when the guide rushed into the lodge to say the wind had changed. The skies cleared. When Jackson reached the pool and conditions were right, only two hours' fishing could be had for a week's time and \$1,000.

Now the epic battle. It had more suspense and threat and hopelessness than a detective movie. For an hour the big fellow was uncooperative, if he was in the pool. He might have gone downstream. After all, fishermen from a dozen states had tried to take him, and he'd learned more in the struggles than they. Flies were changed constantly, eddies studied, skill acquired in a lifetime went into each cast, and no soap.

Then it happened. An atomic bomb exploded in the pool. Jackson was ready, and the feel of the strike told him the hook was secure. Now it was up to him. Tunney and Dempsey were in the ring at last, sparring, rushing, standing toe-to-toe and slugging it out. Thrills numbed aching arms and scorched fingers as elation and despair switched constantly. The guide's tension mounted as he whispered advice and encouragement, and all this was interspersed in the telling with jargon—this sunken log, that eddy, the strategy of keeping the big fellow from hooking his tail in the main current. And then, at last, the end.

This story, with variations, has been written thousands of times in the past 70 years for outdoor magazines, and the ending doesn't matter so much. If the fish was landed, he was a pound under and an inch short of the record, but that's all right. It was the grandest fight ever. If the fish got away, that's all right, too. "The granddaddy of 'em all" will be there next year, waiting for the Martin Jacksons.

Thousands more of these stories will be written and printed and read, for the simple reason that a fisherman never tires of hearing how someone caught a fish. The man who can spend \$1,000 for two hours of ecstasy doesn't impress them. It's the battle, the detail, the strategy, the tackle used, the



You brought him back alive...

Out of every 100 wounded American servicemen who reach the most forward hospitals in Korea, 97 are being saved.

If that sounds like a statistic, remember that it's based on flesh—and blood. *Your* blood.

Among the 97 that your blood can bring back are such statistics as the tall, skinny kid on the block . . . the husband of that woman you met in the grocer's . . . or someone with the same mail address as yours . . .

Today, your Armed Forces are short 300,000 pints of blood a month. Precious reserves of blood and plasma are vanishing at a desperately dangerous rate.

We tell you this because we don't think you

have to be coaxed or coerced into giving blood. We think that you just haven't realized how serious the situation is.

So make your date today. And *keep* it! You'll find yourself in swell company . . . everyone is rolling up his sleeves these days, from the milkman to the mayor.

Get on line with them now . . . the blood you give today saves someone's life tomorrow!

ARMED FORCES BLOOD DONOR PROGRAM
CALL YOUR RED CROSS TODAY!



What Happened to That Pint of Blood You Were Going to Give?



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

It is the fishing itself and not the result that provides the thrill

skill or lack of it, the intensity of the fanatic, which draws them. They are just as interested in Sam Jones.

Sam is a garage mechanic with a large family that drains the pay envelope. He and Doc Smith fished together as kids. Doc can afford a long trip and expensive equipment but has no time. Once a year he and Sam sneak out of town for a couple of days of that bliss accorded only to celestials. As boys, they'd started with suckers and sheepshead but had graduated quickly to trout. Now they used skill and knowledge learned long ago, and tackle which Sam passed up a new overcoat to buy. But once again each knew the rapture of that explosion when a hook sinks deep, the ineffable joy which comes through electric jolts on the arms, a sense of victory that can emerge only from personal combat of this kind.

Back home, Doc was too busy to do more than dream about the trip, and another year. But Sam Jones got excited. He shoed the kids out of the kitchen, sweated a few nights over the unfamiliar task of getting his emotions on paper, and sent the result to a fishing magazine. It was printed, and every reader understood the drama and yearning and delight in it. There

are so many Sams and Docs, and Martin Jacksons.

Many? The latest government report shows 15,337,758 of them paid \$34,018,009 for licenses to fish in the year ending June 30, 1950, and this doesn't include those who drop hooks in remote ponds and streams without bothering to be legal—the kids and old men, and those who just can't resist fishing.

And \$1,000 for two hours with the big fellow? Some spend much more. A recent *Outdoor Life* poll showed the average annual cost per fisherman to be \$310. Average days spent fishing were 32.7, and 22 per cent spent more than 40 days a year. Latest reports show 2,029,091 crossed state lines in one year to buy more expensive licenses, and the license is only a minute down payment. Fishermen must travel, use gas and oil, fuel, lodgings, tackle, boots, clothing, waders. Thousands employ guides and not a few pay heavy club dues. Rowboats and outboard motors cost money, as do airplane trips to Florida, Acapulco, Ontario and James Bay. The New York, New England and Florida areas are full of private fishing craft that cost \$5,000 to \$20,000 or more and several hundred party fishing boats put to sea daily from New York and Long Island ports.

The U. S. Census Bureau reported that in 1947, its last compilation, anglers spent \$1,350,000,000. In the same year hunters spent little more than half, \$750,000,000. Admissions to all spectator sports: baseball, football, boxing, etc., came to \$275,000,000. It is probable that in 1951 fishermen laid out at least \$2,000,000,000, as all costs have gone up and the number of fishing licenses has increased greatly.

This is equivalent to a big piece of the last income tax increase, and it's spent for sport, recreation, a hobby—and a religion. No other sportsman is so fanatical, absorbed and obsessed as a fisherman, and this applies all the way up from the boy with a cane pole to the man whose club leases miles of salmon stream. How come? What causes this?

Perhaps the answer lies here. Shooting large or small game is fine sport but few hunters are ever close enough to feel the surge of energy in which a deer starts away with a 20-foot leap, or sense the power of a charging grizzly. Every-



MICHIGAN TOURIST COUNCIL

Lighter tackle is the trend

thing happens fast. A slight pressure on a trigger can end it one way or the other.

Fishing is the one pursuit in which the hunter has intimate contact with his quarry. Through a thin line he knows every movement of the fish. He feels rage, explosions of energy, a will to fight, craftiness, the first sign of fatigue. He has time to savor the battle. For five minutes, or five hours, he lives in an Elysium of his own devising—and for days and years afterward.

His fanaticism may have deeper roots. When primitive man tired of seeds and fruit, the first flesh

he ate probably was that of a fish. It could be caught in small streams more easily than animals could be killed before invention of the arrow and bow. Thus a remote ancestor planted a germ in humans we've never got rid of.

Nonfishermen believe the angler is a nut and wonder what sort he is. Drive across the country, north or south, east or west, and in every city, town or village, one out of nine men, women and children you see is a fisherman. Most of us are born that way, though some are sidetracked by lack of water or another urge.

Two or three generations ago every boy could trudge out of town or away from the farm, a cane pole on his shoulder, a can of worms in hand, and most boys did. Maybe they got only suckers, carp or bullheads, perch, shiners, sheepshead, but they got fish. They felt the gentle nibbles and then the frightened tugs that aroused a lust for battle, and whatever they caught was wonderful.

Often they got the thrill of snagging something they could not land, as a big channel cat or a four-foot gar, or maybe a pickerel or pike that jerked free a loosely held rod. Big fish broke the line or straightened out the small hook, and when this happened the dynamite in that lunge made a fisherman forever.

The Currier & Ives period pictured the boy fisherman lying on a bank, cane pole set in a crotched stick, the bobber floating tranquilly, and that sort of fishing was all right with the type of fish in many waters. It kept the youngsters out of mischief. But boys living near trout streams or lakes with wall-eyes and big pike, and those along a sea coast, couldn't be indolent. They had to work and study, learn a fish's habits, how it took the bait, what it would do in the next instant or ten seconds. The writer began fishing for rainbow trout at ten, struck many, landed his first when 12.

Fish, most any kind, was an important source of food in pioneer America, but sport rarely entered the fishing. Those were days of weirs, jacklight and spear, of dynamite. It was a matter of getting the most for the least time and effort, and with the abundance of wild life, no one thought of conservation. Angling, the truer word, was brought from England. Its early perfection there was due to a leisure class and a sportsmanship which resulted in lighter and lighter tackle with the idea of al-

(Continued on page 80)



When your eye is on Pittsburgh—and three dozen towns in its orbit—you're spotting scores of furnace operations regularly checked by Cities Service Heat Provers. Here where they know all kinds of furnace instruments, and where high efficiency is most urgent today, the application of Heat Provers by Cities Service is increasingly valued.

It takes the Heat Prover to read simultaneously for oxygen and combustibles, measured direct by actual gas analysis. And the Heat Prover's continuous rapid sampling reveals effects of furnace adjustments at once. There is no Heat Prover maintenance problem, because it's *not an instrument you buy, but a Service we supply*. Learn how it can raise productivity for you . . . in iron, steel, ceramics, glass, cement or any other furnace operation. Write CITIES SERVICE OIL COMPANY, Dept. B7, Sixty Wall Tower, New York City 5.

CITIES SERVICE

QUALITY PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



Where Plungers Fear to Tread

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

BILLIONS will be bet this year without the law batting an eye—it's all on research

THE BIGGEST gambling houses in the country today are not located in Las Vegas or Reno or New Orleans, nor are they populated with devil-may-care plungers.

The heaviest gambling in 1952 will be done in the conference rooms of our biggest industries, of all places, and the betters, of all people, will be the executives who run these corporations. The stakes will be so high they would cause the old-time plungers to retreat in disorder.

The big bet actually amounts to five times what the Government spent making the atom bomb: \$10,000,000,000. And that figure,

according to some businessmen, may be conservative.

Strangely enough, the businessmen stand a better-than-even chance of losing their billions. In fact, the odds against them, based on one company's experience, are something like four to one.

The big companies will be putting their money on fundamental research—on basic, painstaking, often vague and directionless inquiries into the unknown. No one, least of all the scientists who will be making these explorations for the executives, knows what will come of them. It may be that this year the whole \$10,000,000,000 will be spent on projects that will yield

nothing of commercial value for years to come.

On the other hand, the big gamble is not, strictly speaking, a pure gamble. In the long run, most information that is turned up can be used in some way by technicians and engineers. The large percentage of facts discovered this year will be used in ways that will make more profits for the businessmen who took the risk, aid others, and contribute to the high standard of living the American consumer now enjoys. And they may be put to work in other, more vital ways. They may further help us to arm for defense, assist us in demonstrating to the rest of the world that our system is sound, workable, and desirable.

Everywhere there are signs that basic research is demanding, and receiving, more and more of the farsighted industrialist's attention. New laboratories costing millions of dollars are springing up throughout the country. Executives who formerly directed their lab men to confine their efforts to product improvement are insisting that the budget include funds allotted for research that may have little or no immediate, direct bearing on the product.

The experience of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company is an example of how the gamble works. Back in the depression-ridden

1930's, a research director at that company sought an audience with Lamont du Pont, the president. The director's budget had been cut, he explained, and although he knew that times were hard and that the company was shaving costs wherever possible, he didn't see how his department could function without its customary allotment. Without hesitation, Du Pont ordered the cut restored.

"It is more important to carry on research," he commented, "than it is to pay dividends."

If Du Pont had been empowered to look into the future, he would have noted with satisfaction, if perhaps not with surprise, that about 60 per cent of its sales in 1951 were in products that were either unknown or in their earliest stages of development at the time he ordered the research director's budget back to normal.

Many of the products we now consider not only familiar but indispensable—nylon stockings, for example, or antirust antifreeze—were the end products of fundamental research that was started with (a) no specific end in mind, and (b) no schedule for accomplishment within a given period. This is true of hundreds of products, such as some of the fabrics that make up our clothing, parts of the cars we drive, materials of which our homes are constructed, drugs that cure our ills, tools and instruments and gadgets we use to make our lives more practical and pleasant.

Research begins with basic needs and desires. A scientist does not say, "Now I am going to work out a new drug that will help cure TB." He first studies the disease exhaustively. Then he begins experimenting with various drugs and their effects, or lack of them, on the disease. Then, when he has come close to what he is seeking, he begins to work in earnest on specific problems.

It is the same in industrial research. Nylon, for example, was not even a gleam in a chemist's eye at the time the basic work on it was begun. Beginning in 1927, Du Pont instituted a program of long-range chemical exploration, "designed primarily to develop basic knowledge... with no thought that the information so developed would be of immediate value."

Part of this program was directed toward a better understanding of polymerization, or how and why small molecules go together to form giant ones, such as those found in rubber and silk. Perhaps some members of the chemical

\$182,000,000 LOST!

IN DAMAGED SHIPMENTS SINCE 1948
according to the Association of American Railroads

IS YOUR COMPANY CONTRIBUTING TO THIS EXPENSIVE 'JUNK HEAP'?

Think a minute before you say "no." Shipping losses often hit at a level where management doesn't see them.

The full extent of such losses cannot even be measured. For damaged goods are only part of the story. Frequently there are far greater losses in good will and customers.

Just how much money is slipping away from your company through this constant "erosion of profits"? The answer depends to a large extent on the closure method your shipping department employs in packing merchandise for shipment.

Then why not make sure your company uses the closure method that has been established by impartial research as the *safest* way of sealing a package for shipment? Why not profit by the recent findings of Container Laboratories, Incorporated, of New York who recently submitted the six most widely used closure methods to rigid, impartial, comprehensive tests? Each test simulated actual conditions met by shipments in transit... and in every test GUMMED SEALING TAPE proved best.

Would you like to have the head of your shipping department see the results of these tests? We shall be glad to see that he is supplied with literature describing them and telling **HOW TO SEAL IT RIGHT WITH GUMMED TAPE.** There's a brochure, too, for executives that tells the complete story. Just take a moment and fill out the coupon.

**USE
THIS COUPON
NOW**

THE GUMMED INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION, INC.
19 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Please send me brochure for executives.

Name..... Title.....

Please send test data and other literature to:

Shipping Dept. Head.....

Firm Name.....

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

N

staff thought that they might ultimately develop a synthetic chemical fabric. But at the time, all they knew was that their principal interest was learning as much as they could about how polymers were constructed and how they behaved.

One of the first things discovered was that certain small molecules joined end to end to form larger ones, or superpolymers, in a chain, somewhat like a string of paper clips. About three years later, in taking a sample of a molten polymer out of a vessel, one scientist saw that it could be drawn out in the form of a fiber, and that after it had been cooled, it could be pulled out to several times its original length. This suggested that some related compound might produce fibers which could be used in textiles.

There still was no proof that the gamble might pay off, but the company kept pouring money into the project. The hunt for similar fibers went on for years. At one time prospects were so glum that the scientists considered giving up. Then, at last, they developed a superpolymer of a different kind, a polyamide, which when extruded through a spinneret fashioned from an old hypodermic needle produced the first fiber of the type later named nylon.

At this point the funds were thrown in wholeheartedly. Investigation was speeded up and a battery of new researchers was called in. Eleven years after the original research had begun, Du Pont announced in 1938, the development of a new group of synthetic polymers from which textile fibers could be spun which exceeded in strength and elasticity any known fiber. But it was not until 1939 that commercial production of yarn was begun.

Today the products and by-products of that original basic research are used by hundreds of companies in making hosiery, swim suits, sweaters, upholstery, rugs, industrial fabrics and insulations, bristles, surgical sutures, fishing lines, blood plasma filters, shoe laces, parachutes, tents and innumerable other products—all because some scientists wanted to find out more about the structure of giant molecules!

All told, the company gambled \$27,000,000 in developing nylon. But this fiber was not the only thing that came out of the re-

search. The knowledge of polymers that the scientists obtained enabled them to branch into new directions—that of similar fabrics, such as orlon, and of solid plastics, such as polythene, from which ice cube trays, bowls, bottles and shower curtains are made.

It sometimes happens that inquiry in one direction will produce results in another, unexpected one, as another Du Pont research story shows. In 1920, chemists at a small Du Pont lab in Parlin, N. J., trying to do away with light streaks



Years can be spent on one project

on movie film, evolved a new formula with a cellulose base and put it in a barrel for a test. Somehow the barrel was forgotten and left in the sun for three days. When the chemists opened it, they found that the nitrocellulose had turned into a kind of syrup, which ultimately led them to experiment with its possibilities as a lacquer. The result was Duco finish, which revolutionized several industries, particularly the automotive. Before Duco was discovered, it had taken auto manufacturers nearly 26 days to paint a car. Now the process takes about five hours.

Basic research by one big company often proves of immense value to other companies in widely dissimilar lines of work. For years, textile manufacturers were confounded by the problem of "lap-

ping"—that is, the tendency of cotton, rayon and other fibers to stick to the drafting roll much in the way that wet wash sometimes sticks to the wringer of a housewife's washing machine. The losses to the industry in terms of time, damaged equipment and hard cash were inestimable. Since most textile manufacturers were small businessmen, they weren't able to afford the funds required to institute a basic inquiry into the causes.

The Armstrong Cork Company of Lancaster, Pa., is not in the textile business, but it manufactures covers, or cots, for the spinning rolls. "Lapping" was cutting down the usefulness of Armstrong's covers. It was known that water clings to glass because of the Helmholtz double layers of positive and negative charges in it. It was also known that in textile mills a 60 per cent humidity is maintained to prevent accumulation of electric charges and to help process the fibers more easily. The textile men believed that static electricity was causing the lapping. They took their problem to Armstrong, and the company decided to risk some money on extended research into the Helmholtz principles in the hope they might be able to find a solution.

John W. Baymiller of the Armstrong staff of scientists reasoned that the fiber and the cot stuck together because both had fine layers of moisture on their surfaces. It then followed that if electrolyte materials which would reduce the electrokinetic potential between the cot surface and the film of water could be added to the synthetic rubber cots, they would become lap-resistant. Baymiller and his associates spent months looking for the proper materials to add to the synthetic rubber. Finally they found one set which reduced the electric attraction between the rubber cover and the fiber. They cautiously tested it in a few covers. It worked. Today "lapping" is all but nonexistent as a bottleneck in the textile industry.

A not-too-dissimilar story from the files of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation shows how basic research in industry aids the farmer. Around 1940, after years of inquiry into the glyox family of chemical compounds, Carbide scientists decided that they might direct their efforts toward finding a fungicide that would kill apple

scab, a fungus that attacks the fruit when it is grown east of the Mississippi. They had one member of the glyox group which they thought might be acceptable, but it was ten years before their experimental tests proved its possible fitness for use as a commercial product. What they learned about the glyox group in this one specific instance, however, led them to consider other possible compounds and uses.

"You never know where you're going to wind up," one scientist said recently. "Right now, our lab is inquiring into sodium compounds. My guess is that what we find out will help our company. On the other hand, we might carry on this project for years without getting anything that we can use."

When undertaking a fundamental research program, scientists and executives together must set up certain "house rules" before they can feasibly risk large sums of money. The ideal situation, of course, exists in companies that have a broad, varied base of operations embodying the production of many different items, so that whatever knowledge is found can be funneled into a number of possible channels for commercial use. From this point of view, a company like Carbide, manufacturing many different products, is almost ideally situated to conduct research of the most general kind; almost anything learned will have some valuable application.

The second rule is to select research problems with care. One company decides on an appropriation only after it has been approved by a board of inquiry consisting of all scientific personnel and representatives of management. The third requirement is patience: scientists do not expect their work to lead to commercial exploitation immediately, and executives cannot but adopt this attitude if the program is to be successful.

There is a final, equally critical factor. Research men must know when to quit working in a certain direction. In many cases work on one substance has gone on for years, with the possibility of a goal just around the corner—and then it has been found that the work was being conducted in a blind alley. Scientists and executives alike must agree to abandon their projects when, after a reasonable series of trials, it becomes apparent that the work is leading nowhere. But the knowledge uncovered must be filed away for possible future use. Any amount of knowledge, even if it is "negative"—that is,

even if it is a series of facts showing what a substance will not do—conceivably can aid future projects.

Yet even with these controlling factors, big-industry research remains a gamble. It is a most necessary gamble for several reasons, not the least of which is the comfort of the people who ultimately will use the end products. The other reasons are obvious: continuing development depends on the amount of new information available for our use.

Today there are four ways in which fundamental research is financed. First there is the Government, which spends an incalculable amount annually in its various departments, examining everything from the movements of the tides to the habits of the boll weevil. Governmental projects, however, are limited in scope and in personnel, and—most important—by Congress.

Then there are the foundations, which donate huge sums toward

"The citizen who calls on government to supply him with security from the cradle to the grave, thereby encouraging government spending, is a danger to himself and his fellow citizens. If his pleas are successful, he can lose his freedom, and gain no security in exchange."

—F. A. Truslow

specific projects, such as cancer research. These are controlled by the will of the people who put up the money in the first place or by the judgment of their governing boards, which are not always made up of men conversant with the comparative urgency of problems demanding investigation.

Third, there are the independent commercial research firms, which, for a fixed fee, will rent out trained brains to inquire into highly specialized problems, such as measuring the volume of city noise, or finding an odorless substance for the tips of kitchen matches.

Finally, there are the big companies. Like the Government, some companies maintain relatively small staffs, the activities of which are limited by the top brass' attitude toward research; and like some of the research institutes, some businesses are concerned only with that research which will help

Cut copy-checking



... use your photocopy machine

When records are copied manually, copy-checking is usually necessary—which adds to the cost... but doesn't eliminate the possibility of errors.

The solution is simple: Let your photocopy machine serve all departments. Then the need for costly manual transcription and copy-checking is greatly reduced... and 100% accuracy is always assured. And, what's most important, you'll be dollars ahead.



For the best photocopies use Kodagraph Contact Paper

It's made by Kodak for use in all types of contact photocopiers... reproduces all documents in dense photographic blacks, clean whites... with new legibility. And it's easier, more economical to use—no more split-second timing or trial-and-error testing. Order it... and see for yourself.

Kodagraph Contact Paper

"THE BIG NEW PLUS" IN THE OFFICE COPY FIELD

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Industrial Photographic Division
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

at what point
would you
reach
for a

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE?

The sooner the better. Because Burroughs adding machines will bring new efficiency, new economy, to your business—eliminate the trial and error method of old-fashioned pencil-and-paper figuring.

Burroughs adding machines are quality-built to last a lifetime. They provide outstanding performance at the touch of a finger... are fast, dependable profit-protectors—yours for just a few cents a day.

Consult the yellow pages of the telephone directory for your nearest Burroughs representative. Let him show you why it costs less to own a Burroughs. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

wherever there's business there's

Burroughs



Burroughs adding machines are available in a wide variety of models, hand or electrically operated, with or without subtraction. Prices start as low as \$120, plus applicable taxes.



3,002.00
804.21
948.00
7,624.01
3,001.70
11.05
75.00
10.25
7.22
1.35
4,132.00
641.00
10,001.00
781.92
324.00
7,612.06
4,318.00
28.00
44.27
312.72
31.00
6,950.71
210.00
551.21
61.00
2.10
3.04
1,036.00
211.00
4,248.00
624.00
755.02
236.34
811.20
6,401.40
300.82
6.00

them improve their mousetraps. From the scientists' point of view, both these factors are deterrents and make their work difficult.

In the past half-century, the processes of basic inquiry have become incredibly complicated. It is no longer likely that a young Sam Morse or a young Tom Edison, laboring in a rude, ill-equipped lab, will emerge with a revolutionary device. Basic problems are tending more and more to be too much for individuals simply because knowledge is becoming more and more specialized. Where an Edison or a Morse could pioneer by synthesizing and developing all available knowledge in one particular field, the scientific adventurer of today is rarely equipped to take full advantage of the range of information in even one corner of that field.

The intelligence quotient of the nation has been rising steadily since World War I, according to Army tests, but there are not enough geniuses around to answer the tremendous demands of industry and consumer alike. Even if there were, scientists require equipment and materials geared to the experiments they must make. Skilled assistants are needed by the thousands. Most of all, however, research requires the means: it requires money.

The researcher's work currently is cut out for him. We need cures for diseases, better building materials, better fabrics, more efficient motors, to mention only a few of the more obvious ones. It is the responsibility of the big corporations to sponsor the research that will lead ultimately to these benefits. Not only are more and more companies spending huge sums on the research gamble, but many of them are making it possible for other, unrelated organizations to use their facilities. Several companies have turned their labs over to outside technicians who wish to work on specific problems. Others sponsor projects in universities.

The \$10,000,000,000 mentioned earlier may show no return for years, but in the long run it will pay off in a richer, more abundant life and a healthier economy. One research scientist, Dr. Dick Wellman of Carbide and Carbon Chemicals, recently phrased it this way:

"Industrial research is the only answer to continued progress and the elevation of our living standards. After all, only industry can afford it—because you've got to be able to throw a hell of a lot of dough down a rathole before anything comes up!"

Rescues Are Their Hobby

(Continued from page 32)

rubber craft carried on the truck.

The present squad house with sleeping quarters and a seven-horsepower siren atop it was in use. The panel board with its telephones and radios and other devices had been installed. There were white visored squad caps and fire-resistant coats and boots and crash helmets.

On the day of the biggest disaster a crew was returning from several hours of rescue work at a fire that damaged the Post Office Department in Washington when a radio call from the squad house told them to stand by.

A few seconds later came the order: "Proceed at once to National Airport, two cargo planes have collided in mid-air."

But that first report was not accurate. As a huge airliner carrying 55 persons came in for a landing it had been hit by a Bolivian army pilot testing a twin-engine fighter plane.

The vehicles, already on the road, headed for the airport. In the Bethesda-Chevy Chase region all squadsmen dropped work. For the siren gave five blasts—the signal for a major disaster.

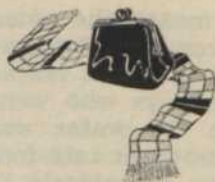
THE airliner had crashed at the edge of the Potomac River and broken in two. The engine end was in ten feet of water, the tail in shallow water. Airport men were on the scene, but their equipment was inadequate for the task.

With Chief Dunnington was an aide carrying a walkie-talkie. Assistant Chief Thompson's aide also had a radio. They talked to the truck, to the ambulances, to the boat after it was launched, and to each other.

That day and night the squad used nearly all the tools it had. To extricate victims it brought into play acetylene and blow torches, crowbars and claw tools, sledges and assorted axes, saws, electric drills, wire and bolt cutters, ropes and cables, five-ton jacks and the ten-ton power jack.

They raised the plane's tail with their block and tackle, fixing it to a tree with the aid of an extension ladder. They used the roof ladder to climb the tail.

Meanwhile squadsmen worked swiftly with their first aid equipment: resuscitator, traction splints, burn spray, several types of



Take a Scot's-eye view of a GARDNER-DENVER

This parader's curiosity led him to inspect a machine that has been the delight of many a thrifty man—a Gardner-Denver Portable Air Compressor.



Here's one of these thrifty Gardner-Denver Portables "on location."

Thanks to an exclusive combination of quality engineering features, Gardner-Denver Portables save engine fuel and lubricating oil—deliver abundant air power at any altitude, in any kind of weather—seldom need time out for repairs.

They're like all Gardner-Denver products—compressors, pumps, rock drills and other pneumatic equipment—they're quality-built to save your operating and maintenance dollars. Gardner-Denver Company, Quincy, Ill.

SINCE 1859

GARDNER-DENVER

THE QUALITY LEADER IN COMPRESSORS, PUMPS AND ROCK DRILLS

YOUR BUSINESS NEEDS BOTH!

THE TELEPHONE
TO CUT
DISTANCE

DICTOGRAPH
TO CUT
OVERHEAD

Of course you need the telephone—for contacts *outside* your office. But for your urgent, confidential *inside* communications, you need Dictograph. Why improvise on your telephone and switchboard—why pay big monthly rentals—when what you need is the speed, accuracy, secrecy and economy of a tailor-made interior communication system—Dictograph? You'll be surprised at how little it costs—how much it saves.

Dictograph Private Telephone System gives you 8 services you cannot get from the telephone:

No Dialing— No Operator	Secrecy on all Calls
Speeded Messages	Executive Right of Way
Management Control	Paging Facilities
No Unanswered Calls	Group Conference Calls

Dictograph

THE PRIVATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM



DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS INC.
Jamaica 1, N. Y.

- ☐ Send me complete information.
☐ Have your man call.

NB-2

Name.....

Company.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

stretchers. Ambulances removed those victims still alive—including the Bolivian pilot. Men with grappling hooks pulled bodies into the squad's boats.

Rain hampered the rescue. But squadsmen, protected by their boots and coats, pitched tents and provided blankets to shelter distracted relatives waiting for bodies to be recovered. After darkness fell the floodlights and sundry portable lights made efficient continuation of the work possible. The squad even provided flares for guiding traffic.

All 55 of the airliner's passengers died. But the squad's helpfulness eased the pain of many of the victims.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Airlines, which owned the plane, sent a letter of gratitude and a check. He has continued to contribute.

NOT long ago Chief Dunnington delivered his thirty-third baby. The police, called by the husband and unable to locate a doctor in a hurry, had fallen back on reliable Wisconsin 1000. One more saved life was chalked up to the squad's credit, for its infant's oxygen mask had to be used.

About once a month the squad pulls someone from the Potomac River. The most dramatic rescue was that of two boys who went swimming while the water was high and were swept over a six-foot dam. They clung desperately to half-submerged rocks to avoid being swept downstream into deep rapids.

Squadsmen fired lifelines from their Lyle gun to the boys. But in the end they had to send their powerboat over the dam. Then Dunnington and Jack Sawyer, a government worker, went into the swift water after the boys.

Many children get lost in the surrounding wooded regions. For searches, the squad conducts itself as though on a military operation. Sectors are assigned to units to avoid hunting in circles. The walkie-talkies provide communication.

Not long ago the squad carried 60 old people to hospitals from a fire-wrecked rest home. A few days later when the power at another home failed, the rescue truck's generator was called on to fill in.

Yet the squad is proudest of its record on the little, unpublicized cases. It regards itself as a kind of protector of the household, especially when the man of the house is away. If a child is hurt, its mother has help on the way as fast as she

can dial Wisconsin 1000. And, as is sometimes the case, she may need assistance herself.

A recent squad house visitor was intrigued when he heard a duty man tell the desk that he was departing to put Mrs. So-and-So back in bed. Inquiring, he learned that the woman was an invalid who liked to sit up for an hour or two during the day while her husband was at work. A squadman lifts her into a wheel chair and later returns and helps her back to bed. The ambulances (one equipped with a portable iron lung) constantly are moving the sick to and from hospitals.

The squad tries to discourage minor jobs like coaxing cats out of trees. But some odd cases have been handled. One time a television set was reported ablaze. A firefly was discovered in it. A squadman donned an asbestos suit before taking a beehive out of a tree, but the bees slipped through a partly opened zipper. Once a lawn was dug up to get a dog out of a sewer. For small jobs a specially equipped station wagon often is used.

WITH the squad's record of service, fund-raising is not the thankless task it used to be. But it takes time because a great deal of money is needed. Equipment has to be replaced, new items added.

This year's budget calls for raising \$32,000. A door-to-door drive, sparked by the Ladies Auxiliary, is expected to provide \$20,000 of it. Another \$6,000 is anticipated from donation of "clients" helped in one way or another. The annual carnival can be figured on for \$5,000 and sale of Christmas trees for another \$1,000.

Members think of the squad as a kind of club. Between calls, especially at night, the squad house has an atmosphere of relaxed geniality. Each active member is on duty one night a week. Married men go home at 11 but are on call. Single men sleep in the bunk room. Those in the associate member category have less fixed duties.

Not long ago a branch of the U. S. Government charged with picturing America to foreign nations decided that the squad is a fine example of democracy at work. Cameramen spent a month taking action shots and now squadsmen are seen on the film screens of many lands. They hadn't bargained for stardom. But occasionally, sitting around waiting for the alarm to ring, they allow themselves a degree of pride in a job being well done.

NADLER

the Needler

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

ONCE a penniless immigrant, Dr. Marcus Nadler is now both teacher and economic adviser to bankers and businessmen

IN WALL STREET where the mortality rate for prophets is higher than anywhere else in the world, an ex-Austrian army artillery officer named Marcus Nadler leads a charmed life. As a teacher at New York University's Graduate School of Business and Finance and as economic consultant to several large banks and business firms, Dr. Nadler has managed to live down 20 years of predictions about the interest rate, the stock market and business conditions in general. So far his fully exposed neck reveals only minor nicks and scratches.

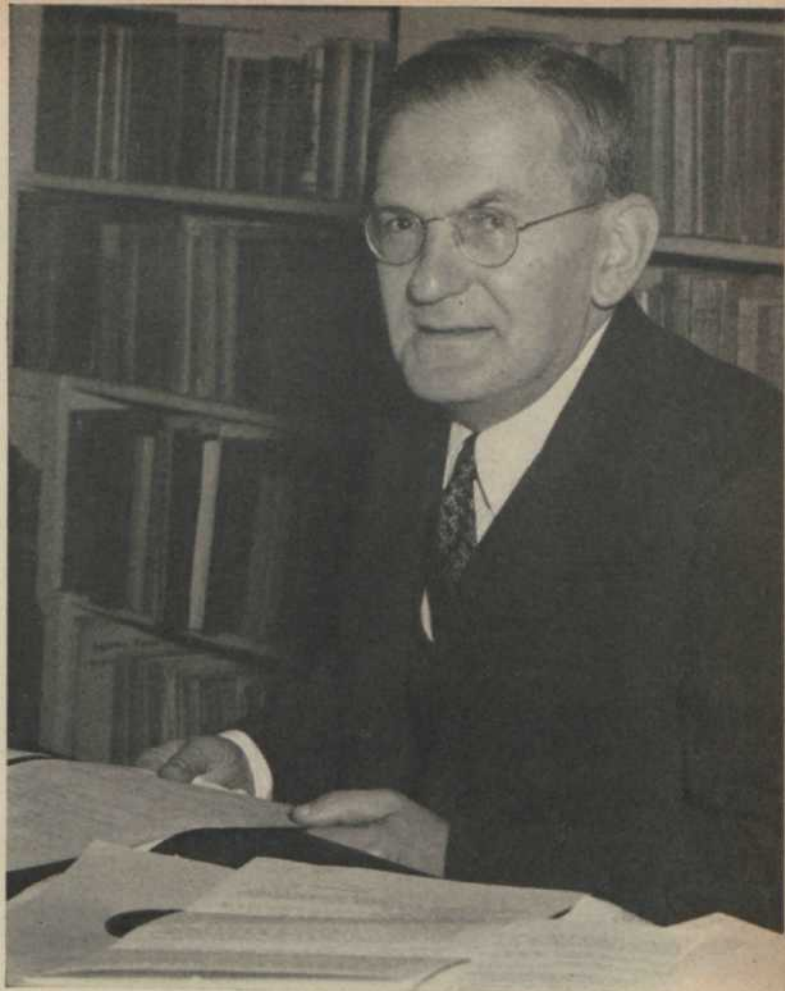
Whether this is due to canniness or uncanniness, to prescience or personality, is a moot point. But there is nothing moot about the affectionate and often adulatory loyalty he has inspired in financial followers throughout the country.

"The Doc is to finance what the old-fashioned family practitioner was to medicine—not just a doctor but a friend and confidant as well," says Craig S. Bartlett, vice president of New York's Central Hanover Bank.

In Wall Street Nadler's influence is reflected in the half-joking legend that the center of financial decisions in this country has shifted from the Federal Reserve to "Nadler's Night School."

The classes, which long ago outgrew ordinary classrooms, are held at the Bankers' Club. Every Monday and Wednesday after Wall Street closes shop, the big penthouse auditorium 40 stories above lower Broadway fills up with Nadler's "students." There is a sprinkling of ambitious youngsters who are taking the course for college credit. But most of the enrollment of 300 consists of presidents, vice presidents, partners and policy-level executives of just about every big bank, insurance company and brokerage house in New York.

Many have attended the course since Nadler



started teaching it 20 years ago. Out of the classes has sprung one of the liveliest and most unusual clubs in New York—the "Money Marketeers"—whose members are dedicated to "foster the ideas and ideals of Marcus Nadler" and, of course, to have fun at the dinner parties they throw for the Doc three or four times a year.

"What it amounts to is that we're getting a million dollars worth of ideas for \$35 tuition fees," says John C. Hefferon, member of the brokerage firm of G. H. Walker & Company. Following every lecture hundreds of wires go out from Wall Street firms to clients and branch offices containing advice based on Nadler's predictions about business conditions and the interest rate.

"No wonder he hits it on the nose so often," one of his colleagues explained it to me. "The bankers run right out and do exactly what he's predicted they're going to do!"

Here are his over-all predictions for 1952: "The consumer goods industries have entered a permanent buyers' market. The hard goods industries will continue to operate at capacity. The main problem in 1952 will be to establish a balance between defense expenditures and civilian demands. If we strike this balance the dangers of inflation will have disappeared."

At 55, Nadler is a lean, slightly stoop-shouldered man with close-cropped black hair, a pugnacious chin and eyes that glint like twin drills. Physically, he conveys the impression of motion within repose, like a gyroscope balanced on a taut string.

His lectures open without ceremony. "Kvestchen!" he announces, and then states the problem. "What are the facts?" he asks, and lists them, one two, three.

Then, unlike most economists, he asks what busi-

nessmen and bankers want to hear—"What should we do?"—and states his conclusions without ifs, ands and buts.

Though economics is a notoriously inexact science, if it can be called a science, Nadler has a way of diagnosing the money market with the assurance of a physician taking a blood count. In an era of uncertainties and generalities, this air of precision and definiteness has an almost irresistible appeal.

"Nadler hasn't got any more to say than half a dozen other sound economists," is the way a teaching friend puts it, "but the way he says it makes economics as exciting as sex or religion."

Followers of Nadler even mimic his accent, sometimes lapse unconsciously into such Nadlerisms as "the Federal Reserve," the American "banging system," "foreign infestments" and "the vorlt of today." Almost to a man they have adopted as their own his favorite phrase and trademark: "Let's analyze it."

When Nadler says it, it comes out a challenge. At the end of the hour, when he has reasoned his listeners up to dizzy heights of logic and brought them back down to earth with a practical program of action, they share with him a sense of personal triumph.

"I heard the Doc address the annual convention of the Northwestern Bankers Association in Seattle," a banker told me. "He talked for almost two hours and what he said could be boiled down to this: 'U. S. bonds are good bonds.' Almost to a man his listeners were opposed to the Government's financial policies. If anyone else had told them

when you feel good for fear you'll feel worse when you feel better"—in short, pessimism. Some of the most stubborn cases in Wall Street have yielded to "Old Doc Nadler's remedy" which is a compound of fact and logic spiked with his own 200-proof faith in the United States.

"The future of this country is limited only by our imagination," he tells his patients. "As Americans we can realize every human good which is in our power to conceive."

Back in the depression, it was advice based on that kind of faith that helped the younger generation of bankers readjust themselves to a new world of finance—and incidentally established Nadler's reputation as a major prophet.

"Almost overnight, banking as we'd known it ceased to exist," says Alfred H. Hansen, vice president of New York's Chemical Bank. "It was like waking up from a nightmare and discovering we'd forgotten how to walk. The Doc took the whole profession by the hand and gave us the confidence to start all over again."

During the first few years of the depression there were 8,500 bank failures. On March 4, 1933, President Roosevelt closed all banks. That was the end of one era and the beginning of another. But few bankers were ready for the new financial world we entered when the banks reopened a week later.

Their first reaction was panic, followed by intellectual paralysis. They lost confidence both in themselves and in the country. From the one extreme of extending credit freely, they swung to the other of holding on to cash assets and short-term loans. Money had, in effect, gone out on strike.

A whole generation of bankers remembered that in 1920 Liberty Bonds had dropped to 81. They had a mortal fear the same thing or worse would happen to the long-term bonds now being offered to finance a government operating on a growing deficit.

"Buy long-terms with your eyes closed," Nadler advised them. His reasons were simple. A government operating on a deficit had to borrow money to keep going. The Federal Reserve and the Treasury now had the power to peg bonds at par. The last thing the Government would do was to make borrowing more difficult by allowing its bonds to fall below par.

"Young man," some old-line bankers wagged their fingers at Nadler, "you'll learn to regret those words." A year or two later they were panting up three flights of stairs to Nadler's office to ask: "Tell us, how did you work it out?"

The banks that sat tight with short-term paper found it harder and harder to cover expenses at starvation interest rates. The banks that bought long-term government loans made money and built up their capital to provide the basis for increased lending to business and consumers.

Then, as now, a big part of Nadler's service to bankers was to untangle their emotions from their thinking. Ever since 1932, most of them have been opposed to the administration in power. In the heat of conviction it is only human to pound the table and announce that the country is going to the dogs. In actual banking practice Nadler has helped spare them the consequences of confusing their feelings with actual facts.

Instead of blindly opposing any and all government controls, Nadler always has urged them to work out their own program and ask the Government to impose the controls which their own insight and foresight demonstrate to be necessary. "Bankers can and should be leaders today, as they

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Old Doc Nadler's Remedy," which has withstood the test of time, is based on these simple propositions:

1. You're right if you bet that the United States economy will continue to expand.
2. You're wrong if you bet that it is going to stand still or collapse.
3. You're right if you bet that men in business, labor and Government are sane, reasonably well informed and essentially decent people who can be counted on to find common ground among all their conflicting interests and work out a compromise solution to the big issues that confront them.
4. You're wrong if you bet that any one element of our society is going to run or wreck the country.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

to buy government bonds, they would have walked out in a huff. But Nadler told it to them in such a way that the whole assembly rose to its feet and cheered."

Underlying most of the financial aches and pains which bankers and businessmen bring to Nadler is an occupational neurosis known as "the dim view," which Nadler defines as "the tendency to feel bad

were in the era when the nation was young and the role of the federal Government was far more limited than it is today," he says.

At a recent bankers' convention, Nadler followed a speaker who was fulsome in his praise of "banker-patriots" who invested in war bonds. Nadler quickly brought his listeners down to earth.

"During the war you all put your dollars into government bonds," he told them. "It was the sound thing to do. It was the patriotic thing to do. And, gentlemen, there was nothing else you *could* do."

As an economic consultant a large part of Nadler's technique is to draw people out. "They generally know the answers to their own problems if you can only help them see it."

The officials of one large manufacturing company were worried about the inflated cost of construction. Should they go ahead with a multimillion dollar plant expansion or wait for building costs to go down? To help them find the right answer, all Nadler had to do was to help them define the question. Would the new plant improve the firm's competitive position? Indeed it would. Nadler then computed the cost of new construction spread out over a period of 50 years.

"Is this competitive advantage worth \$100,000 a year to the firm?" It was worth a good deal more than that. "Well, what are we waiting for?" asked one of the company executives. It was as simple as that.

Many a banker in a top executive position will tell you frankly, though not for quotation: "I wouldn't know what to think—if the Doc didn't do most of my heavy thinking for me." But Nadler modestly disclaims any such role: "My job is not telling 'em *what* to think but *how* to think. The whole secret is to ask yourself unceasingly, 'Why? Why? Why?'"

Nadler's protestations of fallibility are lightly brushed aside by his followers who regard his predictions with a respect bordering on awe. But when the Doc makes a wrong guess it's likely to be a beaut. In 1938 after spending most of the summer in Europe, he declared flatly there would be no war in Europe in the predictable future. War was declared not long after.

But Nadler's prophetic insight still had not failed him. On the day war was declared the Bulletin of the Institute of International Finance of which he is research editor was devoted to his analysis of "The Possible Effects of a Euro-



POWERHOUSE

The mighty locomotive, working round the clock in all kinds of weather, provides the power that helps make possible America's tremendous production and distribution.

So it is in the public interest that railroads continue to increase their capacity and improve their facilities to serve the nation's needs. In the past six years, an average of more than a billion dollars a year has been invested in new locomotives and cars, new tracks, new terminals and other plant improvements.

The continuance of such investment in America's future depends upon the

railroads' ability to earn adequate revenues, realistically based on the current cost of producing transportation service.

Railroad revenues last year fell far short of being adequate, and the reason is plain. Railroad wage rates and average prices of railroad materials have increased more than 130% since 1939. But the average revenue which railroads receive for hauling a ton of freight a mile has increased only 45% since 1939.

Because rail service is so vital, it is important to every American that railroads earn enough not just to keep going — but to keep going ahead!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

A NEW Idea in Heating

Self-Contained HEAT for Industry

IT'S MORE
**Economical
Flexible
Practical**

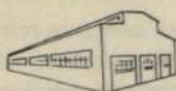


Even with inflated fuel costs, HEATING bills come tumbling down when THERMOBLOC's forced circulation of live, warm air is used to replace the costly cumbersome systems that are out-dated by today's needs. Savings are impressive enough for top management's attention! Get the facts from this bulletin.



Economical to buy and install.
Fully automatic, no attendant required.

High efficiencies—THERMOBLOCs give 82 to 86% using GAS or OIL. Heat 3000 to 4000 sq. ft. without ducts or piping.



Connect THERMOBLOC to fuel and power line and start heating—ideal for plants, warehouses, etc.

Flexible—each THERMOBLOC works independently—start up only those needed—when needed—use them for cool air circulation in summer.



THERMOBLOC DIVISION

**PRAT-DANIEL
CORP.** Manufacturers of the well-known
Thermix Power Plant Equipment

1-2 Meadow Street, South Norwalk, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your New Executive
bulletin on THERMOBLOC.

Name _____ Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

pean War on the U. S." The Bulletin had been at least two months in preparation.

Unlike many of the economic prophets of the past 20 years, Nadler never has depended on "inside information." Recently when the large insurance companies started unloading government securities, a rumor got around that the Federal Reserve was going to lower the peg on the 2½ per cent bonds. If this happened it meant that instead of selling bonds back to the central bank at a slight profit of 8/24th, the holders would have to sell at a loss. Nadler maintained that the peg would be held.

"Everybody thought I had inside information," says Nadler, "when all I knew, or needed to know, was that lowering the peg on government bonds would scare holders into unloading faster—just what the Government was then determined to avoid."

For evaluating the inside tips which constantly are being passed around on Wall Street, Nadler has this simple rule: "Those who talk don't know, and those who know don't talk." He maintains that anybody with a wide knowledge of business conditions can predict the interest rate if he studies the Federal Reserve Bulletin and follows this simple rule: "Assume that the people at the Treasury and Federal Reserve are sane, patriotic Americans trying to do the best thing for the country. That way you can't go far wrong."

But the stock market is something else again. Because it's dominated largely by psychological factors, Nadler doesn't pretend he can predict its fluctuations with anything like scientific accuracy. But his guesses are still gospel to followers.

In 1937, when stocks were booming, Nadler threw out the remark that rising prices were based on false values and could be expected to nose-dive within a week or ten days. "That was good enough for me," one person said. "Next morning I advised my customers to unload several million dollars' worth of securities. Sure enough, the market went blewie within the week. That's how you build up a reputation in this business."

During the weeks following Pearl Harbor, Nadler was one of the few optimistic voices in Wall Street. The trend of stock prices was steadily downward but, in his lectures, Nadler maintained that this was only temporary and that they could be expected to rise soon.

"I decided then that Nadler was right and everybody else on the

Street was wrong," a member of a prominent securities house asserted. "I was only a minor employee in the firm, but I made a nuisance of myself advising everybody to buy and repeating what Nadler said. When the market went up, there was nothing they could do but make me a partner."

Recently gold stocks soared on the rumor that the United States was about to raise the price of gold. "I had some customers with several millions in Canadian and U. S. gold stocks," a Wall Street broker told me. "The problem was whether to sell while prices were high or to wait and maybe buy more." His customers wanted to hang on and the news from London, Paris and Switzerland backed them up. Before giving them his final advice he asked the Doc point blank if gold was going up. The Doc's answer was just as plain.



"Gold is not a Lydia Pinkham compound you take for anything that ails you," he said. "The only reason to raise the price of gold would be to fight deflation. The Government's main worry right now is to fight inflation. The last thing the Government would do is make people's money worth less, scare them into a spending splurge and discourage saving."

Nadler is no pedant. Unlike most economic professors, he is committed to no particular theory or point of view. He reduces economics to the tactics and strategy of survival in a complex and competitive world. This emphasis on survival comes naturally to one whose early life was a struggle for

existence against very great odds.

The son of a Jewish farmer in Austria, Nadler entered the University of Vienna at 16. After only a year there, he went into the army. He was wounded and captured in the Ukraine by the Cossacks, and forced to spend the next five years in Siberian prison camps.

After the Armistice he headed eastward toward America, landed here 30 years ago without money and wearing a pair of odd-size shoes he'd picked up in a Manchurian secondhand store. To learn English, Nadler, who has always had a phenomenal memory, learned a German-English dictionary by heart.

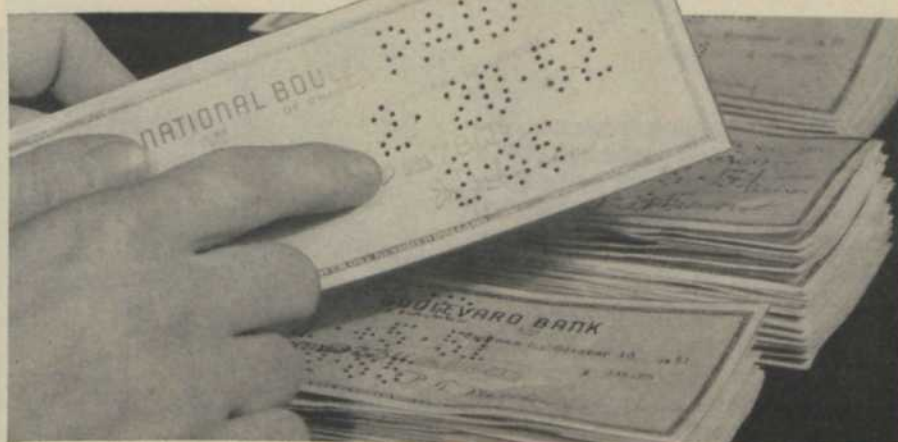
By working at night—swinging a pickaxe on a subway construction project, plucking chickens in a poultry market, sorting foreign mail in the New York Post Office, Nadler managed to squeeze a four-year economics course at Columbia University into a year and a half and win the confidence of Prof. H. Parker Willis, author of the Federal Reserve Act, who got him a job on the research staff in Washington. He was chief of the foreign division in 1927 when Dean John T. Madden asked him to join the teaching staff of N.Y.U.'s Graduate School.

In addition to his professorship, Nadler is research director of the Institute of International Finance, consultant to the Central Hanover Bank and The Texas Company, and a director of the United Merchant's Manufacturing Company, Inc., a textile combine that last year did a \$243,000,000 business. His income from any one of these part-time jobs is probably twice his professor's salary. He's had numerous offers of full-time jobs and some flattering invitations from other universities. But Nadler has no desire to leave N.Y.U. and his "Money Marketeers." "Where else could I get closer to my subject?" he asks.

As a teacher he couldn't get much closer to Wall Street. From the windows of his office on the third floor of the N.Y.U. Graduate School, Nadler has a spectacular view of the downtown skyscrapers behind a foreground of Trinity Church and its ancient cemetery.

"There's nothing like a graveyard to give you perspective on Wall Street," the Doc tells visitors who mill in and out through a doorway that is always left open. "When things go badly those headstones tell you: 'This, too, will pass.' And when you are tempted to get puffed up those same cold slates remind you how little you are and how quickly forgotten."

Best known trade-mark in America CAN YOU IDENTIFY IT?



It can cut labor cost up to 90% on your multiple marking!

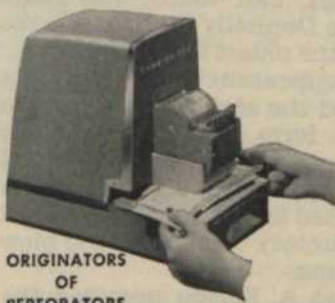
The holes you can read are the Cummins trade-mark—and have been since 1887 when Cummins perforating originated the fastest known method of permanent, ever-legible multiple marking.

Today, businessmen are learning the amazing cost-cutting that Cummins perforating brings. One chain store reports that with a \$1,000 investment (2 machine unit) Cum-

mins multiple marking does the work of five clerks, nets \$10,000 yearly payroll savings*.

If your business validates, approves, dates, receipts, numbers, codes or cancels invoices, purchase orders, shipping tickets, sales slips, coupons, labels or other internal papers, a Cummins Perforator can pay its cost many times over.

Get the facts, mail the coupon.



ORIGINATORS
OF
PERFORATORS

YOU CAN'T
ERASE A HOLE

IN BUSINESS AND BANKS SINCE 1887
Cummins

Cummins-Chicago Corp.

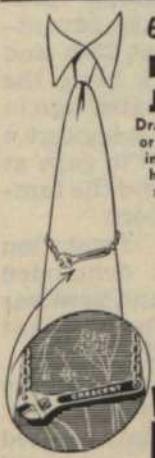
Cummins-Chicago Corp.
Chicago 40, Ill., Dept. NB-22

*I want proof and facts. Send me
Certified Gould Reports on several present users.



Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Clip and Attach to Your Letterhead Today



eye-catching INDUSTRIAL JEWELRY...

Dramatic miniatures of your products or trademark can now be reproduced in fine detail and incorporated into handsome, useful gifts by Bastian's skilled jewelry craftsmen. Hundreds of firms have already gained recognition by using this novel advertising idea on tie bars, key chains, money clips and cigarette lighters.

Excellent for salesman, jobbers, retail salesman, convention souvenirs. Send us your problem... we'll submit ideas and sketches without charge... also show you samples of Bastian specialties created for leading industries.

FREE SAMPLE

BASTIAN BROS. CO.
846 BASTIAN STREET
ROCHESTER 1, N. Y.

No Experience Needed To PRINT YOUR OWN POST CARDS

The GEM STENCIL DUPLICATOR saves money... gets results quickly! Hundreds of uses for every type of business and organization. We ship the GEM complete with all supplies, Guide Board for accurate printing and 60-page Book of Ideas at the special low price of only \$8.50 (a \$15.00 value).



Our
21st Year

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Use the GEM FREE at our expense! SEND NO MONEY. Write and complete GEM outfit will be sent you postpaid. After ten days, send us only \$8.50 or return the GEM. You must be satisfied! WRITE TODAY.

BOND EQUIPMENT CO. Dept. 45
6633 Enright • St. Louis 5, Mo.

That Business of the Sign

THE SIGN painting business, today a flourishing \$500,000,000 a year industry, goes back to the time when prehistoric man first daubed pictures on the wall of his cave. History records that the Egyptians used signs in 3000 B.C., and the Romans had them everywhere. Most of these were painted, with others carved from stone, but all served the same purpose they do today—to convey visual information.

Aristotle, the old Greek philosopher, included numerous references to signs in his writings; and the excavation of Pompeii uncovered many, most of them urging voters to end graft and corruption that had prevailed in that city.

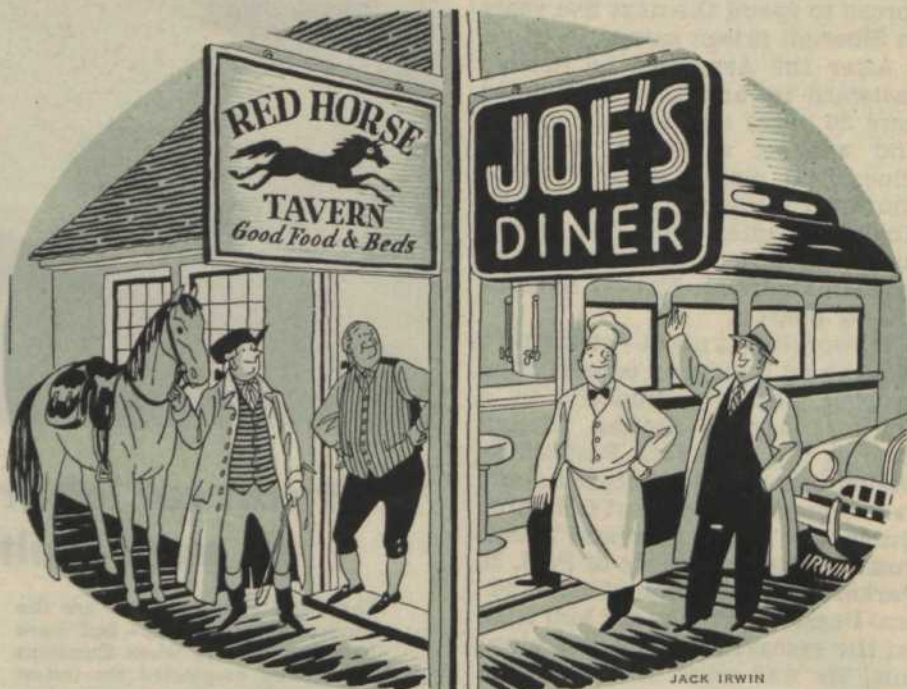
The introduction to Europe of movable type by Johann Gutenberg, the German printer, in 1450, gave new impetus to the early industry. By 1762, signs became so numerous in the narrow streets of London that Charles II had to decree that "all signs must be flat against the buildings." However, by this time visible representation was considered so important that no merchant would consider opening a new venture until his sign had been erected.

Introduction of "printing from stone" or lithography, in 1798, by the 27-year-old Bavarian, Aloys Senefelder, broadened the scope of the simple type-set poster, and allowed art posters to be reproduced in quantity at low cost.

Signs came to America with the seventeenth century colonists and the earliest record of their use was by Hugh Gunnison of Boston. A huge sign on the front of his inn told weary travelers that comfortable beds and good food were available.

The primitive symbol-type displays of ancient times returned to favor between 1850 and 1880, but in a greatly improved form. The cigar-store Indian, the "three golden balls" of the pawnbroker, and the red and white striped barber pole were prominently displayed.

In 1850, Jenny Lind gave her first concert in the United States, and a man named "Honest John" Donnelly ventured forth in Boston to



post his first bill for his first client, her promoter, the flamboyant P. T. Barnum. This was the founding of one of the earliest outdoor sign companies, and today, 102 years later, the Donnelly Company is reputedly the oldest in the industry.

The appearance of gaslights prompted the early sign makers to use this form of illumination so that displays could be read at night. They built rough signboards illuminated by gas but these proved unsatisfactory when the wind blew out the gas.

Thomas A. Edison provided the solution with his invention of the incandescent bulb.

In 1882, an Englishman, W. J. Hammer, constructed the first electric sign in London, and enterprising American theater promoters were quick to take advantage. Miner's Theater at 28th and Broadway in New York hung the first electrically illuminated sign in the United States and it became a sensation. People came to gape at this electrical wonder and the famous "White Way" was born.

As the industrial revolution gained momentum it demanded better visual displays, and here was the dividing line between ancient and modern sign making.

With the turn of the century the industry forged ahead rapidly. Signs were made from painted bulbs; next came the perforated

metal signs with letters punched in the face and the light behind. With the advent of the *flasher* which caused lights to go off and on automatically, the great spectacles, with thousands of moving lights, made their appearance.

The 1920's produced one of the greatest improvements when Georges Claude, French chemist, put neon gas to a commercial use. World War II, with its metal shortages and other restrictions, temporarily handicapped the industry but it proved to be a benefactor, for other materials were brought into use. One of these was plastics, now being used in many ways.

Several events helped boom the outdoor sign industry in the past 15 years. One has been the use of painted signs for outdoor boards which can be moved from location to location. This movement has greatly increased their demand and has been responsible for the marked improvement in their artistic quality. Another asset has been the use of large cutouts which protrude beyond the flat surface of the board, giving an advertisement a three dimensional appearance.

Today, the sign making industry consists roughly of three strata. The elite of the field, the electrical sign companies, produce quality signs, working with neon and other types of illumination re-

quiring special techniques. There are about 5,000 such firms employing 34,000 people and doing an annual volume of \$265,000,000. The middle group is the outdoor advertising companies which lease locations at strategic points. This field has about 1,500 companies, 15,000 employees, and an annual volume of \$125,000,000. And then there is the group consisting of commercial companies that paint signs, windows, showcards, etc., and quantity manufacturers who produce electric and nonelectric signs for mass outlets. This group has 6,000 companies with 20,000 employees and an annual volume of \$100,000,000.

And, with new techniques and improved materials coming out almost overnight, there is no telling what may hit the tourist's eye in the days ahead. One thing is for sure—it'll be eye-catching.

—JACK B. KEMMERER

Emcee to the Dog Stars

(Continued from page 49)

Unquestionably, fiscal greed or personal vanity is the mainspring in many an exhibitor's activity. But most of them, Foley prefers to believe, simply like their dogs: "Most of them can't understand why their dogs don't win, after all the nice things their friends say about them. If such an owner comes to me afterward, I tell her to visit other owners and handlers and ask them for a frank opinion. She usually returns to me and says: 'I suppose you're all quite right—I probably won't show my dog again—but I still think he's the nicest dog in the world.'"

Foley has heard of a man (Henry H. Stoecker of Holmdel, N. J.) turning down \$40,000 for a poodle (the late Rumpelstiltskin). Others have rejected variously fancy sums, and some obviously could have used the money. "Some," Foley admits, "were counting on fancy stud fees—though the dog might die a month later—but many times they just couldn't part with the dog."

Lest outsiders get the idea that dog owners give Foley more trouble than their dogs—which have been around him in approximately 4,000 shows without once taking a bite out of him—Foley thinks it is a toss-up. "People and dogs are pretty much alike," he has decided. "Some are smart and some are dumb. Dog or man, a lot depends on education and environment. But I must say some dogs are a lot smarter than a lot of people."



St. Regis Paper Co. put in an Alameda County branch plant in 1930, built plant pictured here in 1947.

St. Regis Paper Company finds EXTRA PROFITS in a MOA* location

**Straight-Line Production,
Distribution Savings,
Skilled Labor are
Important Factors**



R. G. SWAIN
Pacific Coast Mgr.

"St. Regis Paper Company's Metropolitan Oakland Area plant is a key factor in making 1951 a record-breaking year for the company—both for sales volume and profits," says R. G.

Swain, Pacific Coast Manager.

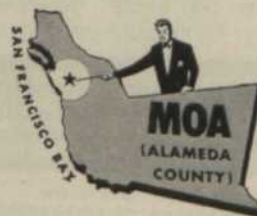
"For most of our customers, this area is at least a day closer by rail and miles

closer by truck than any other location we considered.

"Labor supply is excellent. Mild climate all year, and availability of acreage sites, permitted us single-story operation when we built our new San Leandro plant. This plant is a model for efficient, straight-line operation and high productivity. We have ample room for the future expansion we look for in this great market."

Shipping time and cost savings... labor supply... larger share of the market... good working climate—no matter which combination of these profit-making factors you demand—you'll find it in a Metropolitan Oakland location. Investigate today.

*MOA stands for Metropolitan Oakland Area—includes all of Alameda County. 50,000 acres of level property in rural and semi-rural areas offer wide variety of sites conforming to Government's desire for industrial dispersal. Plants with from 5,000 to 115,000 sq. ft. available for sale or lease.



★ FREE Book Gives You the Facts

"Why They Chose Metropolitan Oakland", a 16-page book outlining the profit-making opportunities 228 national firms find in this area, is yours for the asking. Write today, in strictest confidence.

**MOA METROPOLITAN OAKLAND AREA
CALIFORNIA**
Suite 202 • 427 THIRTEENTH STREET • OAKLAND 12, CALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA • ALBANY • BERKELEY • EMERYVILLE • HAYWARD • LIVERMORE
OAKLAND • PIEDMONT • PLEASANTON • SAN LEANDRO • RURAL ALAMEDA COUNTY

Chrysler Airtemp Comfort Zone



For Healthful
Year 'Round Living
Air Conditioning
Heating

Solid comfort—every month of the year—is yours with Chrysler Airtemp Climate. Just imagine, you can install a Year 'Round Air Conditioner in your home that will automatically keep indoor temperatures within the "Comfort Zone." This model heats in winter and cools in summer, yet the cost is surprisingly low. Or, if your present furnace, regardless of make, is a forced air type, you can have a "Packaged" cooling unit added for summer comfort. Ask your nearby dealer about the entire line of Chrysler Airtemp "Comfort Zone" products for home, business and industry. Or mail in coupon direct.

There is a Chrysler Airtemp product or system to control indoor climate the year 'round— heating or cooling—in one room or an entire building—Residential, Commercial, Industrial.

AIRTEMP DIVISION
OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
DAYTON 1, OHIO

Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation
Dayton 1, Ohio NB 2-52
Please send me information about Chrysler
Airtemp ☐ "Comfort Zone" Air Conditioning
☐ Heating

Name _____ Phone _____
Address _____ Zone _____ State _____
City _____

SEE THE
YELLOW PAGES FOR THE
NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Back to School to Retire

(Continued from page 46)

by the time I wake up the day'll be half over." He owned a house, and "anyone with a house of his own always has something to do." He intended to move permanently into what he uses as a summer place, so for the rest of his life he'd just do more of the same things as he now does on vacations.

"I don't think it's hard to ac-custom yourself to retirement," Charlie declared. "After all, you have it now for a month each year."

But when one of Charlie's co-workers parried his retirement-is-just-like-vacation pronouncement with "Say, on my vacations I spend my time resting and I can't go on doing that the rest of my life"; when another commented dryly, "A long week end can be a lost week end," the chances are that seeds for a more fruitful autumn of life were planted somewhere in Charlie's mind.

The meetings are a happy blend of informality and dignity. All the participants get placards with their names and wooden stands in which to place these. Each, also, has a looseleaf notebook cover, to be filled, before the series ends, with reprints of magazine articles, a geriatric diet for "beyond middle

age," and reproductions of the charts and pictures shown in the course of the meetings.

In any typical cross section of the Bayonne refinery's employes, of course, rank-and-file workers outnumber executives and technicians. So, although the men sit about a great table like so many directors, some are in soiled work-clothes, many in soft shirts, and only a few in business suits.

Perched casually on a smaller table, Pierson talks. Tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking, he has an easy man-to-man manner. Having come to employ relations work by way of a chemical engineering degree from Yale and two decades in production, he has no white-collar detachment from dockmen, pipe fitters, riggers and machinists. He calls the men "fellows." They call him "Mort."

Announced in advance is a set of topics: "What is retirement—what does it mean and what do we expect to get out of it?," "Your health in aging," "Financial planning, and the best use of time," "What other Esso employes have done in retirement," and "What do we plan to do ourselves?"

Within this framework, the free-for-all discussion, Pierson's talks



"Be seeing you"

and displays, the doctor's informal lecture and the actuary's explanations converge over and over again on the single basic theme: Plan now to make your retirement meet your needs.

At the first get-acquainted meeting, retirement is discussed as a kind of graduation, with freedom to do as you please, freedom from routine, and an assured independent income. Maturity's gains in skill, wisdom, a place in the community and economic security are also gone over. Then comes the warning, which is to be repeated so often and in so many ways throughout the series, that these assets are not enough unless they are used to meet those basic needs of feeling active and useful, of having a sense of importance and achievement. To make things quite clear, there's a chart with the needs listed as column headings and with blank spaces for "your own plans." By checking the needs filled by each plan—growing prize dahlias, moving to Florida, buying a farm, or whatnot—a man can see at a glance how well he is preparing himself for the job of leaving his job.

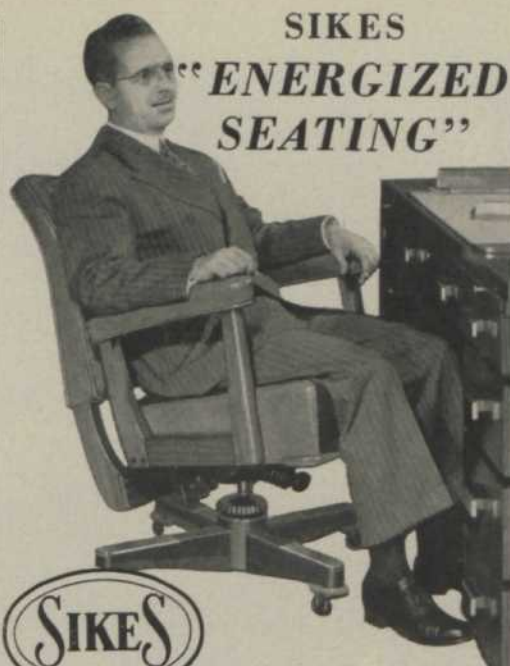
Rotund, jovial Ted Mahaley, at a first session, was hell-bent on raising chickens. By the last session, he wasn't so sure. Although Pierson played those chickens for all they were worth as a concrete project meeting some needs, he would inject cautionary remarks like "Of course if, like Ted, you're going in for raising chickens, you'll talk first to the guys who know about things like that," or "chickens can get a lot of diseases." The group reinforced him.

"It's a lot of work to keep chickens," one man warned.

Someone talked about a fellow he knew who had a mink farm. "Minks are good," Pierson said thoughtfully, "but they sure do die in a hurry." You could almost see the dollar bills being saved from going down the drain.

At the second meeting, the doctor presides. By a question and answer method which gives the men a chance to participate, he gets across ways in which one may take care of himself in the later years. Its whole tone is, "You need to be sensible and moderate, and sure, things happen to you as you grow older, but medicine has lots to help."

It brought a laugh when "Doc" demonstrated elderly inability to adjust vision. "Some men say they still see fine. So I say, 'Well, read this.' They read it, all right—like this," and he held out a book at



This Sikes Executive Chair (X135) has the patented "Fixed-Floating" seat and contoured back, insuring restful support in any position . . . with feet comfortably on the floor even when leaning back! It also has exclusive reverse spring action and simple customized controls that practically mould the chair to your build and height. In handsome walnut and genuine leather.

Write for name of nearest dealer.

THE SIKES COMPANY, Inc.
34 Churchill St. Buffalo 7, N.Y.

A New Experience in SIT-ABILITY

"Energized Seating", as developed by Sikes, brings you entirely new all-day working comfort . . . conserves your energy and minimizes fatigue! You get these benefits involuntarily.

Overcomes This . . .

. . . fatigue-creating nerve pressure and numbness under the knees caused by feet flying off the floor when you lean back.



ACTION of the body muscles keeps the body fit the EXERCYCLE® way

ADVERTISED
AMERICAN MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATIONS

Yes, the best proof of how well Exercycle helps take inches off the waistline are the tens of thousands of pleased users of Exercycle.

Unlike any other home exerciser you have ever known. An altogether new experience—

pleasantly gives beneficial motions of horseback riding, rowing, swimming, cycling.

Gives body action where it needs it most.

Improves your entire tone; helps regularity disturbed by sedentary living.

If you want to get that waistline down, if you feel "loggy" from lack of exercise, you'll love Exercycle. A great husband and wife treat. Used by many physicians. Mail coupon for illustrated booklet—free.



Electrically Operated
Vibrationless and Silent
Designed for Home Use

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

EXERCYCLE CORPORATION, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me your illustrated brochure (free)

NB2-52

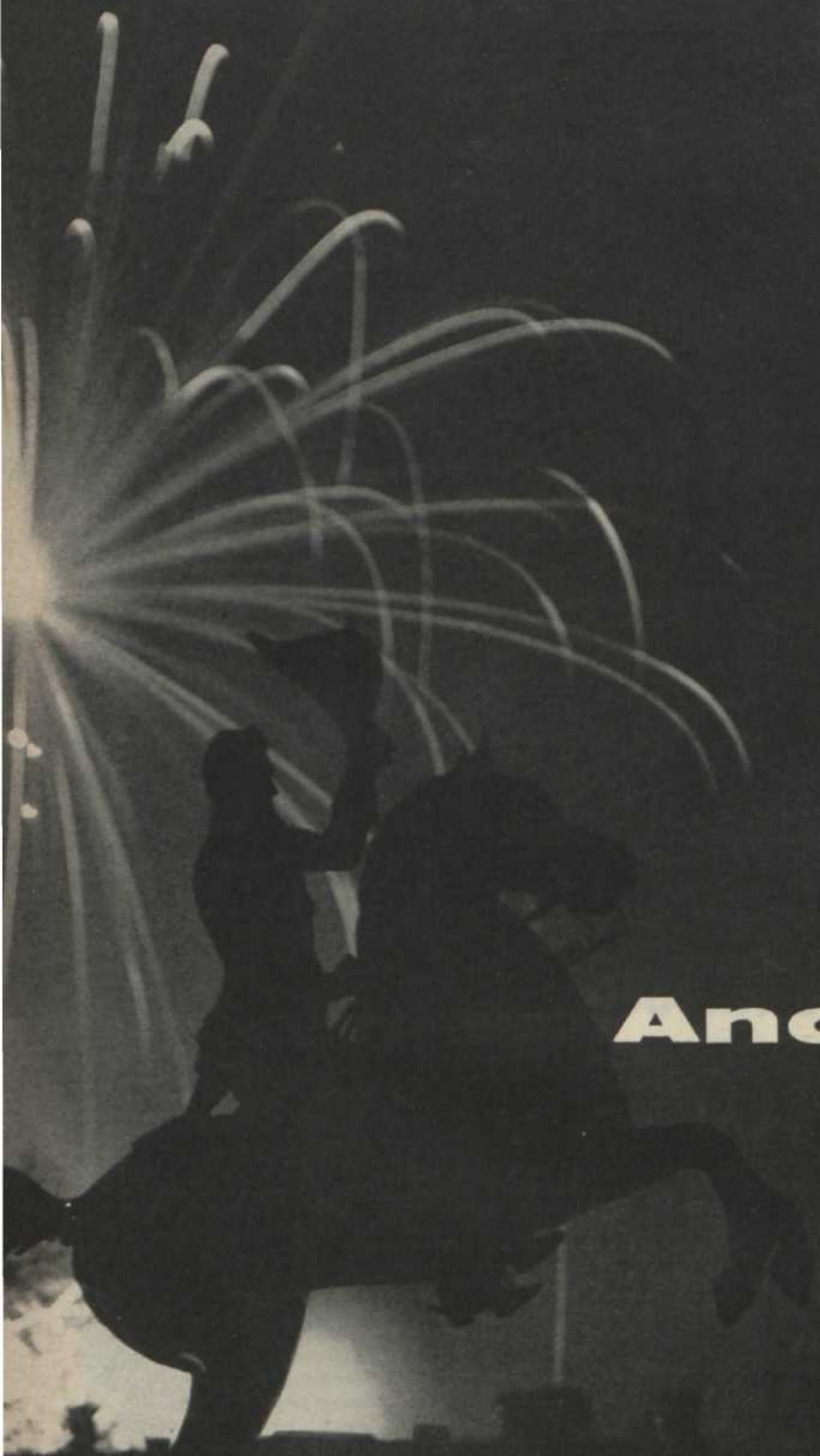
Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
Address _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

City _____

Zone _____

State _____



Andy says

Old Andy Jackson sits there in Washington's Lafayette Square right across from The Chamber. Day and night he watches an army of business specialists put in a lot of hours for you and all American businessmen.

From A to Z, almost . . . every branch of business has its corps of special talent. Here's *Agriculture . . . Construction and Civic Development . . . Domestic Distribution . . . Finance . . . Foreign Commerce . . . Insurance . . . Manufacturing . . . Natural Resources . . . Transportation and Communication . . .* all representative departments of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Add on a host of special committees, counsel and other Chamber services and you have a truly amazing organization, built by business to serve business.

But The Chamber goes even further in its usefulness to businessmen. For here is an extraordinary business communications center . . . tapping 3,155 local chambers and trade associations, thousands of top executives all over the country. Where, anywhere, such a "party-line" for business to speak and be heard? Where so potent a force for good government, good citizenship and good business?

they come in handy

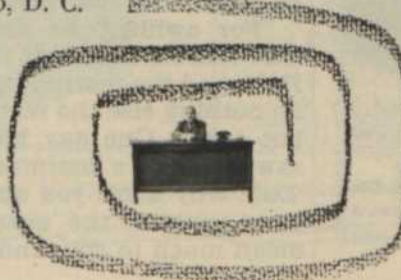
Who else could publish a Nation's Business? Who else could give you so broad a panorama of business? Who else could know your reading needs as intimately, answer them so completely?

Any wonder almost \$100,000 comes to us every week from businessmen eager to buy the next 36 issues of Nation's Business at \$18 per subscription?

And who else, while we're at it, can offer you so mighty a market for business goods and services . . . *three-quarters of a million businessmen* like yourself reading Nation's Business every month!

NATION'S BUSINESS, a general magazine for businessmen,
Washington 6, D. C.

TD 3045 3P



mass coverage of business management

Year in and year out
you'll do well with the
HARTFORD



—all forms of fire, marine
and casualty insurance and
fidelity and surety bonds.

See your Hartford agent
or insurance broker

**HARTFORD FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY**

**HARTFORD ACCIDENT
AND INDEMNITY COMPANY**

**HARTFORD LIVE STOCK
INSURANCE COMPANY**

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

Over Half of All
Top-Rated Firms
Use "Speed Sweep"



*Sweeps
cleaner-faster
Outlasts ordinary
brushes 3 to 1!*

Write for styles,
sizes and prices.

M D MILWAUKEE DUSTLESS BRUSH CO.
530 N. 22 STREET, MILWAUKEE 2, WISCONSIN

arm's length. But, he explained, the poorer vision that comes with aging is correctible with glasses. Often decreased ability to hear is correctible, too. A new operation, just a puncture, during which the patient is conscious, often relieves deafness.

The doctor warned of the dangers of getting fat, and of the accidents more likely to occur when you become less sure on your feet. The men were most interested in his explanations and diagrams of hearts and blood pressure.

"It's common to get a pain in the chest from walking fast," he explained. "In fact, it happens to one man in ten more than 50. But it's not a disease and it doesn't mean that the heart is bad. It's just asking too much of a normal heart."

Equally reassuring were the facts he gave about the possibility of recovering from a heart attack. Yearly examinations, he emphasized, are important. Even if you felt all right, things might be caught which were just beginning.

At the third meeting, an actuary explained the firm's pension plan and the benefits to which retiring employees are entitled. Charts were distributed which each man could fill in for himself to calculate his retirement income. Pierson reemphasized that income wasn't the whole story; that there must be something to retire to.

"I'll tell you what some people have done," he said. "You fellows all remember that big, dark-haired foreman Nick, don't you? Now let's see how well what Nick worked out for himself fits into the chart. He was born in Russia, and had a lot of Russian friends in New York. Well, Nick had gone to Florida every winter, and he thought about moving there permanently when he'd retire. But he realized if he did, he wouldn't be able to see his friends, because he couldn't afford houses in two places. So this is what he does: November to March, he rents an apartment in Florida, which he can pay for because the rest of the year he raises truck, near enough to New York so he can still play cards and drink tea with the old-country crowd."

In contrast to the wisely planning Nick, Pierson offered the story of John, who had driven a truck.

"For awhile," he said, "John's wife said he wasn't fit to live with. He'd read the morning paper, then do nothing else the rest of the day but snarl. One day his daughter saw an ad for a doorman, and said, 'Dad, why don't you apply? With your pension, the money doesn't mean much to you, and at least it

will get you in the air.' John's wife says he's a changed man; he gets such a kick out of his job that he doesn't want to come home. He talks to people. He wears a uniform with big brass buttons."

"He feels important!" one of the men contributed.

"But anybody who had been in a high-up job, couldn't very well be a doorman," another commented. "What would his friends think if they saw him?"

"You're right, it all depends on the individual," Pierson answered. "That's why I don't say, you do this and you do that."

At the final meeting, each man has a chance to tell what he intends to do, and whether the series of discussions has given him any new ideas. A short, round-faced, swarthy grayhead who had sat silent throughout most of the meetings summed up the whole value of the series when he popped out with: "I never had no thought before what I'd do, because when you're young you don't think. But some of these things we've talked about here have got me started thinkin'."

One fixed notion which has to

"No nation in the world, large or small, has not benefited because there is a United States founded on principles of human liberty and individual freedom."

—John L. Collyer

be continually undermined is that money solves all problems. When Pierson first put the question, "What do we all need?" there was a half-serious, half-joking chorus of "More money." When, well along in the meetings, he began a thought with "Money doesn't mean everything . . ." he was interrupted by such a hubbub he had to exclaim "Let me finish!"

"One thing we want to get across is what else you need to make you happy," he continued quietly.

The elementary manner in which the program is presented does not destroy its value for the minority of higher-ups because its matter is so fundamental, its truths equally applicable for laborers and executives. True, the simplification of complexities, the comic strip techniques of the visual aids, the repetitiousness, are geared so that nothing will be beyond the comprehension of any of the old-timers. But although ex-

ecutives and technicians, accustomed to abstract thinking and verbalization, may not require a chart to appreciate their needs, they have these needs.

One problem which never comes up in the discussions is having to reconcile the men to the idea of being retired. Contrary to everything which has been said or written on the subject during the past few years, they have no feeling of being "shelved" or "scrapped" or "kicked out" by industry. What's more, against the general union trend to have the retirement age raised, the Bayonne refinery's union is for lowering it. Pierson doesn't have to hand out rose-colored spectacles to the men about to quit working. Quite the opposite.

Exactly why the attitude of participants in Esso's project overturns so many common beliefs is anybody's guess. Perhaps, Pierson says, the generous pension plan accounts for it—50-66 per cent of wages at 65, about 40 per cent less with the voluntary retirement more than half the employees elect at 60. Or perhaps it is something peculiar to the oil industry, since Socony Vacuum's people tend to retire before they must, too. Or perhaps the eagerness to quit work springs from the lack of personal satisfaction in monotonous, manual jobs.

But these exist in other industries too, so it may be that the postulations one reads about how people look on compulsory retirement, are made by brain workers like sociologists, social workers, geriatricians, and for that matter union leaders. Perhaps these people have theorized about others on the basis of their own attitudes about their own work, so interesting, stimulating and enjoyable that they have no desire to quit it. Perhaps the evidence coming out of the discussions in Bayonne is the first straight stuff about most workers!

In any case the program has implications far beyond its benefits to individuals in one relatively small plant, or even its projected extension to other Esso refineries. It may lead to a reexamination of satisfactions in work, or to influencing the community into making a more genuine place for its aging, or to preparation for retirement which begins in early youth. But this is speculation. The facts right now are that one industry's humane and intelligent preparation of its workers for a future apart from it has inspiration, revelation and horse sense for anyone who wants to retire wisely and well.

See INDUSTRIAL MIAMI ON PARADE MAR. 7 thru 16



3rd ANNUAL GREATER MIAMI MANUFACTURERS' EXPOSITION

DINNER KEY EXPOSITION HALL

Buyers...Manufacturers...Investors...

See some of the world's finest merchandise, all made in Miami's smokeless, sunlit factories...displayed in a great exposition providing ample proof that light industry thrives on Miami's ideal production, living and working conditions!

PHOTOS, FACTS, FIGURES on Miami's unique advantages to new industrial enterprises are contained in a new brochure going to press soon. If you'd like a copy when completed, write: Dept. of Information, Room 304, City Hall, Miami, Florida.

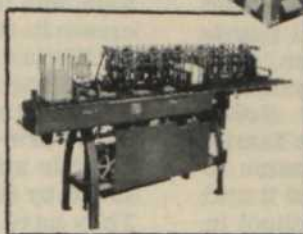
SPONSORED BY DADE COUNTY AND THE CITY OF MIAMI, FLORIDA

Keep Pace with Mailing Progress with the

INSERTING & MAILING MACHINE

ASSOCIATED HOSPITAL SERVICE

of N. Y. C. is one of the many great business institutions from coast to coast using the Inserting and Mailing Machine. Here's what they say: "The Machine exceeded our greatest expectations. It is speedy and saves us a great deal of money. We started with one and found it so efficient that we ordered two more..."



Outmoded Mailing Methods Can Steal The Shirt Off Your Back

The only way to control mounting mass mailing costs is to increase efficiency. Compensate for higher clerical wages and manpower shortages by using more efficient mailing methods. Save time, money and effort with the productive Inserting and Mailing Machine. It's fast as greased lightning, makes no errors, does the work of 12 to 20 clerks.

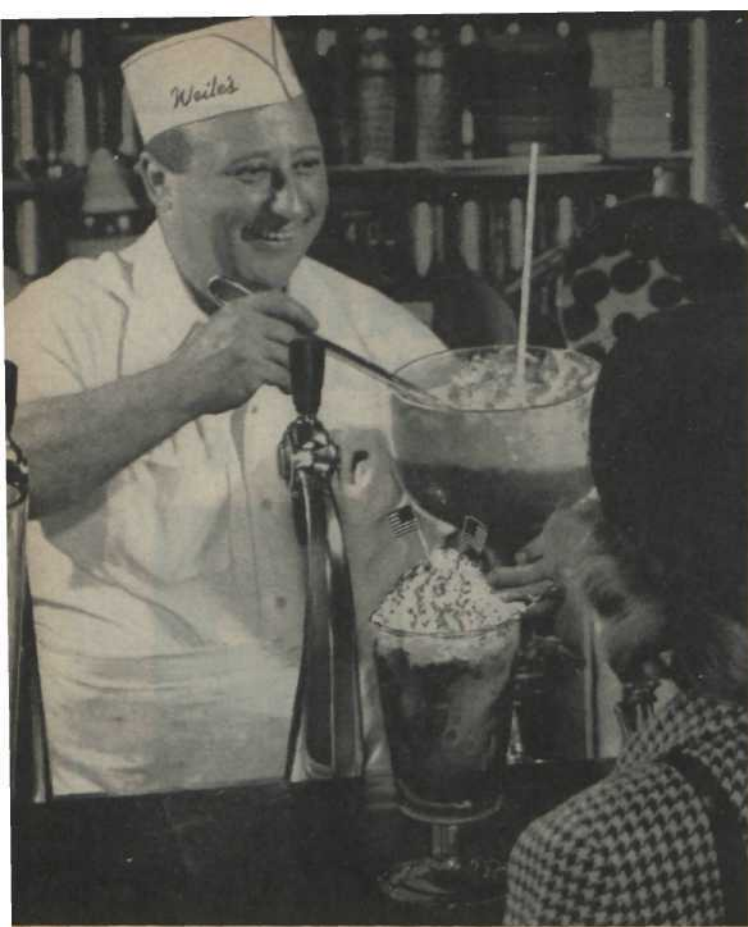
Push Button Mailgineering; 25,000 mailings (6 enclosures each) require 96 man hours if done by hand. One Inserting and Mailing Machine, one operator, can slash that to 5 or 6 hours.

see a test run of YOUR mailing
and CUT 4/5ths OFF YOUR MAILING COSTS!

Send a sample set of one of your mailings, including inserts and envelope, also quantity usually mailed. We will advise you where and when Test Run will be made so you may observe it.

INSERTING & MAILING MACHINE COMPANY, PHILLIPSBURG, NEW JERSEY

GATHERS ENCLOSURES INSERTS INTO ENVELOPE SEALS ENVELOPE PRINTS POSTAGE INDICIA COUNTS & STACKS



Artist Behind the Soda Bar

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN

ICE CREAM, as a people's delight, never had it so good as the day Eric Weile got to messing around with six bushels of unwanted cantaloupes

CALCULATED chaos in ice cream, combined with gallons of gorgeous goo, is the formula that has made Eric Weile perhaps the top peddler of exotic concoctions in the national capital. He swears ice cream will cure everything but obesity which, considering his own figure, he does not list as an evil. He is the self-avowed mad genius of the soda jerks. At Weile's (pronounced Viley's) ice cream parlor, you find an eating establishment just as profitably eccentric as any of the food fun houses of Hollywood.

Senators and representatives put aside their cares of state and shoulder their way into this political sanctuary with their visiting constituents. Weile's offers far more than safety; it offers the biggest and, some say, the best, ice cream concoctions to be found anywhere. Half-gallon sundaes? Gallon sodas? Routine stuff. Take the "Smorgasbord Sundae" as a starter. It consists of three generous scoops of ice cream (your choice of 20 flavors) garnished with any one, any combination, or all of 16 different toppings, plus fresh fruits, hot syrups, colored sugars and whipped cream. It sells for 65 cents. And, if you wish, you can put it together yourself.

With such imaginative showmanship, Weile a year ago soundly drubbed all competitors for the eastern regional championship sponsored annually by a paper cup manufacturer. The competition is keen to make the most unique, flavorful and eye-compelling soda fountain concoction of the year. Weile, who seriously considers himself an artist rather than a soda jerk, won easily on all points with his creation known as "The Killer Diller."

Eric Weile was born in 1907 in Hanover, Germany. He went through the *Technische Handelshochschule* in prewar Berlin and thence into the family cellulose acetate business in Holland. He came to the United States in 1936 for a vacation, liked it and promptly signed for the Americanization School in Washington.

When Weile got out of the Americanization School, he had about \$5,000 and a yen to create

something. A man who loves to eat well, he looked around Washington and reasoned that somewhere between chicken cacciatori and cheeseburgers, a man was bound to find his niche.

He opened a luncheonette, but it languished. He kept straying over to his soda fountain with a fondly bemused look. One day, Weile was telephoning his order for fruits and vegetables. He ordered just six cantaloupes. He got six bushels of cantaloupes. He had to sell the melons on a sluggish market or take a fair-sized loss, a procedure to which Weile is basically antipathetic.

The way he got off the hook could be termed a classic in salesmanship. "The Cantaloupe Sky-scraper," at 85 cents a copy, is made of half a cantaloupe filled with a huge glob of vanilla ice cream studded with fresh strawberries. This is then surmounted by two bananas in an arch, surrounded with whipped cream and red cherries. Different colored sugars add an insane flair which is the Weile touch. Over all this there perches, somewhat anticlimactically, a small colored paper parasol. This radiant vision sold so fast and so unexpectedly that he had to reorder on the fruits.

Such a spectacular achievement convinced him that elaborate, showy pieces would sell. His future as an entrepreneur of ice cream architecture was begun.

The soda bar became an attraction, not just for kids, but for adults who had never had enough ice cream in their childhood. They make up 80 per cent of Weile's trade, ranging from young "steadies" simpering over a "Love Boat" for two, to grandparents who have earned their well padded paunches with "The Rembrandt" or "The Lighthouse."

Weile still creates behind his own fountain, assisted by his wife, Helen, and his brother, Heinrich. They have a staff of ten who take their jobs as seriously as dedicated acolytes. More than 500 customers are served a day.

When Weile's wife helps out on busy nights it is

not unusual to see one-year-old Spencer (for Spencer Tracy) Girard (for another brother) Weile sitting contentedly in a large dishpan with ladles of ice cream handy to eat or smear in his hair with infantile impartiality and contentment.

Weile dreams up his creations from glamorous names that appeal to him, or as a result of simple evolution. An old stand-by may be modified; for example, to avoid duplication at the same table with 20 people ordering the same dish. That is one reason why Eric, Helen and Heinrich command such respect from their customers.

But Weile's heart is in the future. Next Valentine's Day, he aspires to the ultimate pinnacle, beyond which no soda jerk can go, the annual national championship of soda fountain artists. Eric would rather win that competition than anything else.

He will compete with a concoction that is under wraps and known only by the operational code name of "The Lincoln Memorial." It is, of course, top secret.

AS HIS fame spreads Weile finds his responsibilities increasing. Recently he and Heinrich were called on to entertain and provide gallons of goo to some 250 Korean war veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. They cheerfully bore the cost and plan to repeat the performance as often as the patients can take it.

Profit is a minor item with Weile striving for artistic effect, gustatory delight and plaintively hoping he will not actually lose money on a dish. He double asterisks "The Strawberry Princess Cup" on his menu as follows: "***To be seen, not explained."

Then there is another item, a six-quart soda called "The Thing," which is bought by two to four customers who happily suck away on it together. Weile has had to have special straws made for this one which are somewhat reminiscent of the "Little Inch" pipeline. Long and sturdy, they will suck up a strawberry without clogging.

Various toys and favors also are used to decorate the concoctions. These ornaments cost Weile more than \$2,500 a year and take such forms as small bamboo junks, paper parasols and fans, glazed pottery, miniatures of the Pekin horses, tiny tennis rackets for sportive numbers, and, for the highly sophisticated, little volcanoes for a sundae called "The Last Days of Pompeii," which comes to the table erupting fire from flaming rum.

For all his flamboyance, Weile is

a shrewd showman who loves ice cream just as a medium of self expression. The serving of these gargantuan dishes brings in a gross of more than \$100,000 a year. Of this, he nets somewhere in the neighborhood of \$22,000. His customers consume 20,000 gallons of ice cream a year, or seven times the average soda fountain consumption. Per day they eat, among other items, two and a half bushels of bananas, roughly 30 pounds of frozen fresh fruits, and a couple of gallons of hot fudge.

The Weiles publish and mail their own magazine, *Weile's Gazette*, which has a circulation of 3,000. It contains recipes, jokes and the kind of homely philosophy which is a combination of Edgar Guest and Dorothy Dix.

DURING the tourist season many sight-seeing buses make Weile's a stop on their itinerary. He made such a hit on Don McNeil's Breakfast Club (one of his eight TV appearances) that the members of a couple of sororities in Chicago still have him as an annual must while in Washington. In this way they can both look at and eat the "Washington Monument." The edible monument is a supersundae made in a glass more than a foot high and six inches in diameter. The sundae is of ten different flavors of ice cream garnished by walnuts, chocolate syrup and marshmallow.

In an obelisk rising from this are two erect bananas bedizened with red, white and blue powdered cream, the whole topped by an American flag.

A strong believer in international good will, Weile also has had made a new glass permitting a creation called "The Eiffel Tower"—a huge soda in a deep glass surmounted by a sundae in a flaring bowl on top. It will sell at better than \$1. With showmanship, big servings, special cups, bowls, glasses, straws and gimmicks, price has become no object among the customers.

Six senators are known to be habitués, one even driving eight miles to his biweekly session in sugary dissipation. None, however, cared to see his name in print, feeling, perhaps, that his opponent in 1952 might take to flinging saucy aspersions about a lawmaker whose secret passion is a "Hot Butterscotch Triumph," a "Pink Elephant" or a "Happy Pear Confection."

Weile did not seem to mind their aloofness. At \$100,000 a year he can afford to be magnanimous.

FLORIDA

Florida ranks third in the nation in reforestation. From these productive forests come 16 million gallons of turpentine and rosin per year. Eight pulp and paper mills produced 1,320,000 tons of pulp in 1950 worth over 165 million dollars.

Business and industry are discovering new opportunities as Florida's forests continue to grow.



Fabulous
Florida
COOL IN SUMMER • WARM IN WINTER

If you are interested in going into business in Florida, write us, stating type of business. We will send you helpful booklet on Florida's Fast-Growing Markets.

STATE OF FLORIDA
3106F Commission Building, Tallahassee

Here's the MISSOURI Story...

PACKED WITH
OPPORTUNITY
FOR THE
INDUSTRIALIST
SEEKING NEW
PLANT
LOCATIONS

These Valuable
Location Aids...
...Are Yours
for the Asking!

Confidential Surveys
Available Buildings List
(Revised Every 90 Days)
New Series of Industrial
Maps.
Special Reports

In addition to the Maps and Buildings List, Missouri will make confidential surveys and special reports that can pin-point markets, location sites and transportation facilities, as they apply to your particular location problem. Missouri will be glad to initiate such reports...in cooperation with men from your own staff if you wish.

All — or any one — of these services are available to you NOW. Write, wire or call.

1-20

MISSOURI DIVISION OF RESOURCES and DEVELOPMENT
Dept. B-29
Jefferson City, Mo.

REZNOR

world's largest-selling
GAS UNIT HEATER

PAGE FROM
EXECUTIVE'S
NOTEBOOK

SUSPENDED OR
FLOOR TYPE

REZNOR SAVINGS

Lower fuel cost
Lower installation cost
More efficiency
No fireman
Lower maintenance
No boilers
No fuel lines
No installation
No venting

COMPLETELY
AUTOMATIC
HEAT

GET
CATALOG

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO.
23 UNION ST., MERCER, PENNA.
Send me 20-page catalog in full color

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The Story of a Country Mile

(Continued from page 38)

the farmer, assured him that he'd get a square deal from the state, and sent the crew through.

It wasn't always that simple. The route also went through the living room of C. M. Hunt's farm house, for example. Months of palaver were required to straighten that out. The state paid Hunt \$7,500 and stood the \$3,000 bill for moving the house, but Adkins spent many patient hours with Hunt, helping him choose a new homesite.

Sometimes the state bought up everything. They gave William H. Harrison the lump sum of \$11,000 for his house and some land. They auctioned off the house, and Harrison bought it for \$3,625, paid \$600 to have it moved, and \$1,400 for a new foundation. Net profit, \$5,375.

Close on the heels of the clearing crew came the men to lay the drainage pipes where the embankments would be. Then came the grader teams, the men and equipment who really do the work. Burton sent in two of these teams. They differ only in one major respect.

EACH team operates three great tractor-drawn scrapers. Construction men call them "pans," as a natural evolution from the pan-shaped scraper one man used to operate behind a mule. These big steel earth-movers, with wheels as tall as a man, can scrape up and hold seven to ten yards of loose rock or dirt. They can be hauled by either rubber-tired or track-laying tractors. One team uses Caterpillar D-8's, a track-laying job, for power, and the other DW-10's, a tractor, for speed.

Each team has a plow, a steel frame with three big, shiny, steel teeth which bite down three feet into the ground, and a Cat to pull it. Each has a bulldozer, which smooths the dirt after the pan dumps it, and each has a steel roller, tractor-drawn, studded with knobs. This is called a sheep's-foot roller after the Scotsman who, years ago, packed dirt with a herd of sheep.

Finally, the team which uses the wheeled tractors to pull its pans has a pusher, a big Cat which bumps the pan from behind to get it started the same way you give a stalled car a push.

So here's the way the team works. With or without the pusher,

the pan scrapes up a load at the top of the hill, takes it to the bottom, where it dumps it. The bulldozer smooths the dirt, and the roller rolls it. By now the other two pans are in operation, loading, dumping, loading, dumping, from 6 a.m. 'til 6:30 p.m., with a half-hour for lunch.

Let's take a ride on one of these big pans. Here comes Herbert Jones, driving a D-8 and we climb aboard. There are two brake pedals, one for each track, and two levers for clutches, one for each track. There's a hand throttle, and a gear-shift lever—six speeds forward, four reverse. So much for the Cat. Now, at his right shoulder, so that he has to turn sideways to work them, Jones has the levers which control the pan—one to raise and lower the scraper, another to dump.

We creep along the steep bank of a hillside. Below, almost straight down, there's a rocky little creek. Above there's the stumpy hill top.

The scraper thumps down and



we start to load. Jones has to guide the tractor, give it more or less gas, and jiggle the scraper to get as big a bite as possible without stalling. We look behind, and see the dirt piling up in the pan the way slivers of wood curl up from a carpenter's plane. Once loaded, we clank down-grade to the fill.

This was a short haul on a steep grade. The power of the D-8 was needed. Now let's move on to the other team. They're working on a

long haul, filling in a valley 100 yards long with dirt from a long, steep hill. Big rubber-tired DW-10's haul the pans down a long, S-shaped curve. The emphasis here is on speed, for the DW-10 can make a round trip while the D-8 is just getting started.

One of the monsters roars up in a cloud of dust, and we climb aboard. Jack Woods, the driver, is a grinning kid. His DW-10 has a steering wheel, but he must still turn around to work the pan's controls. We get in position, the pusher comes up behind and we're loaded. We start downhill.

Frankly, all this talk about speed leaves you a little cold. You're inclined to think that 18 miles an hour, this vehicle's maximum speed, is nothing to get excited about until you try it.

The big diesel roars and dust swirls. Wood bounces up and down like a pile driver. You hook one arm around a stanchion, another around something else, and one foot over the tool box. The first curve looms up and the Cat tries to turn over. You look up at Woods, who does this 12 hours a day, and grin. On the next curve it's more of the same—only faster.

Wood puts the Cat in high! You feel the inside wheels start to raise, and you think of those tons behind you. Then the machine straightens itself out and you're in the last lap. We spread the dirt, turn on a dime, and start back up the hill again.

WE GO over and talk to Harry Glover, the foreman, about these pan operators. He can't keep them, he says. They work a few months, then move on. A good man can get up to \$2.50 an hour, on the big cost-plus jobs. But it isn't only the money. There's a fascination about it.

Glover points over to a nice-looking young chap in a white shirt. "Look at him, now. He's an operator up in Virginia. He's got a day off, so he came down here to watch us work."

The young chap, Skip Horsley, grins and admits it. He is quite famous in the company these days, incidentally. Just a few weeks before, barreling along, he hit a bump and the whole thing hurtled over the embankment.

It turned over in the air and landed with a terrible crunch, wheels up, far below.

Horsley? He was thrown clear.

"I honestly don't know what happened," he says seriously. "All I can say is God must have picked me up by the seat of the pants and pulled me out of there."

There were no serious accidents on Project 4151, but there were plenty near misses. One time Harry Glover just missed being crushed by one of the big pans.

"I had to go sit down," Glover said. "All of a sudden I just couldn't stand up."

One day James Parsons, a bulldozer man, looked down at his tool box to see a copperhead snake. He promptly took off over the side.

THERE are plenty of snakes through the countryside, and they seem to like noise and activity. When a concrete-pouring gang, pouring a culvert, finished up and started moving out, they found a half-dozen black snakes under the concrete mixer.

Incidentally, though there was plenty of culvert work on this job, you'd never know it to drive over the finished road. One in particular is composed of three concrete tunnels, each so big you could drive a truck through it. Taking all safety factors and flood stages into consideration, however, the roof of the culvert need be only ten feet, whereas the desired level of the road is several feet higher. Rather than waste expensive concrete, they slapped a roof on the culvert and filled it to the required grade with dirt.

But despite snakes and mud, the work on Project 4151 went on. Maybe next year you'll be driving over the new road when it is U. S. Route 15-501 between Chapel Hill and Durham. When you do, take a look around.

Coming down the long hill from Chapel Hill, for example, you'll see a high embankment. Here's where Jack Woods nearly turned his pan over four times. You'll cross a creek, and then you'll see Hunt's house perched on the hill right where Adkins suggested. A little bit further on the left, will be the Harrison home. Next you'll come to the valley where the copperhead highjacked Jim Parson's bulldozer, although your road level will be high above it.

Here's the place where the farmer chased the clearing crew off his land. And all through this rugged countryside came the waves of men, struggling and panting and perspiring. Something interesting happened along every inch of this highway.

That holds true for nearly any road you travel.

If you look, and use a little imagination, you can fill in much of the story yourself.

So, mister, why not look at the road?

*For Drinks That
Have Real "Mellow-dy"*

go light -
choose right -

INSIST ON

**HARWOOD'S
CANADIAN**

*Canada's Finest
Whisky*

*Ask for it by
name at your
favorite club,
tavern, hotel or
package store.*



BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 PROOF H. HARVEY CO., LTD., BALTO., MD.

new! **FORCE** **five action** numbering machine

NOW
AVAILABLE

- CONSECUTIVE
- DUPLICATE
- TRIPLICATE
- QUADRUPLICATE and REPEAT MOVEMENTS all in ONE Machine.



Lightweight aluminum frame, comfortable plastic handle, 6 figure wheel capacity. Gothic or Roman figures.

THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY'S SERVICE

WM. A. FORCE

A COMPANY, INCORPORATED
64 White Street, New York 13, N. Y.



FOLDING MADE EASY



Now get easy, fast folding of anything you mail. Eliminate slow, costly hand folding with the new A. B. Dick Folding Machine.

Learn in 5 minutes how to make all standard folds. Just use the Quick-Set Fold Chart. No measuring! No computing! Send coupon for details.

EXCLUSIVE Quick-Set Fold Chart. No guesswork!

A. B. DICK COMPANY
Dept. NB-252-F
5700 W. Touhy Ave.
Chicago 31, Ill.

I'd like more information on saving with the new A. B. Dick Folding Machine.

Name _____
Position _____
Organization _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Bulletins
Letters
Statements
Direct Mail
Countless Others



The Farmer Reaps Dividends

(Continued from page 41)

tion before we go any further. Don't put the whole \$5,000 into stocks, either common or preferred. Figure out what you might need if some emergency arose, such as sudden illness or an accident. Put enough in government bonds to take care of such possibilities.

We suggest half your total.

Then, if you like, come to us and ask for advice on what stocks to buy. On such a basis we'll be happy to handle your account. And the advice, needless to say, is without obligation.

We're in the business of selling stocks—and bonds too. We make our money out of the commissions we get. But we won't make money very long if we lose your savings for you.

Such honest, intelligent approaches are paying off. Wall Street today is a lot less venal in the mind of the farmer. One house published a large advertisement suggesting that Mr. Citizen should know more about the stock and bond business. In a matter of days it received more than 5,000 inquiries and among them was the somewhat plaintive one:

"I majored in economics in college, but I had no idea of what the securities business was about until I read your ad."

The New York Stock Exchange announced in a number of newspapers and magazines that it published a little monthly magazine which tried to explain the mysteries of the street. Before very long subscriptions at \$1 a year began to come in from towns in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas and California with populations of 44 to 250. There was even a subscription from Storrie, Calif., which has precisely 12 inhabitants.

This is getting down to the proverbial grass roots. The small

town banker also is losing his distrust of Wall Street. He once was scandalized at the mere idea of buying common stocks. If depositors asked his advice he told them to buy bonds, or, if they really felt reckless, a preferred share or two in a major American industry. But when a farmer-depositor drops in today part of the conversation with the banker is about as follows:

"You're a good customer of this bank. Once we had to carry you. But you don't owe us a dime. Yes, we'll get in touch with the people we deal with and suggest some stocks."

Such conversations are significant so far as the economy of the nation is concerned. On a Monday last October the stock market got a dose of bad news. The new tax bill was certain to cut corporation earnings. From Egypt came word that war was possible over the closing of the Suez Canal. A selling wave resulted. But the list of the Big Board slumped less than five points and the turnover was under 3,000,000 shares. In 1932 or 1933 the drop would probably have been ten to 20 points and the turnover 10,000,000 shares.

John Farmer, although unaware of it, is providing a cushion for Wall Street. Why is he doing this? Let us take you to a member house in St. Louis. The customer this time was another farmer who was passing through the city. He told the account executive that he had \$600 which he could afford to put into common stocks. The account man said the firm would be pleased to handle it. But he asked what had persuaded him to come in.

"I'd like a slice of America's future," said the farmer.

Students Can Drive Well

ALTHOUGH teen-age automobile drivers figure in more than their share of automobile accidents, three southern states are proving that it doesn't have to be that way.

In North and South Carolina and Alabama, students past the age of 16 are driving school buses with better safety records than adult drivers have been able to show.

High school boys and girls who wish to become drivers must pass a course taught by high school driver

training teachers and state highway patrolmen which equips them to handle the heavy buses and also to make minor repairs.

In South Carolina the student drivers are paid \$25 a month, in North Carolina, \$20.

This economy, coupled with the safety record, has led the latter state to put students on 85 to 90 per cent of its school bus jobs.

Alabama also reports that its student drivers are responsible, safe and economical.

War and the Fog of Costs

(Continued from page 35)

across-the-board 2.5 per cent cut and eliminated a few items, trivial compared to the bill's vast total.

One discarded plum was retirement pay for officers who switch to high-salaried civilian jobs before being disabled or reaching the age limit. Fiction was deleted from "hazardous duty." "Desk pilots" will get no extra pay for merely riding four hours a month in a plane and Pentagon building and New London "chair corps sailors" lose the 50 per cent bonus for cruising "combat waters of the Potomac River" or signing their names to submarine muster rolls. Another ruined fiction was medical pay rating for officers in charge of store-rooms.

Letters from constituents influenced economy. One from Chicago, among hundreds received, wrote that the broadcast of a baseball game in Brooklyn had been interrupted by an announcement that a captain had just arrived in an Army plane from Las Vegas, having decided only that morning to see the game.

"Radio is good enough for me so why must I pay for his ride?" he was asked. Another writer objected to Vice President Barkley's riding around the country in government planes yet charging \$2,000 for lectures.

Representative Mahon allowed that \$1,000 - an - hour pleasure flights (cost to the Government) to "Florida in winter, Midwest in fishing seasons and North for skiing" was not "good utilization" of military aircraft.

Thumbs went down on the Navy's request for 95 luxury planes at \$2,250,000 each. Other branches may continue their touring services for very important people but flight pay will go only to officers who pilot planes.

On the question of unsnarling the chaos, waste and duplication in buying supplies by the three or four separate services, both Senate and House capitulated. The same duplication continues in their public relations offices, consolidated in theory but actually competing. The time was too short to bring order out of that confusion. No dollars will be saved this year.

Under recent laws, the General Services Administration and the Munitions Board will buy for all branches of the armed services.

Something has been accomplished but each branch of the Department of Defense and even depots and stores in the same branch still are competing and duplicating. As an admiral told a committee: "We're looking out for the Navy."

Forgotten men started preparing a uniform catalog in 1914. Consolidation of buying, warehousing and distribution was a recommended economy of the Hoover Commission. Of all the wasted millions under blank check financing, these seem the most inexcusable. Bringing order out of the confusion is a terrific job.

Ships parts alone have more than 50,000,000 stock names and numbers. Other branches have as many, multiplying the figure several times. What a sailor gets for a common cold has a different name and number from what a soldier gets for the same sniffles. Before a start was made toward uniformity, that applied to everything from a lead pencil to a big gun. The simplified service catalog might reduce the list to 2,200,000 items. The largest mail order catalog lists only 100,000 items.

The unfinished catalog has become a symbol of service rivalry and resistance to change. Each service defends its old ways and own merchandising organization in a delaying action. The catalog is Capitol Hill's hardy perennial. At each session for 37 years, Congress has received a progress report. It has outlived all except four of the present 631 members of House and Senate.

But faced by the ultimatum—"all or nothing"—Congress passed the appropriation. In the House, only two votes were against it; in the Senate, none. On voting day 81 were absent in the House; 17 in the Senate.

Congress could not know how every item, billions or millions, in the vast sum will be spent. The public who must pay the bills is even more in the dark. Mindful of other wasted millions and of petty speculations, both hope the future will be better.

"Senators are voting blindly," Sen. William Langer said before the roll call started.

More disturbing was the judgment of Rep. Howard W. Smith after another roll call ended: "It's a huge sum and we all know that some money is going to be wasted and maybe a little stolen."

If you are looking for

A NEW PLANT LOCATION

In the Southeast's

COASTAL PLAIN

It will pay you to . . .

INVESTIGATE

the many possibilities existing in the **SOUTHEAST** area **SERVED** by **COAST LINE**

For locations of good sites, details on markets, labor, raw materials, power and transportation, write:

ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD

R. P. Jobb, Ass't. Vice President
Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co.
Wilmington, N. C.

GLOBE SPRINKLERS



FIREMEN EVERY 10 FEET

Stop the Surprise Attack of Fire

FIRE never warns you in advance. Don't learn the hard way. **FIRE** can make a surprise attack when you least expect it. Let us show you how **GLOBE Automatic Sprinklers** discover and stop **FIRE** . . . and lower your insurance costs, too.

GLOBE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER CO.
NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . PHILADELPHIA
Offices in nearly all principal cities

THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES

What's this file clerk HIDING? Invoice, bill or letter.



This file clerk's deciding PENDAFLEX is better!



Oxford PENDAFLEX[®] HANGING FOLDERS



FOLDERS HANG ON
FRAME

FRAME
FITS IN
FILE DRAWER

INSTANT REFERENCE
TO EVERY FOLDER!

CUTS FILING
COSTS
20%
OR MORE!

OXFORD FILING SUPPLY CO., INC.
Clinton Road, Garden City, N. Y.

*Provides the last
word in property
control . . .*

• American retrospective appraisals establish unit property records with individual costs, depreciation reserves and provisions —

Kept up to date, they are the last word in property control.

The **AMERICAN
APPRAISAL**



Company

Over Fifty Years of Service

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Fishermen are Born that Way

(Continued from page 53)
ways giving the fish a fair chance.

This attitude has long been common in the United States. No fish can be entered for a record unless strict rules are complied with, and true fishermen obey them always. They would get no pleasure from brutalizing a fine game fish with a hickory rod and unbreakable cuttyhunk. They cut their gear to the lightest possible, and this is not wholly a matter of giving an even break. They will handicap themselves to the point where a slight error will bring defeat. It is the battle, the test of skill against animal force and cunning, that brings exaltation and reward.

In any sport, or business for that matter, there are men who play only to win, regardless. In fishing they want the biggest and the most, and don't care how they catch them.

We know of a tycoon being kicked out of an exclusive club because of this attitude, and he never understood why. On the other side, we have often watched a friend take 50 to 75 big Alaskan cutthroats in two or three hours, and return to the river all but half a dozen of the smallest, saved for the pan. He used a barbless hook, which requires added and constant skill, and wet his hands before touching the trout. Perhaps the true fisherman is the only simon-pure amateur left in the sporting world. At least he has a shining vision.

It was inevitable, and imperative, that the angler become a scientist. With the complex rites and formula of modern fishing, he has also become a specialist, as in all sciences. The field is too large for indiscriminate sampling, and early in his career the fisherman finds himself wedded to a type of fish, and forever afterward remains faithful.

Relative sizes of fish mean nothing to him. A trout man can get as much joy, and perhaps more, from playing a two-pounder as a sailfish addict does in boating quarry weighing 50 times as much. Each must spend many hours at his homework, studying, contemplating, devising. Before he becomes a perfectionist he must conduct infinite experiments over many years, learn the habits and eccentricities of his fish, and long before he gets his doctor's degree it is the battle and not the result, the even-

terms game and not the conquest, that absorb him.

We knew an Alaskan ship's officer who planned to spend his vacation fishing for trout in the States, "where I've got to work for 'em." Alaskan trout fishing was too easy for him.

With one out of nine Americans fishing every year, a supply of fish must be maintained, and this is being done on a scale as large as the sport itself. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has many hatcheries from which young fish and eggs are shipped in specially built tank cars and trucks to lakes and streams. Most states maintain hatcheries that pump an endless flow of new fish into their waters, and fish always bring tourists.

Wisconsin, jealous of its reputation as the muskellunge state, released 429,000,000 fish in its fiscal year of 1944. It employs scientists to study them, and one of the first things they learned was that northern pike are hatched sooner than their cousins and gobble the muskie young. Now the hatcheries release muskies a foot



"Funny you don't ask
Uncle Sam what he does
with all the money that
you give him"

long. States can afford this. Wisconsin received \$1,914,823 in license fees in the year ending June 30, 1950. California took in \$3,033,755. Minnesota and Michigan topped \$2,000,000 each and six more exceeded \$1,000,000. For each of these dollars, at least \$100 were spent by anglers.

With hatcheries filling streams and lakes, it was soon discovered fish must have food. Now government hatcheries and those of private clubs and organizations turn out "forage" fish by the million so their game fish can grow into record-breakers. The Wildlife Service takes a regular census of fish in hundreds of districts, often finds them on the increase. Then a long season is liable to be given the angler. If the census is bad, he may have only a few days a year.

A comparatively recent phase is the "fish derby," striped bass, salmon, muskie, etc. Communities offer prizes, from an automobile down, for the largest fish taken in the event. Even Ketchikan, Alaska, "salmon capital of the world," has a king salmon derby with a first prize of \$1,500 cash. The tyee (same as the king) salmon fishing at Campbell River in British Columbia has brought sportsmen from around the world for decades. The bronze, silver and gold lapel buttons, depending on poundage, are prized. Tuna teams cross oceans to compete in Nova Scotia and off the east end of Long Island. Winter and summer resort cities don't overlook contests for the largest marlin, sailfish, dolphin, bluefish and dozens of others.

The man who claims a record fish today is up against something a bit tougher than the FBI and the internal revenue people. Marine fishing is controlled by the International Game Fish Association with 150 member clubs spread around the world. Rules are many and strict and cover 44 different salt water game fish.

Fresh water records in the United States commonly accepted are those of *Field and Stream*, compiled through 40 years. Affidavits and samples of line used are only the beginning of a close scrutiny by both authorities. If a nine-pound line is claimed, and it is found to stand a strain of ten pounds, no record. A few years ago a record that had stood since 1874 was thrown out for lack of the complete evidence required today.

Complicated and controlled and costly, all this, isn't it? Ridiculous? No. How does a man get more for his dollar in healthful, aesthetic and emotional values? Sure we

have sportsmen's rules and laws and regulations, restrictions and catch limits and greater distances to travel. But the old free days in everything are gone, and forever. The modern American is lucky to have fish to catch under existing conditions.

If he doesn't like the rules or the numbers they put on lines, or if he has reached the age where a quiet day beside a stream is all he desires, Walt Brown can still go fishing with a cane pole and a cork float, and not care too much whether he catches anything or not. He doesn't mind dreaming for an hour between nibbles. He may even close his eyes and think back 30 or 40 years, and what he'll remember most often is the day he and Dave Scott went to the river.

They hadn't intended to go fishing, were just Tom Sawyering around, but each had a bit of string and a hook or two stowed in his overalls, and when they happened out on the river they saw a bass jump. They'd always used cane poles and stout lines to manhandle smallmouths out of the water, thought it was fun. Now they had no stout rods, and only store string that would break easily. But a bass had jumped!

They talked it over. A small green frog leaped from under Walt's foot. That could be bait. Poles? The best they could see were limber willow branches. Didn't seem like much. But they cut frail rods, rigged frail string, caught frogs, crawled to the edge of a cut bank and dropped baits into a pool.

All hell cut loose. A one-pounder took Dave Scott's bait. Dave, accustomed to a stiff pole, heaved up stoutly, and the willow wand snapped. Line, hook and fish were gone. Walt's strike came a bit later, and he'd watched Dave. He put on only enough pressure to feel the hook sink and then eased up. For ten minutes he fought the fish, always aware that an extra ounce of resistance would snap willow or line. The limber rod helped in easing the strain. It bent almost double but he could feel the bass battling, sounding, sweeping away. He learned he could guide the sweeps. He discovered a wholly new sensation. He understood he was behind the eight ball in this struggle, and that only care and close attention and skill could win.

Breathless and unbelievable victory came at last, and Walt Brown has been a fisherman ever since. He had learned what all true fishermen know, that it is the fishing and not the result that provides the thrills.



If you're interested
in **BUILDING** or
REMODELING...



Write

today for facts about

Kawneer

Architectural Metal Products

They're unequalled
in handsome appearance... in precision
workmanship... in
expert engineering...
and above all, they're
a sound investment
in long-term satisfaction.



for retail buildings



for commercial buildings



for institutions



for industrial plants

• STORE FRONT METALS

• GLASS-HOLDING SASH

• METAL ENTRANCES
AND DOORS

• ALUMINUM FACING
MATERIALS

• AWNING BOXES
AND HOODS

THE
Kawneer
COMPANY

ARCHITECTURAL METAL PRODUCTS

DEPT. NB-94A 1105 N. FRONT ST., NILES, MICH.

I'll Take the Machine Age

(Continued from page 29)

"is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only one question: When will I be blown up?"

Those are terrible words, but industry is in no way responsible for that overwhelming anxiety. Only Stalinists still believe that wars are caused by greedy capitalists in their search for profits.

Certainly no one can say the tensions result because big business does not provide its employees with enough economic security. Today, ironically, industry is often scolded for giving them too much of it.

Every year, the argument goes, the big companies gobble up the nation's brightest college graduates and, by giving them good jobs and promising them all kinds of benefits, chain them to their positions for life. If the big companies didn't offer the bright young men so much security, it is maintained, more of them might strike out on their own and go into business for themselves.

That argument has only slight validity. The principal reason we don't have more little business lies in the fact that excessive taxes on profits and other government restrictions have made it highly difficult and hazardous to start a new business. Even if he can raise the necessary risk capital, it takes a brave youngster to launch a new venture because the chances against his making a success of it are great. It is the tax structure, not industry, which is stifling the spirit of individual enterprise.

On this subject of security versus opportunity, it should be understood, moreover, that many large companies are now making greater efforts than ever before to help their employees forge ahead.

In Westinghouse, for example, we have inaugurated a management development program under which all management personnel will be regularly studied on the job, examined, and graded on their capacities. Under this plan, we hope that no employee will feel he is in a blind alley or will be overlooked if he deserves promotion.

We are also trying to give every other worker a sense of individual enterprise and purpose. We are informing our employees about the company's plans, policies and

prospects. We try to give them all the facts which will lend added interest and meaning to their jobs. To as great an extent as possible, we are attempting to make each of our 110,000 employees feel that he is an important human being and a partner in our operation. The idea of partnership is a solid one; approximately 20 per cent of all our employees own stock in our company.

I mention my own company only because its program illustrates broad changes in industry as a whole. Some of the assailants of the machine age base their attacks on the assumption that capitalism today is the same kind of institution it was in 1900 or even in 1850.

That is in no way true. Big business today is continually self-critical, and is almost painfully aware of public opinion. It realizes that, if it is to continue to exist and grow, it must continue to improve the way of life of its employees and all working people.

We still have a long way to go before we attain a perfect society. Maybe we never will. But, if we do not throttle the American system, the future holds even greater promise of better and cheaper goods, more leisure, better health, longer life, deeper and more widespread education, and spiritual culture, than we know today.

By the time a child born today has finished his education and

technical training it will be 1975. He will live in a machine-produced home, furnished, lighted and equipped far more efficiently and comfortably than your home today, no matter how well off you are.

To earn his living he will have factory and office equipment worth \$15,000 as compared to \$8,000 today, in terms of constant dollars. Where his grandfather had three horsepower to help him, and his father has eight today, he will have 12 or more to lighten his work.

The treasure of the world's arts will come to his home—great music, literature, painting and architecture. New systems of communications will keep his mind fertile and fruitful. His education and spiritual development will not stop at his maturity as they do so frequently today. They will go on all through his life as a natural part of life.

What he has for himself in America will be better than anyone has elsewhere in the world, but there will not be so great a difference as exists today. The world will be more prosperous because the machine will be working more efficiently in other lands.

And when that young man in his turn sends a grown son into the world, you can double the gains again.

Why am I so sure of this? Because there is no limit to the productive ingenuity of the American system of living. Ingenuity begets more ingenuity. The chain reaction of spirit and enterprise is even greater than we are finding in the atomic world.

New Weapons for Insects

INSECTICIDES which kill pests but are harmless to beneficial insects may go into commercial production this year. Two types, originating in the Bayer laboratories in Germany are now under intensive investigation here, according to the Industrial Bulletin of Arthur D. Little, Inc.

One type, known to chemists as octamethyl pyrophosphoramide—OMPA, for short—is scheduled for production as soon as the Department of Agriculture approves it. The other, known as Systox, has had extensive field testing.

Both may be applied by spraying on the foliage or through the roots by way of irrigation water

or ground soaking. Both enter the plant's sap stream, making it poisonous to chewing and sucking insects but harmless on contact with others.

Because both may also be toxic to warm-blooded animals, current use is restricted to ornamental plants, such as roses and chrysanthemums and possibly cotton.

As more information is obtained on desirable concentrations and handling techniques, the new insecticides are expected to have wider applications in helping to meet the estimated \$4,000,000,000 loss which insects now cause in this country.

Wirepondents

THE newest means of communication is wirepondence. Instead of postcards and cables, voyagers to the old countries are mailing home spools of wire-recorded messages. And all because John Shirmer of Chicago became lonesome for the sound of his mother's voice.

This means of communication had its inception some two years ago against the background of blockaded Berlin. A pilot flying the airlift wrote the Webster-Chicago Corporation, where Shirmer works, for recording equipment. Shirmer sent along a recorded message with the flyer's equipment and asked him to deliver it to his mother in Berlin. The flyer, intrigued with the idea, established a new kind of network communication between the United States and Germany.

The idea caught on. A man working in France began exchanging messages with his family in San Francisco. Another, a U. S. government official in Italy, wooed the girl he had left behind all over again by wire-recording. A blind friend of Shirmer's in Massachusetts added to the romantic touch. Wireponding with another friend in New York, he was introduced to a neighbor lady. The meeting finally culminated in marriage.

Starting slowly, a Wirepondence Club was founded, which now has more than 1,000 members, registered in every state, plus 21 foreign countries. Most of the members know each other only by voice, but that doesn't stop the forming of friendships or the interchanging of ideas.

Through wirepondence, Shirmer has branched out into another hobby, that of collecting native music. So far, wirepondents from New Zealand, Sweden, Tahiti and several South American countries have contributed. The hobby is reciprocal, for in turn Shirmer records for them varieties of American tunes.

The wirepondent's gustatorial life also has been affected by all this, for after fathers and sons have recorded their messages, mothers and daughters take over and exchange recipes. So that while wirepondents in other countries are enjoying such typical American dishes as Boston baked beans and pie a la mode, the American dining room table is graced with exotic dishes from places like Australia and the Belgian Congo.

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

IT'S REVOLUTIONARY!

Makes
DRY
PHOTOCOPIES
of anything
instantly!



New, low-cost machine makes photo-exact copies from original letters, forms, bids, contracts, invoices, reports, blueprints—right in your own office.

Here is the first major advancement in office copying in the last 15 years. Can save you up to 80% on your copying jobs! Eliminate costly re-typing, handcopying, checking or sending outside for expensive copying service. The Auto-Stat is the first low-cost machine that makes error-proof, legally acceptable, black and white photo-like copies—WITHOUT SLOW, MESSY DEVELOPING, FIXING, WASHING OR DRYING. It's fast—only 2 simple steps instead of 12 required by old methods. Makes prints instantly from any originals—whether printed on one or two sides. Requires no dark room—and any inexperienced clerk can operate it!



NEW! Nothing else like it!
So low cost! So compact!

About the same size as a typewriter—and costs less! It's portable—just plug in any outlet—and the Auto-Stat is ready for instant operation.

No developing No fixing
No washing No drying
No installation No fumes

Representatives in every principal city.

**Read this
NEW book!**

Pictures and tells complete Auto-Stat story—shows you how you can use this revolutionary new photocopy method.



American Photocopy Equipment Co.
2841 North Clark Street, Chicago 14, Ill.

Please Rush me—without obligation—FREE copy of your new book on Auto-Stat—with full details on this new photocopy method.

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Sell the \$500 BILLION

BUSINESS MARKET with

Nation's Business

The General Magazine for Businessmen

Mass coverage of business management

Bigamy Jones and the Beautiful Bait

(Continued from page 44)

wardrobe of white women's finery. She was decked out in a pretty white dress with green ribbons and a plumed hat and green parasol on the day Bigamy and Uncle Will encountered her. She had ridden up the canyons with Omercawbay's painted warriors. Then they spotted the white man and the black man and laid the trap.

When Bigamy saw her, he cried: "I'd sure give a pretty to marry up with her."

He touched spurs to his little dun stallion. The horse was such a quick starter that Jones grabbed the girl before she made it to the plum thicket. He gathered her up in the saddle before him as the dun pivoted before the thorns of the thicket. And King Solomon, firing and reloading the shotgun with wondrous speed, sprayed the plum bushes of Comanches. Two of the Indians got to their feet after the spraying, and King Solomon got them, too.

Bigamy wasn't firing. He was busy. He transferred the girl to the pack mule, and tied her feet under the mule's belly. In her shapely way the girl was husky. Jones judged her about 150 pounds, including the heavy dress and all the petticoats. So he cut loose the bed-rolls to save the mule. And the three headed for the nearest canyon, Jones riding ahead and leading the pack mules by the hackamore, and Solomon riding close up in the rear with shotgun ready. He'd killed all the ambushers. But they knew that more of Omercawbay's people would be close by.

Jones saw that the girl must be a very gay personality or a very callous one. For her teeth now showed in alternate smiles and good-natured grimaces as they galloped along. Her skirts ballooned in the wind and Jones thought, here was a woman a man might want to stay married with for several weeks, a girl who could be good-natured even while tied to a pack saddle on a fast-moving mule.

They were being pursued. But they were in luck.

Their animals were fairly fresh, while those of the Comanches had been hard-ridden just before the ambush. And they'd only run for about five miles when they saw the sod walls and the camp fires of Fort Phantom Mesa. The chase was over. It was Omercawbay's turn to hide

now. Before they got to the first sentry, though, Bigamy leaned in the saddle and clipped the toggle ropes that tied the girl's feet under the mule. She spoke for the first time, in faintly accented English like the voices of girls Bigamy had listened to in New Orleans. She only said:

"I am afraid."

"You don't look like the scared type, Mistress Bait." Then he made some introductions: "I am Elmer Jones, called Bigamy. And this is my friend, Will King Solomon, the best cook in Texas."

She repeated:

"I'm afraid. I've lured white men to their death. The Army will hang me."

Bigamy saw an advantage here. He didn't tell her that the men she had lured into Comanche ambush were the worst renegades in West Texas. He didn't tell her that the

"I tell you it's a great system we live under when we can do good for others just by honestly and fairly trying to do good for ourselves."

—Leland I. Doan

Army had been chasing these same buffalo hunters for six months. He only said:

"That's right. Colonel Benchhoff might string you up. Let's tell him you're my wife. He'll believe that."

Colonel Benchhoff, the commanding officer, did believe it. The colonel knew Bigamy.

"This crazy business of spending your honeymoon playing hide-and-seek with Omercawbay's bully boys sounds like something you'd go in for, Jones," said Colonel Benchhoff. "But you, Mrs. Jones, you look like a lady with more common sense than to come off down into this country. And you, Uncle Will, how did they drag you along?"

"I come along to cook," said King Solomon.

The colonel assigned Bigamy and The Bait to a tent containing a real bed. But the girl said Jones would have to sleep outside.

"I've been fighting off Omercawbay for two weeks," she said. "He left me alone only because he knew I was valuable for setting these traps. Now it seems I'm not much

better off. Maybe, I should go back to Omercawbay."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself leading white men to their death," said Bigamy. "I ought to tell Colonel Benchhoff that you're The Bait. But you don't need to worry tonight. I'm not going to do no courting. We're pulling out of here in about an hour. We're going to borrow some camels from the colonel and get back to plains country by morning and put on a pageant for some children near Sloan's Station."

The girl looked as if she were going to cry. Omercawbay and his warriors had seemed to her like painted madmen. Now, she figured, she was the prisoner of another maniac.

Jones wrote a note and pinned it on the tent wall:

"Colonel Benchhoff, I take pen in hand to tell you I am borrowing three of your camels and will return same. Your friend, Elmer Jones."

The Bait followed Bigamy, obediently.

Fort Phantom Mesa wasn't really much of a fortress. Just some sod walls in a crescent bend of the headwaters of the Brazos. The camels were kept in a corral outside the sod walls.

The Bait looked happier when she saw there really were some camels. She must have begun to regard Bigamy as not quite so crazy.

There were two double-humped Bactrian camels and four dromedaries.

King Solomon met them by the camel corral with their horses saddled and with one of Colonel Benchhoff's saddles on the mule instead of the pack. And the old Negro kindly explained to the puzzled girl how camels happened to be in the West Texas wilderness.

He didn't explain his last remark to the girl, though:

"Now you is one of the Three Wise Men, Mistress Bait."

No soldiers were guarding the camels. The Comanches, probably the most accomplished horse thieves the world has ever known, never bothered them.

"They think these hump-backed goats are some kind of demons," Bigamy said.

They chose three dromedaries.

"They look more like the camels in the story book," said Jones.

Bigamy roped the dromedaries and then had to drag them from the corral.

"They don't want to leave the main bunch."

Again obediently, The Bait had

mounted the mule. And with Bigamy pulling two camels off his saddle horn and with Uncle Will tugging on one, they rode off into the dark hills.

Once they were under way, the dromedaries began to lead fairly well. And The Bait helped by stinging them with a rope's end, which she used like a bull whip.

"You will do to take along, Mistress Bait," whispered Bigamy to the girl.

She answered:

"My name is Maria. Don't call me Bait."

They were sky-lined on a ridge about halfway between the fort and the comparative safety of Sloan's Station when they began to hear Comanche talk in the canyons around them.

King Solomon, who once lived among the Comanches, translated:

"Pohookit mahamey—they make medicine. They seem afraid to attack in the dark because of the hump-backed devil horses we lead by halters. They call upon Tobicke, 'Our Sure Enough Father,' or their god, who is either the sun or a horse, for advice. And they say Tobicke says to attack at sunup, hump-backed devils or not. But we can make it to Sloan's by daylight. So maybe we will not die tonight."

With The Bait's lariat rope stinging the rumps of the camels, the caravan made good time. They were near Sloan's Station, where there were many soldiers, before dawn. And they no longer felt the presence of the Comanches in the darkness. There was a general store and many taverns at Sloan's Station. The soldiers would arrest the trio if they were caught with the camels. So Uncle Will guarded the beasts in a mesquite grove at the edge of the town, while the girl and Bigamy rode in to the general store for some quick shopping.

Jones bought three bed sheets and three white towels. The towels were for head wrappings such as he thought a Wise Man might wear. And he bought three gunny sacks full of stick candy and toys for Leroy and Roy Lee Kittrell.

They picked up Uncle Will and the camels and loped for the Widow Kittrell's through the early morning dew with the weary camels pulling heavy on the hackamores.

"I want to get these goats tired before we saddle them up," said Bigamy. "Near as I could find out they are not broke to ride."

They stopped at a loading chute under a ridge, only a quarter of mile from the Widow Kittrell's



GREENBAUM
INVESTMENT CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
Installation of 25 Jackson
Desks by SPITZER'S Office
Furniture House, Inc.,
Chicago.

KEEN JUDGES OF INVESTMENTS

Select Jackson Desks

For this leader in the financial world, Jackson "Office Master" Desks were a doubly logical choice: (1) Their restrained but distinctive styling invites the confidence of discriminating clients. (2) Mastercrafted for endurance, they stay handsomely serviceable long past the average "retirement age." Add the extra comfort and work-speeding qualities of these fine wood desks — and this installation totals up to a truly profitable investment. It typifies benefits you, too, can gain by planning for

greater office efficiency now, with your capable Jackson Desk dealer. You may find him temporarily short of desks, but you'll never find a shortage of interested cooperation.

FREE GUIDE TO LOWER OFFICE COSTS! Helpful, informative — send today for your free copy and name of your Jackson Desk dealer. Write Dept. N1.



MEMBER OF WOOD OFFICE FURNITURE INSTITUTE

JASPER OFFICE FURNITURE CO.
J A S P E R , I N D I A N A , U . S . A .



ANOTHER NEW HIGH

Advertisers in this issue of
Nation's Business are reaching
more than 800,000 business
men . . . a new circulation
record for the magazine,
and a bargain for advertisers.

In 1952, advertisers in *Nation's
Business* will be placing their
messages before the largest all-
businessman audience in the
publishing fields.

Ask about the low rates.

NATION'S BUSINESS
Washington 6, D. C.



PUNCHES sheets and covers of any size
or weight, quickly, accurately



BINDS up to 250 books an hour with
colorful GBC plastic bindings

BIND THIS MODERN WAY
right in your own **OFFICE**
or plant

Add prestige . . . color . . . attention-compelling appearance to reports, presentations, catalogs. GBC plastic binding equipment* quickly . . . easily . . . economically binds loose pages of all sizes into handsome custom-made booklets. Pages turn easily . . . lie flat. Complete office equipment costs less than a typewriter . . . saves 50% over old-fashioned fastener-type covers. Anyone can operate.

*PATENTS PENDING



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
Send today for information
and 2 handy pocket memo
books bound on this equip-
ment. No obligation.

General Binding Corporation
808 W. Belmont Ave., Dept. NB-2
Chicago 14, Ill.

ranch house. First, they lashed the two round-skirted roping saddles and the Army saddle on top of the dromedaries' humps. They tied the barebacked ponies and the mule to a loading chute. Then they wrapped themselves in bedsheets and donned their towel turbans.

"I'm beginning to believe you fellows are crazy as the Comanches," said The Bait.

"Shame we got no false whiskers," said Bigamy. "But I need a shave so bad the twins won't recognize me. And they don't know you, Uncle Will, or you, Mistress Bait."

"Maria," corrected the girl.

"Maybe, you better cover up your face at that, Maria," said Bigamy. "Mistress Kittrell might not like me running around with you while I'm courting her. And them kids might be disappointed if they found out one of the Three Wise Men was a girl."

"I figured there was a woman mixed up in this silly business," said The Bait. "Mrs. Kittrell, huh."

In addition to the hackamores, King Solomon had put bridles with curb bits in the mouths of the camels.

"Tired as they are and with them curb bits, we ought to be able to handle them," said Bigamy.

The two men and the girl jumped from the top rail of the loading chute aboard their dromedaries.

The beasts didn't seem so tired when the weight hit the saddles. Ignoring the tugs on the hackamores and curb bits, the camels loped up the side of the ridge.

"Anyway they're going in the right direction," cried Jones, as they came over the ridge and charged down on the Widow Kittrell's headquarters.

The widow was gathering an armload of cow chips in the yard and the twins were drowning a den of ground squirrels. Mrs. Kittrell ran for the house and returned with her rifle.

"Don't shoot, Maw!" cried Leroy and Roy Lee. "It's the Three Wise Men! It really is!"

Jones saw the camels were going so fast and were so uncontrollable that there would be no chance for a ceremonious delivery of their gifts.

"Throw the gunny sacks to the kids as we go by," he yelled.

And they heaved the sacks of store candy and toys right at the feet of the surprised twins as they went by in a great cloud of caliche dust.

Then the camels went squealing and loping off across the widow's pasture toward the cap

rock where the plains country drops off into the canyons.

Just about this time, a company of cavalymen under Colonel Benchhoff, who had been on a joint mission in pursuit of Omercawbay and of Bigamy's party, was about to come out of a canyon on to the flat country below the Widow Kittrell's place. At the same time, the weary members of Omercawbay's war party, dog-tired from slow-trailing Bigamy's bunch, were coming out of another canyon. They had made medicine all night and were ready to risk even the devil camels in an effort to capture The Bait.

So the soldiers and the Indians met on the plain in this last fight in our part of West Texas.

It wasn't really much of a battle.

They were so close when the point of the cavalry ran into the Indians that a kind of confused scrimmage followed there in the caliche dust. And then a few knife fights and wrestling matches broke out. About this time, the runaway camels came crashing through the crowd. All the fighting stopped. The Comanches were outnumbered, three to one, anyway. And the sight of the angry, loping camels with their white-robed riders thoroughly unsettled the weary war party. At a signal from Omercawbay, the Indians dropped their round shields of bullneck hide and their rifles and knives. The fight was over.

As for Bigamy and the other two camel riders, they were carried on down into the canyons. But going down the cap rock, the beasts slowed and Jones yelled:

"Jump off these goats. The pageant is over."

The three of them leaped from

the high humps of the dromedaries. A few minutes later they were limping up to the loading chute where they'd left the two ponies and the mule. The first thing they'd done after getting off the camels was to get out of the bedsheets and towels. The Bait was thoughtful enough, though, to collect these articles.

"Bedsheets and towels are scarce in this country. And we'll need them for housekeeping," she said to Bigamy.

Jones was too sleepy even for sweet talk. So were Uncle Will and the girl. They rode bareback and nodding to Hell-to-Catch Ranch. And they went to sleep, the girl taking quarters with my Grandma Renfro.

Bigamy's mind was on the girl when he got up the next day. Still, with a sense of duty and with some curiosity about how his pageant had been received, he harnessed some mules to a wagon and hauled a load of cow chips to the Widow Kittrell's.

He unloaded the cow chips back of the house. Then swinging his lantern and clunking his boot heels on the boards, he walked up on the front gallery, yelling:

"Yoo - hoo, Mistress Kittrell! Yoo-hoo! It's Jones with a load of cow chips. And I got news for you."

The widow stuck her head out of a window. She had a service revolver in her hand, though she didn't look as if she really wanted to use it. She said:

"That was a nice pageant. The twins is now really sold on The Three Wise Men. It's going to be the making of them, I believe. All Leroy and Roy Lee needs is to be showed. Now if you and your no-good pals from Hell-to-Catch was to put on another pageant—"

"I got news for you, Mistress Kittrell. I am not going to hold you to your marrying bargain. I don't think I'm going to be a marrying man much any more. I've met someone I might stay married with."

"I got news for you, Mr. Jones. This here is Colonel Benchhoff's pistol. And he's coming back to claim it and bring the Methodist circuit rider with him. He's going to become Leroy's and Roy Lee's papa."

Bigamy bowed very low and it was not in mockery. For he knew that Mrs. Kittrell was a handsome woman of great courage, who would make any man a good wife.

He bowed to her twice there in the morning light. And then he rode for Hell-to-Catch where The Bait was still sleeping.



N B NOTEBOOK



Business hunts for scrap

"WHEREVER there is business, there is scrap," says the National Production Authority, but in spite of this, a serious scrap shortage is threatening to close down steel furnaces. This could mean not only fewer autos, refrigerators and other consumer items but would interfere with military production.

Although emphasis has been on iron and steel scrap, copper, brass, bronze, aluminum, lead, and zinc also are needed.

Rallying to help in the crisis are chambers of commerce—among which the Commerce Department gives special credit to those of Joplin, New Orleans, Holland, Mich., and Louisville—and many trade associations including the American Gear Manufacturers Association, National Coal Association, American Gas Association, Agricultural Publishers Association, Chicago Laundry Owners Association, and Allied Building Metal Industries.

The American Trade Association Executives also are actively supporting the effort.

What united effort can do was demonstrated when Charles W. Hatcher, newly appointed scrap mobilization committee chairman, in Waycross, Ga., made his first report: "We bought and shipped 942,100 pounds of iron and steel scrap."

Waycross has about 19,000 population.

More engineers needed

FORMER President Herbert Hoover recently called himself "an engineer who has back-slid into the slippery path of public life."

He might, with equal justice, have said the same thing about George Washington. The first President was also an engineer who turned to public service—although most people have forgotten it.

Among those who did not forget is the National Society of Professional Engineers which has chosen

the week beginning Feb. 22 as a fitting time to honor professional engineers—"the men who have done so much to perfect the technical 'know-how' all Americans are so proud of."

Some 300 chapters of 38 state engineering societies will cooperate in the observance which, it is hoped, will call public attention to what could be a national catastrophe—a shortage of engineers.

At a time when defense needs for professional engineers are skyrocketing, enrolment in engineering schools is falling off badly. Unless outstanding high school students can be induced to study engineering, the country may soon lack enough engineers to maintain our complex economy.

Quoting Hoover again: "The number of engineering graduates has dropped from 50,000 in 1950 to 38,000 in 1951. The country requires 60,000 new engineers each year to supply our national needs."

Commenting on the satisfactions of the profession, Hoover added: "The engineer is a political, economic, as well as a social force. In reality it is he who dissolves monopolies, redistributes the wealth and dismantles political platforms. Sometime the engineer will be needed to put truth into propaganda."

And, bringing the problem to the household level, the Engineers' Society, pointing to the mechanical equipment in the modern home, remarks that "today's housewife has 1,000 men in her kitchen."

Insuring instalments

THE instalment credit system along with mass production has been credited with bringing automobiles, household appliances and many other things within the reach of people who could enjoy them in no other way.

But, as careful observers frequently point out, instalment buying also can raise a hazard. Any family which has borrowed against

In Chicago...It's

The
DRAKE

WHERE THE LOOP
MEETS THE LAKE

Owner Management assures
you of personalized service
amid quiet, luxurious comfort
... and it costs no more.



WRITES *faster*
WRITES *cleaner*

THAT'S THE
POINT!

Futura
THE PENCIL OF TOMORROW

RICHARD BEST PENCIL CO.
SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

New
Advertising
Machine



Prints &
Illustrates
Gov't Post Cards

FREE Learn how thousands of business men, in every line, are boosting sales in spite of conditions—with ad messages—printed and illustrated in a few minutes on gov't post cards—with amazing new patented CARDMASTER. Your "today's" ideas, read by your prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy advertising machine, built to last for years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed for five years. Send name today.

SEND NAME We'll send FREE illustrated book of money-making IDEAS for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. RUSH YOUR NAME TODAY.
CARDMASTER COMPANY
1920 SUNNYSIDE, Dept. 242, CHICAGO 40, ILL.

BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS



Pete Progress and the Cigar Store Indian

Why do you stare at me? asked Pete. Don't worry, Pete, said the Indian. It's just that I wonder what you do. Why, I'm with the chamber of commerce, said Pete.

Oh, sure, said the Indian, but what does the chamber do?

What does it do? said Pete. You mean you don't know how hard we work? For whom? asked the Indian.

Why, for everybody, said Pete. Even for you, big chief. Take the new park. Five years ago you were looking at barren lots. You're right, said the Indian. But who belongs to the chamber? Mostly big shots, I bet.

All kinds of folks, said Pete. Some are leaders. Naturally. Many are followers. But all give their means and talent and time to make this a better place to live in and work in.

How come you get so much done? asked the Indian.

That's easy, said Pete. We put the weight of numbers behind the ideas of individuals. A group can always do more than any one man.

Can anybody join? asked the Indian.

Anybody who wants to give rather than to take, said Pete.

Well, count me in! said the Indian as he hopped down off his perch. There's still plenty to be done . . .

Your chamber of commerce has a lot to do, too. Are you ready to help?



future income can be hard hit if that income is cut off because of death or disability.

Against this threat of hardship it is becoming more and more common to build a barrier in the form of consumer credit life insurance.

More than \$3,000,000,000 of such insurance was written in 1950 and the figures for 1951 are expected to be even higher.

Such insurance usually takes one of two forms. Most common is level-term insurance in which the protection at all times equals the original loan. If the insured dies before scheduled payments are completed, the balance owed is paid and the heirs receive a check covering the payments already made.

Also available is diminishing-term insurance in which the amount payable always equals the balance due, and accident and health insurance which provides that, if the insured is disabled by illness or accident, his payments will be made for him during the period of disability.

Counsel for small business

"IS THERE any reason why a small business like ours, which pays for high-caliber professional advice and counsel on a 'service-rendered' basis, shouldn't receive the same understanding cooperation from its lawyers, auditors, insurance counsel and others as the big corporation gets from its full-time experts?"

To get an answer to that question, George E. Gregory of Toledo, president of Gregory Industries, Inc., called all of the firm's consultants and a few key suppliers together for a day with his directors, management executives and operating staff of their Nelson Stud Welding Division.

He called the meeting a "professional service conference," and geared the program to promote greater understanding and a clearer perspective on the relationship of professional functions to the business as a whole.

Many of the 23 participating conferees frankly had expressed their doubts that such a "merry-go-round" would accomplish much.

But, when the group broke up at 9:45 p.m. after 12 hours that started with a quick tour of the plant and wound up with cocktails and dinner, every man admitted that he was in a much better position to contribute to the company's development.

Operations of the company were much clearer to bankers, auditors and suppliers after the meeting.

Purchases for the home

THE American home is going to be far more comfortable after March 15 than it has ever been, according to a recent survey by National Family Opinions, Inc., a consumer research organization.

Polling a panel of families representing all income groups, geographical areas and other family characteristics, the organization found that 41.8 per cent planned to spend more than \$100 on some single purchase by the middle of March. Refrigerators, washing machines, sewing machines, ranges, driers, home freezers, water heaters and similar appliances topped the list of preferences. Remodeling and home repairs followed, with expenditures for furniture, floor coverings, TV sets and home furnishings also contemplated.

Broken into wage groups, the survey showed that 33.9 per cent of families with income less than \$2,000 planned to spend \$100 on a single purchase before March 15; for the \$2,000 to \$3,000 group, the percentage was 41; \$3,000 to \$5,000, 47.8 per cent; more than \$5,000, 46.7 per cent.

Family Opinions estimates that the contemplated expenditures will total \$1,500,000,000 for home improvements.

Meanwhile, 4.7 per cent of the families interviewed will be in the market for automobiles.

Explaining American system

THE Roswell, N. M., employe who told his boss, "All I know is that you're making a helluva lot of money and my share is small," probably differed from his fellows only in the matter of frankness.

Nobody knows how many workmen feel that way. But, in Roswell, population 25,572, businessmen are finding out—and doing something about it through a project which they call "Operation—the American Way."

Spearheaded by a steering committee of 12 representing a cross section of local business, the campaign is directed toward correcting misconceptions about the free enterprise system, meeting individual dissatisfactions and ironing out misunderstandings.

Given this objective, the committee wasted no time on generalities. Members began by interviewing their own employes personally, digging out opinions, gripes and rumors. Then they called on schoolteachers, housewives, professional people, asking

questions along such lines as these.

"What is your definition of democracy?" "What do you think of the free enterprise system?" "Should profits be limited?" "What do you think of government controls?"

Having sorted out the answers at a series of breakfast meetings, the committee began laying the groundwork for positive action to correct misinformation.

First step was a series of meetings with their own employes where questions about job security, cost of materials, benefit plans, investment per employe, reasons for depreciation funds, taxes and company income were answered.

"We make it an established rule," says one man with 15 employes, "that each man shall be satisfied with the answers he gets, or the meeting is continued until harmony is reached."

To expand this program, the committee brings other businessmen to its breakfast meetings, takes them to lunch, sells them on the idea of explaining their business to their workers.

Meanwhile, to reach the whole community, competent speakers have been found to accept invitations to speak to churches, schools, PTA's on such subjects as "Profits—are they too high?" "The Taft-Hartley Labor Act," "Taxes and Venture Savings?"

Films explaining the economic system, interpreting our freedoms, and reviewing rights as citizens have been made available to the same audiences and two weekly radio programs, one patterned on the "Town Meeting of the Air" but discussing purely local subjects, are doing their bit for local understanding.

If the American system can be saved only in the communities of America, Roswell is doing its part to save it.

Profit and loss makes capital

WHILE the nation's phrase-makers are groping for an apt and pointed description of "the American System," Harry A. Bullis, chairman of General Mills, has come up with one that will serve nicely for the time being.

Speaking at the Niagara Frontier convocation, he put it this way:

"Every nation in the world, Communist nations included, is striving for increased capital formation to increase productivity. But the Communist societies are willing to make capital out of men's lives. We make capital out of the profit and loss system."



The OFFICE VALET

Costumers, Wardrobe Racks, Locker Racks and Check Rooms.

An Answer to every Wraps Problem

Welded steel Valet Racks keep wraps dry, aired and "in press"...end unsanitary locker room conditions...save floor space—fit in anywhere...standard in all strictly modern offices, factories, hotels, clubs, schools, churches, institutions or wherever there is a wraps problem.

Write for Catalog No. 60
VOGEL - PETERSON CO.
 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.



NEW!

Master
 PORTABLE
**SPIRIT
 DUPLICATOR**

For clear, sharp copies of anything you can type, write or draw on a paper master. Up to 8 1/2"x11" size, as many as 5 colors at once. So simple anyone can operate it.

NO STENCILS - NO GELATIN
 Ask your office or school supply dealer or write

Master Addresser Co.
 6500-C West Lake Street • Minneapolis 16, Minn.

32.50

Complete with Supplies



**World's Largest
 Maker of Heavy
 Hand Tools**

EXCLUSIVELY

WARREN TOOL CORPORATION
 DEPT. NB • WARREN, OHIO

Jobbers Everywhere

**Want More SALES From
 Your ADVERTISING?**

Many concerns grow bigger with the proper advertising plan. The right advertisement, placed in the right publications, in the right size space, at the right time, will bring you greater results.

MARTIN Advertising AGENCY
 Newspaper—Magazine—Radio—Television
 15AF East 40 St. NY (Est 1923) LE 2-4751



SWIFT

**Adding
 Machine**

**It's portable!
 Weighs 6 1/2
 pounds!**

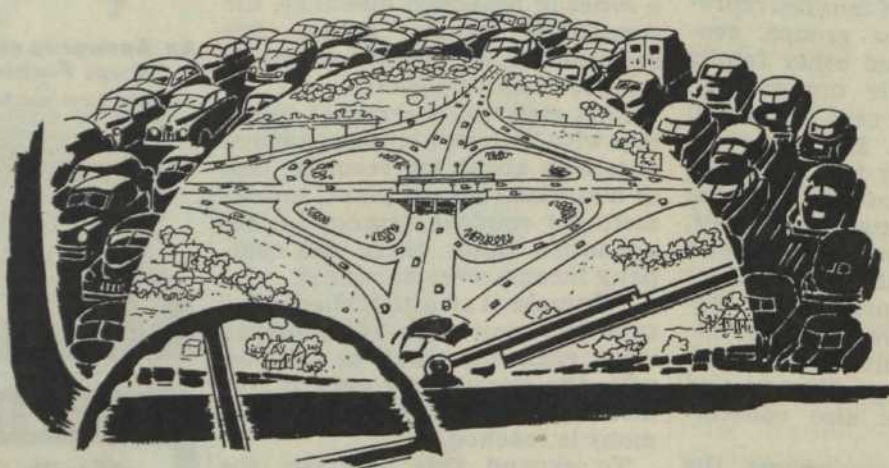
\$99.50

- 9,999,999.99 Capacity
- Visible Adding Dials
- For Executives, Professional Men, Stores

**FREE
 Booklet!**

Write name and address in margin and mail to:
SWIFT BUSINESS MACHINES CORP.
 Great Barrington, Mass.

A Million Miles a Minute



AMERICANS move 1,000,000 miles a minute over their highways—and they still have a lot of catching up to do.

That figure, plus the fact that we have 60,000,000 licensed drivers and 52,000,000 registered vehicles, gives some idea of America's constantly growing use of (and dependence on) highway transportation.

Where's everyone going? Wilfred Owen, author of "Automotive Transportation," has made a study to answer that question, and others. He finds that half the nation's workers drive to their jobs in private cars. Most of the things these workers produce, Owen adds, will go at least part way to their destinations in our 8,000,000 trucks.

A hundred thousand buses carry 6,000,000 children to school and back home again. And 60,000,000 rural homes are served by postmen traveling 1,500,000 miles of rural routes. Over all, 75 per cent of the automobiles you see on main highways are carrying their drivers to work, or are on other business or shopping missions. Only the remaining 25 per cent are out for their drivers' pleasure.

This America on wheels is the product of the world's greatest industrial and business genius. The talent that conceived the production line was matched by the talent that achieved mass distribution of the line's product. Not a year passes, except during wartime shut-down, without improvement in the performance and luxurious comfort of our cars.

And yet we have a tremendous job of catching up to do. Where? You find it whenever you get behind the wheel of your car, and take it out on the neglected part of our transportation system—the highway.

Of each dollar the average motorist spends for highway transportation from 90 to 95 cents covers the cost of the car, gasoline, oil, tires, maintenance and insurance. Only the remaining five to ten cents is spent for the roadbed on which the car travels.

This nation can have a vastly improved highway system, providing comfort, speed and safety, and doing away with congestion, for no greater expenditure. It requires only a change of the proportionate spending within the motorist's dollar.

Truckers, for example, who use the Pennsylvania Turnpike find that the toll is more than recovered in operating savings. The Gulf Freeway, providing an unobstructed expressway into the business section of Houston, required an outlay of \$20,000,000. Engineering studies made since it was put into use three years ago show that the 70,000 drivers who use it daily are saving \$3,000,000 a year in operating expense. In addition to this out-of-pocket saving is the saving of time, and the saving of values in downtown real estate that were dwindling because congestion was choking off traffic.

It will take at least \$1,000,000,000 extra investment a year for many years for America's highway sys-

tem to be brought up to its needs.

How this money shall be raised is a complicated question. Certainly it is a question to be answered by the states and their metropolitan centers, not by the federal Government.

But state officials are confused by conflicting testimony. Should trucks bear a greater share of the cost? That's a fine idea—unless you happen to be a trucker. How about real estate assessments? Another good idea—unless you happen to own real estate that would be assessed. And so it goes. Any plan is a good one—if it hits the other fellow.

The financing question is critical, and the need is serious. It should have careful study, because the policies to be followed will determine the future of our important highway system, and the fairness with which the cost is to be met.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has come up with a proposal that merits your approval, an approval that should be expressed to your state and local highway authorities, and to the highway producing and using industries.

The proposal is this: Before plunging into a planless jumble of highway financing, let the interested parties get together and provide for a thorough study of the need and of the possibilities, and outline a pattern. Such a study would cost \$1,000,000 or more.

Involved are many of your billions.



* PUSH-BUTTON MULTIPLICATION sends figure output soaring EASIER-SURER-FASTER

EASIER—because Marchant saves the operator at least one step in every multiplication problem.

SURER—because Marchant is the only American calculator with dials for verifying the keyboard entry.

FASTER—because Marchant's mechanism operates at speeds ranging up to twice those of any other calculator.

Since more than half of all calculator work is multiplication, experienced office workers everywhere choose the calculator that multiplies easier, surer, faster. The Marchant Man in your phone book will prove this by a demonstration in your office—call him today.



* **PUSH-BUTTON MULTIPLICATION**
Merely enter multiplicand in keyboard and answer appears simultaneously as multiplier is entered in Automatic Multiplier row.



Mail this Coupon with your business letterhead to get our free
GUIDE TO MODERN FIGURING METHODS ☐
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ABOUT MARCHANT CALCULATORS ☐
MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY
OAKLAND 8, CALIFORNIA G1

MARCHANT

AMERICA'S FIRST

Calculators



*From the Birthplace
of Phantom Shapes*

NEW WATER-BASED WEAPONS



Seaplane research is bringing new phantoms to life in Stevens Tech's towing tanks, testing ground for the U. S. Navy Marlin's advanced hull design.



Delicately instrumented models prove today's dreams for tomorrow's air-sea power at the Experimental Towing Tank, Stevens Institute of Technology.

AN instrument-covered seaplane model knifes through the waters of a Stevens Tech towing tank. A Naval Bureau of Aeronautics researcher pores over plans for a jet-powered, swept-wing flying boat. A Martin engineer makes dreams take wings on his drawing board. And, step by step, planes that combine water-based mobility with land-based speed come closer to reality!

Latest product of seaplane research teamwork, today's advanced Martin P5M-1 Marlins add new sinews to our Navy's anti-submarine forces. Their performance is in the tradition of the history-making Martin seaplane flight to Catalina in 1912, the famous Martin China Clipper, the dramatic rescues of Mariner patrol planes and the record-load-carrying Mars flying boats of World War II.

Today's seaplane research promises to make their jet-powered successors tomorrow even more potent weapons in America's arsenal! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, Baltimore 3, Maryland.

Martin
BUILDERS OF DEPENDABLE  **AIRCRAFT**
Aircraft Since 1909

DEVELOPERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF: Navy P5M-1 Marlin seaplanes • Air Force B-57A Canberra night intruder bombers • Air Force B-61 Matador pilotless bombers • Navy P4M-1 Mercator patrol planes • Navy KDM-1 Plover target drones • Navy Viking high-altitude research rockets • Air Force XB-51 developmental tactical bomber • Martin airliners • Guided missiles • Electronic fire control & radar systems • **LEADERS IN** Building Air Power to Guard the Peace, Air Transport to Serve It.